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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

If we laugh at despair hope will come.
The faults of plain women are easily seen.
Truth not understood is very nearly error.
The world either breaks or hardens the heart.
We must better ourselves before we better our kind.

The world needs the happy people more than it does the wise ones.
Envy lurks at the bottom of the human heart like a viper in its hole.

From the moment one cannot conceal a defect, one exaggerates it.
It is God himself who speaks to us when noble thoughts inspire us.

We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

No woman can make a house seem like a home without the aid of a man.

Would you venture upon the journey of life if compelled to begin at the end?

Give light to the spirit and strength to the mind and the body will take care of itself.

The lives of some men remind us we can make our lives sublime by being different.

Unrest is a tramp that picks the locks of people's morals so that a whole gang of vices may enter.

Only he, who determines to rise superior to what is commonly called destiny, will ever achieve success.

Politeness is an air cushion which, although there is apparently nothing in it, eases our jolts wonderfully.

He that has health has little more to wish for, and he, that is so wretched as to need it, needs everything without it.

Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance and make seeming impossibility give way.

As we may look without seeing and listen without hearing, so we may work without accomplishing anything.

If you trust, you are trusted; if you suspect, you are suspected; if you love, you are loved; if you hate, you are hated.

Better a cheap coffin and a plain funeral after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand monument after a loveless, selfish life.

You can hardly blaze forth in action when an occasion is presented, unless the fire has long been smoldering within you.

Lost wealth may be regained by industry and economy; lost knowledge by study; lost health by careful living, but lost time is gone forever.

THE LIE By Edith Hawk

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THE morning sun seemed to be in a great hurry. The protecting shade of the apple tree was withdrawn before Tessie had half finished her labors above the canary's grave. Billy had been interred the evening before with impressive ceremonies. Each mourner wore a black bow and carried a paper-napkin handkerchief.

His monument was now in course of construction. Tessie was working with the absorption of an artist in the completion of a masterpiece. Her tools consisted of a piece of brick and a broken paring knife. In her mind's eye she saw the reproduction of the pictured tomb consolingly brought forth by mother to show that poor Billy had only shared in the fate from which even kings were not exempted.

She suddenly became conscious of itching prickles beneath the curls imprisoned in a limp linen hat. Little waves of heat swelled in her body and curled upward to reinforce the irritation. She sighed. Placing her arms behind her, palms on the ground, she rested on their slender support. Sorrowfully and hopelessly she contemplated the materials that refused to sink their individuality and harmoniously join in forming a miniature temple. The nickel-trimmed dome boldly proclaimed its kinship with the despoiled living-room heater (presumably safely stored under the stairs) and belligerently refused to balance on the rounded tops of the pillars unmistakably related to a dismembered towel-rack. Suddenly she flung her hat toward the jeering failure, scrambled to her feet and started for the back porch, but tipped back to the shade of the apple tree instead—a totally unnecessary precaution, seeing that she was barefooted.

A stern inward monitor was instantly reminding of the inhumanity of eavesdropping. It was unheeded in the egotistical desire to hear all that could be said on that most interesting of all subjects—himself. As a defense, in case of discovery and accusation, she sat down at the foot of the tree and industriously engaged in grass weaving.

"She's so thin since she had the fever I'm afraid to lift her for fear she'll fall to pieces," Grandmother's voice. Tessie could not see her, but could hear the clump of the rockers on the uneven boards near the railing.

"She's always been thin," Mother's voice mingled with a hail-like patter—the first handful of shelled peas dropping into a tin pan.

"Yes, but she's so nervous. I dunno whether Pa ought to take her or not."

Tessie let her grass fall from her hands and learned forward. "Pa" was grandfather. Where was he going to take her?

"The disappointment would be much worse for her than the excitement."

Mother had a way of saying things that sounded most convincing.

Tessie straightened with indignation at Grandmother's doubtful: "Do you think so?"

The idea! Mother knew. She was always right, and always told the truth. So Tessie sprang up and ran across the grass to find out further particulars.

"Where'm I goin', mother?" breathlessly planting herself on the pavement before the porch.

The slender left foot curled around the correspondingly thin right leg.

"You are not 'goin'' any place, if you get nervous," mother corrected.

"Where am I going?" Tessie quickly lowered the acrobatic foot and wondered if she looked as quivery as she felt.

"To the circus with grandfather tomorrow afternoon."

"But I thought we was all going to ether tomorrow night," in a disappointed tone.

"We can't go."

Tessie thought it must be disappointment that dyed mother's face such a deep red and made her toss a bunch of pods in with the shelled peas. Maybe she was afraid of crying if she raised her eyes from her work. Tessie thought seriously of voicing her sympathy, but was prevented by that smothery fluttering cork that always shot up from below and closed her throat at the first thought of releasing any of the intimate and personal feelings that were always struggling to get out. On the rare occasions when they triumphed they shot out in an abrupt and unnatural manner that frightened Tessie and astounded her auditors. As a rule she preferred to remain "corked up." On this occasion the fluttering grew hammer-like in its operations. She

turned and rapidly twinkled her bare feet beneath the abbreviated length of faded pink cotton, pausing to grab the limp hat in obedience to an admonition that followed from the porch. It smelled sun-scorched. She dangled it by the brim and continued her bareheaded squinting rush over the burning desert of brick pavement, through the shady oasis of grape-arbor, out to the stable lot.

Under the tree by the fence was the clan whose society she had fore sworn to win a reputation in the world of art. They were in the narrow alley separating the domains of the several families represented.

Pip was sitting on the top of the high-board fence, holding a clothes-line prop as a balancing-pole, feet poised ready to drop onto a thick rope stretched from side to side. He was imperiously shouting commands to the perspiring band straining swaybacked on the ends of guy ropes. Catching sight of Tessie, his black eyes lit with a gleam she dreaded.

"Wait a minute. We'll do a new stunt. Come here, kid!"

All eyes turned Tessieward. She stopped and shook her head violently.

"I ain't goin' to be in any tricks."

Pip dropped one end of his pole and vaulted to the ground, crossing the alley with the determined tread of a constable advancing upon a trembling law-breaker.

"Aw—"

Pip's reply was interrupted by a scornful laugh, whose naturally hoarse tones seemed to float over the fence in oily bubbles. Its possessor scrambled up far enough to display a moon face framed in light hair so fine it clung together in little ragged strands around her temples and neck.

"She's too nice, Pip—she won't even skin cats when there's anybody lookin'."

The nasty-nice one's eyes rounded into angry O's. "You're a story-teller—a liar—that's what you are, Min Glover! Liar are the worst things there is."

Polly, Tessie's sister, who ordinarily smoothed the differences of the clan, felt that this terrible outburst justified the boycott immediately inaugurated. She conspicuously placed an arm around Minnie at the line of demarcation inserted by a puzzled seamstress at the place where there should naturally be a waist and assisted her to the ground, completely ignoring Tessie.

The remorseful Pariah walked away with blinded eyes but uplifted chin.

The next morning Tessie awoke long before it was light. For a moment she was conscious of a joyful expectancy without being able to remember the cause. It came with a rush as she heard the fascinating music of a giant xylophone solo—the rhythm of mallets beating on tent-pegs. She turned over and watched with straining eyes for the coming of day. Hours and hours and hours seemed to pass. Her eyelids ached from the spring pressing on the little corner hinges.

Suddenly it was broad daylight. Mother, by the bed, was laughing at the idea of anybody oversleeping on circus day. A jubilant little breeze, rushing through millions of fluttering leaf and flower banners carried a palpitating wireless message to the children, old and young, calling them to the grounds of "the greatest show on earth."

Polly was standing by the dresser. Her bright braids were crossed and recrossed around her head, ending in a huge white butterfly bow behind each ear. She was making a hunchy-shouldered, stomach-distended effort to reach the middle back button of a befful white dress.

Fatty, the slothful, was reported as having successfully carried into effect his heroic resolution of a three A. M. separation from bed. He and Pip had witnessed the unloading from the train and the raising of the tent, returning home to snatch breakfast and run again.

Minnie, of the indifferent looks, the insult of the previous day forgotten, advertised her approach around the house with a torturing squeak of new shoes. Coming into view, the stuffiness bulging through narrow patent leather straps protested in italics against imprisonment, and hinted of the penalty of an all-day conflict with the stunted pavements.

Tessie scrambled out of bed so hurriedly that her feet caught in a fold of the sheet, landing her precipitately in a heap upon the floor.

"Do be careful, dear," nervously remonstrated mother, hurrying to untangle her.

"Why didn't you wake me?" she said reproachfully.

fully. "Polly's all dressed 'n everything!"

"Yes, but Polly is to go to the show-grounds with Minnie, and you are to stay at home this morning and save up for the afternoon."

Tessie silently pulled on her stockings and shoes in a slow contemplative fashion. Suddenly she thought of poor Polly having to miss the circus and magnanimously assented to mother's arrangements.

She insisted upon donning her circus toilet immediately, however. By nine o'clock the mirror had been consulted and her sash retied seven times by actual count, hair ribbons being changed accordingly. Anxious inquiries as to the time at approximately five minutes intervals brought from her distracted mother a suggestion to rest, or—

The white ruffles bobbed wildly around her thin legs like a whirligig run amuck as Tessie flew to the front porch, and—

"The p'rade! The p'rade!!"

Mother hurried out. Taking Tessie by the hand she even ran part of the way in order to miss none of the pagan unwinning its wonders from the tent two blocks away. The sidewalk was bordered by a straggling line of people—the crowds being further down town—and Tessie had an unobstructed view.

All too soon the gilded wagons rumbled, clanked, and rolled out of sight around a short turn. With the band went that mysterious hypnotic influence compelling an answering response to the notes of the jig-step harmonies.

The passing of the lions' cage brought a deep relief and trembling relaxation. Her eyes had been glued with a fascinated horror to the sullen beasts restlessly swaying before the heroic marvel sitting within—his purple tights and satiny black hair apparently glued down and varnished.

The closed wagons evoked delightful imaginings of the hidden mysteries—all but the mermaid's tank; the joys of the morning dwindled and faded into insignificance before the happy confirmation of the hope that "for-really" mermaids existed.

She clung to mother's hand and poised ready for flight as the elephants swayed unawildly from side to side clanking their hobble chains.

Suppose some of the mischievous small boys trotting along in a perspiring effort to escort the huge animals over the entire course should slip them a piece of tobacco? The goose flesh rose and queer little chills curled up and sprang over her body. A sigh of relief, changing to regret, breathed into space as they disappeared, for—the end of the parade was in sight.

But there was yet the Great Event looming ahead, and Tessie "hippy-hopped" up the street beside mother, humming "Farmer in the Dell."

When the time to start actually arrived her manner was quite different—dignified to unbending stiffness. She beamed a lady singled out for the distinction of being the sole representative of the family to attend the circus. She felt the eyes of her world upon her and switched her skirts from side to side, as escorted by grandfather, the walk toward Aladdin's tent began.

On the outskirts of the magic realm were Fatty and Pip. The former was intently watching the preparation of a mysterious refreshment being dipped from a none-too-inviting-looking square refrigerator mounted on a pushcart.

Tessie had not been graduated from words of one syllable, yet she needed no assistance in deciphering the legend of uneven, straggling letters with N's and S's headed in the wrong direction—"Frozen Dainties 1 Cent." She longed with such intensity that it seemed that grandfather must surely hear her think a request for an icecream sandwich. Pip's roving eye lit up with a comprehensive and derisive grin.

"Get next to the Queen, Fatty," he sang out. "We think we're it, today."

Grandfather laughed and waved his hand toward the boys.

"You bet! We're the whole show!" Then addressing Tessie: "We don't mind a little teasing, do we?"

Tessie smiled. Grandfather did not understand. Pip was jealous.

As they reached the outskirts of the crowd pushing its way toward the side-show ticket-seller a tall gentleman slapped grandfather on the back. Grandfather whirled and gave him a delightful greeting, and they started a seemingly interminable conversation. Tessie listened in a fever of impatience. She gave grandfather's hand a reminder jerk, but he only paused and looked at her inquiringly. The man twinkled a smile of sympathetic understanding in Tessie's direction.

"I think the little lady wishes to move on. You wait here and I'll get the tickets."

Inside the tent Tessie, grandfather and the man surged with the crowd toward the golden-haired young beauty who had been shipwrecked and cruelly tattooed by savages (on the billboards). The man said something to grandfather about "the apple blossom of youth and the fruit of bilious green." They both laughed about the shipwreck story. Tessie thought it nothing remarkable that savages should tattoo an eagle and American flag upon the lady's chest; everybody—even savages—knew about that flag. She was a little disappointing as a beauty, but quite interesting as a study relative to experiment with water colors on the cloth body of Gladys Bessie.

"The largest woman in the world" waddled forward a couple of steps. The upper part of her body quivered and rocked like a mound of gelatin. Tessie suddenly felt very warm and faint. It was a great relief to pass to the next platform.

"Carita, twenty years of age; only twenty-seven inches high, etc." Tessie commenced to weave a delightful romance of fairies assuming mortal guise, but it was rudely dispelled; the "fairy" scowled at Tessie and called grandfather an "old tight-wad" when he failed to buy her photograph.

With a startling clamor of kettle-drums a bronze lady in very scanty attire sprang into prominence.

"Oh, lordy! Who opened it?" groaned the man, drooping his square shoulders in mock weariness. "Come on, let's get the little girl out of this."

Tessie was not anxious to go—she saw nothing improper in the performance. She hung back, but grandfather picked her up and carried her, and soon the trio were in a rapidly-moving, densely-packed, stream of laughing, chattering people that flowed and emptied into—the animal tent.

Once inside and on her feet again, to Tessie the show haltings before the various cages were but so many interesting interludes in the path leading to the Meeen for which she kept an eager lookout—the mermaid's tank. Then, when she finally caught sight of the highly-decorated habitation of the finny lady:

"Oh, grandfather! It's shut! It's shut!"

Grandfather and the man both stooped to investigate the cause of the wall. Grandfather stroked her hand as he inquired:

"What's shut, honey?"

Tessie's lips quivered and the tears began swelling preparatory to an overflow. She swallowed hard and pointed.

"Why, there's probably nothing in it. Here, let me carry you again and we'll ask the man at the next cage."

The tent was becoming uncomfortably crowded, and with the sickening confirmation of the emptiness of the mermaid's cage all interest in the animals vanished. She was very glad when the man proposed that they locate their seats.

The shadow of her disappointment was partially dispelled by the unexpected intelligence that grandfather had reserved seats. She anxiously watched to see if the man were duly impressed by this evidence of affluence. He recoiled the announcement with a start and exclaimed that left nothing to be desired:

"Jumping horse! How can you afford all this? It's the bleachers for mine!"

Bright-eyed and sparkling, Tessie waved good by to his playful tweak at her curls—a farewell as he left them and began searching for a favorable location among the seats plentifully

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

THE BOY GENERAL His Exploits In Two Wars

Of the heroes of the Revolution Lafayette, the boy general, stands next to Washington in the hearts of the American people as he did in the affection and confidence of the continental army. The remarkable career of this French nobleman of high rank and great wealth who was commissioned major general in the U. S. army at nineteen years of age, expended his money, gave his services, shed his blood and risked his life for the cause of liberty, first in America, then in France, will be told in February COMFORT. It will interest all and quicken the pulse of every true American.

THE BACHELOR'S VALENTINE

the second number of our popular Holiday Story Cycles, is a fascinating love story told in Joseph Novak's best style and will delight all our readers. This romantic story will appear complete, and many other interesting special features, in February COMFORT, the big Washington-Lincoln and Valentine number.

HOME-FURNISHING COMFORT IN MARCH

the biggest and best of the year, with all the regular departments and some splendid stories, will also contain a lot of special information on household matters that will be of value and interest to every woman and girl.

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January, 1913.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off, instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Home Decorations in Cross-stitch Embroidery

THIS month we take pleasure in giving a few more quaint and artistic designs for cross-stitching in response to the many requests which have come in since the appearance of our article on this old-fashioned embroidery, in last August issue of *Comfort*.

A mercerized cotton which is warranted not to fade or crock is the best working material. Any pattern can be worked direct on scrim, canvas or any square mesh goods, otherwise use the regular cross-stitch canvas over the goods to be worked. This comes divided off by blue threads which makes the counting easier. Count the stitches for the width of the pattern and cut strips of canvas a little wider than is necessary. Baste the canvas carefully and securely in place.

This cross-stitching over canvas is the simplest kind of embroidery, for the little holes into which the needle is put are all ready, and only care and accuracy are needed to produce simple or elaborate effects.

Between threads of the canvas, are the tiny open squares. Bring the threaded needle from the under or wrong side of the work, up through one of these; then put the needle down through the next (in a diagonal direction.) Next cross this stitch with another taken at right angles—this forms one cross-stitch. A pattern is copied by counting the number of stitches in each direction.



BABY TOWEL.

As far as possible all the second or upper stitches should run in the same direction. The uses for which this work is suitable are

numberless, and the results charming if the work is well done and the colors are carefully chosen. It is easier and better, when the pattern permits, to do all of one color first and then all of another. After a pattern is finished, to remove the canvas, pull out the long threads first, one at a time, then the short threads will pull easily, leaving the pattern clear and complete upon the material.

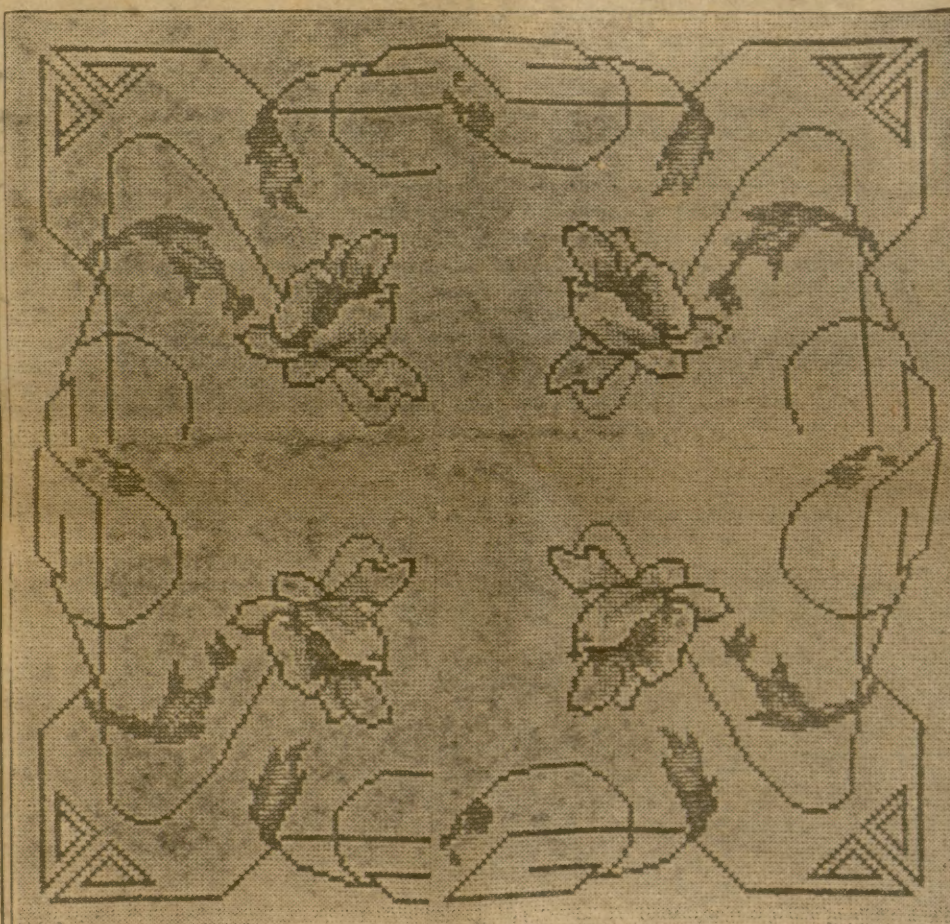
If one has an accurate eye, after a little practice with cross-stitch embroidery it can be



DESIGN FOR TOWEL. FIG. 1.

easily done without either tracing a pattern or using a canvas.

Any pattern can be made either large or small by using large or small mesh canvas. The larger the mesh, the more the design spreads. By a little ingenuity one can take any sized pattern and enlarge it by taking a large sheet of paper and making the lines in pen and ink wide apart, then counting the cross-stitches



POPPY TABLE COVER.

in the pattern, and setting them in the pen-and-ink squares. In a conventional design stitches can be added either up or down. If one wishes a heavy, raised effect, double cross-stitch the entire design.

Simple Curtains

Coarse sheer linen or unbleached scrim are strong suitable materials which are worthy of hemstitching and embroidery and though inexpensive make most attractive and beautiful curtains.

Bands of conventional cross-stitching, similar to the pattern illustrated in Fig. 2, should be placed close to the hem of the curtain and, by the way, this is a decided advantage because it is thus possible to drop the actual embroidery just below the glass of the window.

Coming just in front of the lower edge of the window frame the pattern is thrown out much better than if the light shines through it.

Portieres

Beautiful portieres and door hangings can be made of coarse ecru burlap, worked in soft toned cottons, in a broad conventional design. Various suitable patterns for such work are given in *Comfort's* Cross-Stitch Book.

A handsome couch-cover fashioned after the style of the universally admired Bagdad may also be worked out on burlap at very little expense.

Measure off five strips the desired length, allowing each about forty inches wide. Cross-stitch each strip, using some large effective pattern. For colors, cream, terra-cotta, blue, pink, red and Nile green can be combined to advantage. Be careful to take the stitches as neatly as possible so the wrong side will look nearly as neat as the right as no lining is necessary.

Woman's Crocheted Sweater

BY REQUEST.

For a medium sized woman 3 skeins of Germantown yarn will be needed, one bone crochet hook No. 3.

Back.—Commence in the center of the back by making chain of 175 to 200 stitches according to the size of the person and the length sweater is desired. Turn.

1st row.—Make 1 single crochet in each stitch. Next 6 rows the same, taking up only the back stitch to form a rib. Break off wool. This is right side.

8th row.—Commence at other end on right side and make one row of star sts., taking up both loops.

Star Stitch.—Draw up loop through each of first five sts., thread over hook and through all loops, ch. 1. Draw loop through ch. 1, or the eye of the star, loop through back of fifth loop, loop through same st. as fifth loop is in, one loop through each of next two sts., draw loop through all five, ch. 1. Repeat to end of row. Break wool.

9th row.—Commence opposite end. Ch. 2 to form neck, 1 s. c. in eye first star, make same number of sts. as you began first row with.

Make 6 more rows, forming 3½ ribs as before. Increase each row two sts. to form the neck. Break wool.

16th row.—Commence at opposite end, make 1 row star st. Break wool.

Make group of ribs, then row of stars until back is half broad enough.

Complete the other half of the back to correspond commencing with a row of star stitches.

Crochet each front according to following directions. Make ch. same number of sts. as used in the back. Crochet 7 rows forming 3½ ribs, shorten on the upper end 2 sts. each time to fit the neck in the front.

Next row of star st.

Next 7 rows, ribbed, 1 row star sts. 7 rows ribbed.

These rows should each have been shortened,

and large enough to fill the arm size. Shape in gradually on both sides, to the wrist. Make a full four inches longer than necessary to roll



DARNED HUCK SOFA PILLOW.

back for cuff. Seam up the side and sew into armhole.

Darned Huck Sofa Pillow

With very little work strong effects may be obtained by darning large designs on heavy plain huck, and then outlining. The autumn leaf pattern for a sofa pillow could also be used for a complete bedroom set consisting of bureau cover, pincushion and laundry bag.

The darning is done first, after which each leaf is outlined with small short stitches, so as to have an even edge, or the outlining may be done in chain stitch, this gives a heavier edge.

The color scheme of the room into which the set is to be put must be taken into consideration. Unless a room was decorated decidedly in blue or pink, greens and the golden browns, and crimsons of the autumn would probably harmonize. This style of embroidery is particularly good for a beginner in fancy work, as it is so easily done.

Poppy Table Cover

This graceful design makes a handsome table cover, worked on coarse cross-stitch canvas. Use tan for the conventional border lines. Medium green for the stems, light, medium and dark green for the leaves and also the buds which are tipped with three shades of pink. For the flowers use white, two shades of pink and red, medium green for the center and outline the whole with one row of black cross-stitching. This design could also be utilized for a sofa pillow.

Children's clothes, shirt-waists, dollies, bureau sets, scarfs, etc. all show a touch of this embroidery at present.

Squirrel Sofa Pillow

The design shown below can be worked out very easily on scrim. Use black for the border brownish grey for squirrel, dark brown for the bough with green leaves and yellow nut burrs.

To Whiten Old Linen

Linen that has become yellow with age may be made beautifully white by boiling it in a lather made of one pound white soap to one gallon of milk. After boiling, rinse in two waters and add bluing to last water.

Cushions

Very inexpensive yet decorative cushion covers are made by sewing two bandanna handkerchiefs together and trimming the four edges with a plain frill of the leading color in the handkerchief. These bandannas come in deep blues, reds and yellows and cost twelve and one half cents a piece.

Towels

Nowadays towels are usually embroidered, especially guest towels which help dress up the spare room. Embroidery in various styles is used and cross-stitching is very popular. A floral wreath with a four knot of blue, such as shown in Fig. 1, is a specially good design for this purpose. Also the little rose bud wreath shown on the baby towel. Directions for working in colors is also given in the *Cross-Stitch Book*.

An initial or monogram can be worked in center of a wreath thus giving added individuality.

Special Notice

If one lacks time or cannot make up their own designs it is possible to get a great deal of help from a little book of original cross-stitch patterns, which we recently issued for the benefit of *COMFORT* readers. This book contains full-size pattern and key for working a handsome bureau set, also grape design for waist front, grape, rose and conventional borders for children's dresses, deer, elephant, butterfly and birds for curtains, sofa pillows, tablecloths, etc. Directions are also given for copying any cross-stitch pattern in crochet and vice versa. We will send one copy of this new *Cross-stitch Instruction Book* and half yard cross-stitch canvas, one skein embroidery cotton, one needle, for only one new subscription to *COMFORT* at 25 cents for 15 months if you address *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.



SQUIRREL SOFA PILLOW.

A Few Words by the Editor

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all! 1913 looms large with promise on the horizon of time. 1912 might not have been an ideal year and in fact was not, but it was the best year the world has ever known, and this year of grace 1913, bright with promise is to be a better year still than any year that has ever preceded it, for the world does grow better with the onward sweep of the scythe of time, and not only better every year but every day.

One of the brightest signs of better times for the American people is the Social Center movement which originated October, 1911, in Madison, Wisconsin, the State that takes the lead in progressive ideas in this country.

The Social Center Movement is spreading rapidly, and the idea embodied in this movement is being greeted with enthusiasm by all who have the welfare of our country and its people at heart.

You are all familiar with the little red schoolhouse of the country side, for it has been embalmed in song and story, and you who live in the cities are familiar with the costly and magnificent buildings in which the young idea is taught how to shoot. The little red schoolhouse has done magnificent service in educating the youth of our land, but now it is to do still more, for it is to be utilized to educate the grown-ups as well, for the grown-ups are just as much in need, and in many cases more in need, of education along certain lines than are the children.

We have spent millions in erecting costly school buildings, and after utilizing them for a few hours daily, we have foolishly been in the habit of locking them up and letting their potential powers of usefulness go entirely to waste. For several months of the year, our expensive educational plants are not even used at all, and never at any time have we got more than a third of the value that might have been derived by a proper utilization of these public structures.

From now on, for every dollar we invest in expensive educational plant, we are going to get the equivalent of that dollar back many fold, and it is through the Social Center movement that the American people are going to realize dividends of prodigious value to the community for the tremendous sums they have invested in public schools.

The local schoolhouse building is to become the clubhouse and lecture-room for the community. Here men and women are to meet and discuss every matter of local, state and national interest.

Governor Woodrow Wilson, who is deeply interested in this movement, has frequently remarked that it is not what the government does for the people, but what the people do for themselves that counts. The great trouble however has been that the people hitherto have had no opportunity to get together for the exchange of ideas upon matters that vitally concern their interests, or if they had the opportunity did not avail themselves of it.

The politicians on the other hand, and the sinister powers of privilege, have always made it a point to get together and stick together closely upon all questions that concerned their interests, and their interests invariably have been diametrically opposed to those of the people at large. The wolves of society

have ever been able to band together and plan their forays on the public sheepfold, but the sheep, alas, have never hitherto met organization with organization, nor planned a campaign of resistance against those who plotted their destruction.

There can be no successful resistance to oppression, no real progressive movement of the nation as a whole, until the latent social power of the people is developed and this power can only be developed by education and organization.

A hundred good men and women in the community may sit by their individual firesides and talk, theorize and rail at abuses, and express impatience and disgust with local, state and national affairs, but all their passionate denunciation of wrong will amount to nothing until they meet together and after a thorough discussion of their grievances, plan some organized effort for righting their wrongs, and by massed action make their oppressors feel the sting of their resentment, and by displaying a bold and united front, secure a prompt and immediate adjustment of their wrongs. United a people can do anything and everything, for in union there is strength; divided they can accomplish nothing.

The Social Center movement will give the people a chance to get together just as they do in the old-fashioned New England town meeting. Every problem of government and reform can be thrashed out and discussed, not from a partisan point of view but on the basis of local and national interest.

The Social Center movement is an educational movement, and it was conceived with an idea of giving people an opportunity to do things for themselves, and in a way that would benefit them and the nation at large, instead of having things done for them by piratical bosses for the benefit of the bosses and the sinister interests they serve.

Few men and few women have a thorough knowledge of problems of government, for the great reform measures which are constantly referred in the public prints are so much Greek to the average citizen. Men and women are simply boys and girls grown tall, and because they have developed in stature does not necessarily imply that mental growth has kept pace with physical expansion. We should never quit going to school and the Social Center movement will give us an opportunity to go to school with one another, to exchange views upon every conceivable question affecting the welfare of humanity, everything in fact that concerns human life upon this planet.

Speaking upon this question, President-elect Wilson in a speech at the Monmouth County Fair at Redbank, N. J. said:

"There is one thing in which I have been very much interested in recent years in this country. You know I used to be a schoolmaster, and the interesting thing about the schools of the United States is that the United States makes so limited a use of them. They are closed for the most part between the school session of one day and the school session of the next day. They are public buildings. They belong to the communities. They furnish ideal places in which to assemble and discuss public affairs. They are just what we need for neighborhood conferences of every kind. And yet it was reserved for a recent date for somebody to suggest that the schoolhouses be made social centers; that they be used for every kind of legitimate

conference; and just as soon as they began to be used for conferences, some politicians began to get very uneasy.

"Why don't you agree to bear the small expense that will be incident to your using your own buildings to do your own business in the public interest. I believe the country is absolutely determined now to free itself from artificial influence and private interests of all kinds, but it cannot do it unless you get together and stay together and the whole dynamics of it, the whole force of it, the whole power of it, is going to come, not from your public men, but from yourselves."

Governor Wilson is quite right and we heartily endorse his views, for there can be no government that is truly democratic without a democratic education.

The trouble with government in the past has been that we have allowed a few men to do our thinking for us and to do our governing for us. All through the ages kings, dictators and a privileged few have been attempting to make a success of this one-sided form of government, but the attempt has never succeeded, and by no human possibility can it ever succeed. The human mind cannot be broadened until it comes in contact with other human minds and it will be this contact of mind with mind and this mutual exchange of ideas that will light up the dark places of our land and illumine the highways of progress for our people.

The Social Center movement will, as someone has aptly said "buttress the foundations of the Republic", foundations which have been undermined by every form of graft and corruption, and which sadly need the strengthening influence that the Social Center movement will energize and set in motion before we can have a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

The reason that popular government today in this country is such a dismal failure is that wealth and the power that knowledge gives are the privileged possession of the few. The people, owing to ignorance, indifference, and a lack of knowledge of public questions, leave the transaction of their own affairs in the hands of professional politicians who are for the most part crafty, corrupt and unscrupulous and ever ready to betray them.

With a thorough discussion of all public questions by all the people we shall have a government that derives its life and vitality from the very roots and foundations of the community. We shall have real, intelligent, effective popular government sweeping like a mighty tidal wave from every section of our majestic land, gaining force with every onward movement until it reaches the national capitol at Washington where it will force the representatives of the people to enact into law the heart desires and aspirations of the entire nation.

We trust that our readers will take an interest in and aid in this movement, a movement that will raise the standard of our citizenship, scatter broadcast the seeds of knowledge, break down the tottering barriers of sectionalism, give new energy and ambition to the toiling masses, deprive privilege of its power, conquer wrong and lift the whole race to a higher standard of living, and restore to the people genuine democracy and self government.

Comfort's Editor

In the Signal Corps

A Recruit's Experience in the Philippines
By William S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

I WAS just eighteen years of age and had managed to acquire a thorough knowledge of telegraphy, and hold the position of operator in a small railroad office, near my home town, in New England. Having a penchant for rummaging among the numerous books in the public library, I chanced one evening to run across a Government Blue-Book, in which I found a description of that branch of the army called the Signal Corps. The articles, themselves, incited some interest, but the pictures—pictures of Signal Corps boys lying behind breastworks with a pocket-relay in one hand and a smoking revolver in the other, while shells were bursting overhead, was too much. Life in a sub-office, in a country village, assumed a most prosaic phase thenceforth.

At the time of the call for volunteers by President McKinley, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, I distinctly remember how imbued I was with enthusiasm; no one was more patriotic than I, and likewise no more downcast than I when the news was broken that I was several years too young to be enlisted. However, I emerged from this state of what might have almost been termed "melancholia," and resigned myself to reading every word about the war in Cuba and the Philippines.

The result of my perusing the Blue-Book, which was something like a year and a half after the first call for volunteers, was my leaving my home at Harwich, Massachusetts, one afternoon in the fall of 1900, for Boston, where I knew I would find a recruiting office. With the consent of my parents I was soon enlisted, and three days later started for Ft. Myers, the Signal Corps Post, at Washington.

I passed successfully the test in telegraphy at the post, and was shortly ordered to Manila, in the Philippine Islands. Nor was I destined to remain in that metropolis long. After landing there and being issued a full outfit of khaki and other light uniforms, I was sent to a small town on the island of Cebu, called Dalaguete. It was in this isolated, and almost forsaken spot that my narrative begins.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of February 22nd when, aboard the miniature gunboat "Basilan," I approached Dalaguete. No harbor being in evidence, we were compelled to lie to for over an hour, awaiting the tide, in order that we might approach within a reasonable distance of the coral edged coast.

Never was I more surprised, as, seated in a small bamboo boat, I approached the crude foot-pier extending some thirty feet out from the shore, to see standing there a familiar figure—that of an old schoolmate of mine, who formerly resided in my home town, but whom I had not heard from for several years. Even more singular was the fact that he was also enlisted in the Signal Corps and was the operator in charge of the telegraph office at Dalaguete; in other words, it was my old friend whom I was to re-serve here.

It was with considerable delay that we hauled my camphor-wood locker and typewriter aboard a cart, we being so engrossed with cursory reminiscences of home. To me, it was indeed a source of pleasure to find Harry Johnson here, for it can be readily appreciated that one who had never been away from home before is slower to strike up friendships than are the more sophisticated.

Pending my assignment to quarters, I left my luggage under the telegraph table, the office being

located in a huge limestone building some five hundred feet from the beach—the only real building in the village, the Catholic church in the center of the "plaza."

At the sound of "Mess Call" from the bugler, Harry led the way to a long structure built entirely of bamboo, and thatched, both walls and roof, with palm leaves. It was built on six foot bamboo supporting pillars in such a way as to permit of the use of the sheltered area underneath for a mess hall.

The menu differed radically from what I had been accustomed to at home: the first course was a quart of black coffee with neither sugar nor milk, the second was two pieces of fried bacon one inch wide and two long, and the third, which evidently was intended for desert, comprised two potatoes with their "jackets" on. However, with a well-developed appetite as a condiment, I rather enjoyed the outlay, having become somewhat hardened to similar " grub" for thirty days on the transport enroute to the islands.

The town of Dalaguete had never been attacked, it having been but recently garrisoned. At that time there were some seventy regular soldiers stationed there. As in all Filipino towns, the plaza or square, always forms the nucleus of the town. In this plaza is located, generally, a huge Catholic church of solid stone. Such was the case here, the church bordering on four roads. Marking the four corners of this square were the white stone buildings occupied as officers' quarters, telegraph office and headquarters building, a huge ramshackle structure used for hospital purposes, the palm-leaf building used for soldiers' quarters and mess hall, and finally, a long, low stone building, belonging to a Chinese exporter of coconuts and hemp.

I found that my friend occupied a bed at the hospital, it being quite customary to quarter the Signal Corps with the men of the Hospital Corps. At nine o'clock that evening, in the absence of regular quarters for myself, I accepted the invitation of my friend to sleep at the hospital. With the realization that we had much to talk over, and in deference to the comfort of the patients, several of whom were expected to succumb to that dreaded, but common, disease, dysentery, Harry and I moved our camp-cots into the kitchen, in the rear of the hospital building. Placing my loaded 22 caliber, pearl-handled revolver that I had carried from home, together with my regular government issue 38 caliber Colt six-shooter, under my pillow, I proceeded to stretch myself for my first night's rest in what was to be my home for some time to come.

Lying there, without danger of disturbing the patients in the wards, Harry and I proceeded to discuss topics in common. I distinctly remember how we went back to the dear old brook where trout were always the most accommodating; I remember how amused we were at the mention of the time when Harry had been whacked alongside the head at Confirmation class when the minister caught him in the act of snapping flies with a rubber band instead of singing, nor were innocent love affairs of boyhood overlooked.

The night was very quiet, intermittently illumined by a full tropical moon, in a way that is only known near the equator. In the distance could be faintly heard the regular cadence of the silver bell suspended from the Priest's house behind the cathedral as it was struck by the night choir-boy. It was, I thought, a most eccentric formality, but never will I forget the wonderful sweetness and pathos that seemed to be couched in that bell. This may be attributable to the fact that in years to come I was doomed to lie awake many a night in a trench worn

around our quarters and await the wily natives whose advent was momentarily expected: many a night I found myself in this position, and, then, of all occasions, would I lie and almost count the seconds between the strokes of the choir-boy's bell. There was something ominous about its peal that always caused one to shudder, seeming, as it did, to be symbolic of the morning that we might never see, should we be attacked by overwhelming numbers before dawn.

Thus the time flew, and we regretted to find the candle that flickered between our cots burning its last flare. By its faint light Harry and I had been pouring over letters we had received from mutual friends, and looking over photos of friends whom we had both known in our boyhood, that each had brought out from our boxes. As the last flame disappeared from the soap-box that held the candle, we bid one another good night and turned over to sleep. It was then 11:25, as I noted by my watch lying under my pillow.

Hardly had I settled myself comfortably for a good night's rest when a sharp report echoed out, and I jumped into a sitting posture with an anxious inquiry as to what it might be. Harry took it lightly, however, saying it was not unusual for a sentry to accidentally discharge his Krag rifle. With this I laid down again, but no report followed by four in rapid succession, with the last a bullet struck a huge army range that stood in one corner of the kitchen at a point where there were five or six consecutive boards missing from the wall. At the sound of this fusillade, Harry and I jumped to our feet, both realizing that the town was about to be attacked by the natives who had come down from the mountains that rose almost precipitously from the three sides of the town.

In the darkness we felt for our shoes. Never do I remember my footwears so small. It seemed they were three sizes too small. In the meantime some twenty or thirty shots had rung out on the still night air, many of which were followed by a most unearthly screeching, as they struck the walls of the cathedral and ricocheted.

Harry struck a match in the quest for his shoes but I soon snatched it from his hand, fearing it would only invite a volley in our direction. By its flicker I noted him standing on one foot behind a post, endeavoring to don his one shoe.

For my part, I sat on the edge of the cot and doubled myself up like a jackknife while putting on my shoes, which I finally succeeded in doing. With just shoes, trousers and undershirts on, we strapped our revolvers on and prepared to leave the building by the bamboo ladder leading down into the palm-grove at the rear of the hospital buildings. We realized that we had but twenty-four rounds of ammunition between us, Harry also having a personal revolver, his, however, being a 38, using the same ammunition as his government issue. It now seemed up to us to make our way along the road adjoining the church to the point near the beach where the telegraph office stood. I had filled two socks with something like three hundred rounds of 38 caliber cartridges before leaving Manila, which foresight I now was in a position to appreciate.

As we prepared to leave quietly by the back way, the steward in charge of the hospital came there and endeavor to defend the building until the detail of infantrymen, which undoubtedly would be sent by the lieutenant in charge, should arrive.

Realizing the helpless condition of the patients, we acquiesced, and stood guard at that point behind the steel range, using that as breastworks. It was not long, however, until we distinguished

some dozen figures approaching on the run. It was indeed fortunate that we withheld our fire, the party approaching proving to be a squad of the infantrymen sent to relieve us.

We now felt at liberty to leave, and quietly descended the bamboo ladder. In the meantime some eight or ten bullets from the enemy's fire had penetrated the galvanized iron roof of the hospital building, and frequent volleys in our direction rendered the trip to headquarters a most hazardous one.

After crawling across the open roadway, flat on our stomachs, to the shelter of the low stone wall that surrounded the plaza, we were met by another squad of infantrymen, who halted us, at the same time throwing shells into their chambers. It was indeed a disagreeable sound, especially so when we considered the fact that they were recruits, having been but recently enlisted in the United States Army, and therefore naturally inclined to become excited and fire, be it enemy or friend. After being halted by various parties, we decided to give up these tactics of proceeding by stealth, and proceeded to whistle some popular American tune in unison, with a view toward acquainting the various squads that we were to meet, that we were Americans and not natives. This went very well, nicely serving that particular purpose, but it also attracted the fire of a party of Filipinos ensconced immediately behind one wing of the cathedral.

As they emerged from their retreat to fire a volley in our direction, we each emptied one revolver at them, and proceeded toward the telegraph office on a run.

CHAPTER II.

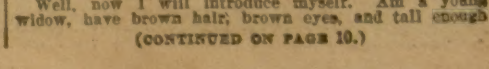
As we approached the farthest corner of the plaza, on the opposite side of the road from the office, we noted two American lady teachers in their night apparel approaching. They were fairly visible now that the moon had again emerged from the fleeting clouds, and likewise did they make their presence known by incessant screams, as a volley was fired by the natives near the church.

Together with three infantrymen we ran to their assistance, and hurried toward the huge oak doorway leading to the office stairway of the building. As we reached them, we noted quite a large party of Filipinos who had taken a stand in the center of the road some four hundred yards down the roadway. They commenced a desultory fire, and upon our returning the same with the last of our ammunition, we were again answered, this time with a most unearthly roar. It never occurred to us that they could have any field-pieces with them. This was evidently the case, however, as what seemed to be a heavy shell struck the stone arch directly over the doorway we were entering, causing large fragments of stone and other debris to fall all about us.

As we opened the door we were met with that ever-familiar click of a shell being thrown into the Krag, this time issuing from the head of the stairway, where the two soldiers doing personal work for the officers' department were found. Each was seated on a camp-stool, while between them was a thousand-round box of Krag ammunition broken open with a hatchet. They evidently intended to hold the fort as long as possible. We gave them the signal "friend" ere they could fire, and soon had the lady teachers safely in the building.

Harry proceeded to get the socks full of thirty-eighths out of my chest, as well as two hundred

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

By Charles Garvice

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning, and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton invites his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, who admits her love for him. Shirley, taking work home she has done for Mrs. Norwood, renders Hamilton Vining a favor, by removing a splinter from his eye, for which he begs her to command him if he can ever be of any service to her. Reaching Mrs. Norwood's home she is met by Blanche Norwood, who is overbearing and fault finding. Clifton calls upon his father and admits his love for and determination to marry Shirley Livingstone. Mr. Vining objects and swears his son shall never marry her.

CHAPTER X.

SHIRLEY SEEKS A POSITION AS COMPANION.

CLIFTON went out from his home greatly depressed by the unhappy interview with his father; but he was none the less determined to be true to the girl he loved.

After the departure of his son, Mr. Vining sat a long time brooding over the unwelcome intelligence he had received. His face was dark and stern, while from time to time he muttered angrily to himself.

At last he arose and also left the house. He proceeded directly to his clubhouse, where he hoped to find Mr. Norwood.

The man was coming out of the building just as he entered. He greeted him cordially, and asked if he could spare him a few minutes, as he had something of importance upon which he wished to consult him.

Mr. Norwood was in no hurry, and the two friends re-entered the building and sought a private nook where they could converse undisturbed.

They remained in earnest conversation for more than an hour, and when at last Mr. Vining took leave of his friend, there was a satisfied smile on his face and a gleam of triumph in his eyes, which betrayed that the interview had been a very satisfactory one.

When Clifton repaired to Mr. Norwood's office the next morning, there was a grave and preoccupied look on his face.

His employer at once noticed it, and, after observing him with quiet curiosity for a while, he remarked in an off-hand manner:

"You do not appear to be very well this morning, Clif. Had bad news, or is there anything else especially the matter?"

"No, I am well, and I have had no bad news," Clifton gravely responded. Then, after a moment of thoughtful silence, he asked: "Do you happen to know of anyone who is in need of the services of a governess—that is, someone who lives a little out of town?"

"Well, no, I do not think of one just at present," said Mr. Norwood thoughtfully; "who is in need of or desires such a position?"

"A young lady of my acquaintance, who is highly cultivated, but who has been left dependent upon her own resources," Clifton replied with heightened color.

"Can she speak French?" asked his companion, after a moment of consideration.

"Yes, and German," said Clifton eagerly. "She is musical, also, and a normal school graduate."

"Indeed! the young lady must be quite a prodigy!" said Mr. Norwood dryly. "What is her name?"

"Miss Shirley Livingstone," Clifton replied, and a flash from his employer's eyes betrayed that the name was not unfamiliar to him. Mr. Norwood sat quietly considering for a few moments, then he inquired:

"I wonder if the young lady would be willing to accept a position as companion to an elderly lady?"

"I do not know," the young man answered. "She has fitted herself to be a teacher, and I am inclined to think she would prefer to work in that way. She is at present doing sewing, however, and might possibly regard the position of companion preferable to such confining employment during this warm weather."

"Well," said Mr. Norwood, "I have an aunt living in St. Sauveur, near Quebec, who has been looking for a companion for several months. Is Miss Livingstone patient and good-natured?"

"I do not think there can be any question upon either of those points," Clifton smilingly replied. "Although I have not known her very long."

"Well, this aunt of mine requires someone who possesses both of these qualifications, for she is rather peculiar in some ways. She is connected with our family only by marriage, her mother having been my grandfather's second wife, whom he married late in life. She is not very much older than I, having been a child of three when her mother came into the family. Both of her parents were French people, and she inherited a large fortune from her father. After my grandfather's death, his wife, with her daughter, returned to her former home in St. Sauveur, where she lived until her death. Madame Felice Marton, as she is called, though she is unmarried, still resides. She speaks French mostly, although she knows English, and that was why I asked you if Miss Livingstone knew the language. If you think she would like the position, I am sure there will be no doubt about my obtaining it for her; that is, of course, if the two are pleased with each other," the gentleman concluded, as he flashed a searching glance at his companion.

"What would be her duties?" Clifton inquired, but thinking, with some dismay, that it would be a great trial to have Shirley go so far away, yet feeling that he ought not to stand in her way of obtaining a pleasant home and a remunerative position.

"Well, I suppose all that the word companion implies," Mr. Norwood answered. "Madame Marton must be waited upon and amused. She is quite literary in her tastes, and likes the works of the best authors read to her. She is fond of music, so her companion must, perforce, be musical. She travels a great deal, and of course desires intelligent and agreeable companionship."

"Will it be presuming for me to inquire if Madame Marton herself is patient and good-natured?" Clifton asked with a smile.

"Well, I am bound to confess that Aunt Felice is somewhat peculiar," he responded. "Having

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lived so long by and wholly for herself, it is only to be expected that she should have become rather opinionated; while, although her name implies to the contrary, she is at times inclined to be a trifle morbid rather than happy. She lives elegantly, and pays well for the services of her companion; therefore, you will see that anyone occupying the position would enjoy many advantages."

In spite of what Mr. Norwood had said about the woman's peculiarities Clifton thought the situation might be even more desirable than that of a teacher. At any rate, it would do no harm for Shirley to try it, if she were so disposed, for two or three months; when, if she did not like it, she would seek a position as governess elsewhere.

"I will speak to Miss Livingstone, and if she thinks favorably of the proposition, I will confer with you again," Clifton observed, as he took up his pen to resume his work.

"Madame Marton will be in New York within a few days, when Miss Livingstone can meet her at my house, if she should desire an interview," Mr. Norwood remarked, as he arose and left the office, chuckling to himself over the success with which his and Mr. Vining's scheme seemed likely to meet.

That evening Clifton related the above conversation to Shirley, and she appeared to be pleased with the idea of going to St. Sauveur.

The thought of having you go so far away from me is almost more than I can contemplate with any degree of reconciliation, my darling," her lover said, with a clouded brow; "but I know that New York is no place for you during this hot weather. You have been losing flesh and color of late. So if you think well of the plan, I believe I would like you to try it for a while. I hope, dearest, it will not be so very long before I can make a home for you, and you will then be beyond the necessity of toiling for yourself; you will not mind if it has to be a simple one to begin with, will you, love?" Clifton concluded, with a note of anxiety in his tone.

"No, indeed, Clifton; I am not ambitious save for our mutual happiness," Shirley replied, "and I will see Madame Marton when she comes to New York," she quietly remarked.



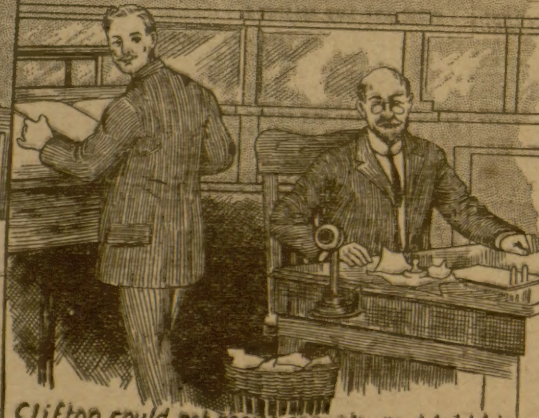
He greeted him cordially.



And so you have gone and engaged yourself like a common servant



Shirley saw the queerest old lady she had ever beheld:



Clifton could not resist appeals, and told him he would go.

compared with the elegant costumes of a fashionable young lady.

"Pardon me, madame," she said, quickly recovering herself, "but I really could not help it. My dress cost fifty cents a yard, and I made it myself; my hat also at an expense of less than two dollars. But I regret if there is anything about either that displeases you, while at the same time, I cannot fail to be pleased with the compliment which you have unwittingly paid me."

CHAPTER XI.

SHIRLEY BECOMES A COMPANION TO MADAME MARTON.

Madame Marton regarded the young girl sharply for a moment, as if she scarcely knew whether to feel irritated or diverted by her amusement and the information she had vouchsafed regarding her abilities as a dressmaker and milliner.

But Shirley looked so innocent of any intention to be disagreeable, and so genuinely pleased with the tribute paid to her taste and skill, that the hardest heart must have melted before her.

"So you made that dress yourself, did you?—did you cut and fit it?" the woman demanded, as she eyed it critically.

"Yes, madame; I did everything about it," flung back Shirley, as she glanced at the dress.

"Humph! that tailor-made suit that Blanche had made at Redfern's doesn't fit a bit better, and she gave a hundred and fifty dollars for it," commented Madame Marton, while her sharp eyes noted every seam and fold of the dainty costume. "Your hat, too, looks as if it might have come from the hands of a French milliner. By the way," she added, suddenly changing the subject; "you speak French, I'm told."

"Oui, Madame," said Shirley, with an unexpected accent.

"And you are musical, besides having graduated at a normal art school?" said the woman, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders. "Truly, mademoiselle must be a paragon!"

Shirley flushed rosyly, and for a moment was tempted to resent the sarcastic infection; but, controlling herself, she gravely replied:

"No, madame, I claim to be nothing of the kind. I am only an ordinary girl who has tried to make the most of her opportunities. My father died when I was very young, and I have known all my life that the time would come when I must take care of myself. Mother, with this end in view, gave me the best education she could afford, teaching me to use my needle and

to make my own clothes. But, of course, the things I love best I do best," she concluded, with one of her rare smiles.

"And what do you love best?" Madame Marton inquired, while the expression of her sharp eyes softened considerably.

"Music and study I am exceedingly fond of, and I enjoy some kinds of sewing," Shirley replied, adding: "I have tried to be thorough in everything I have attempted; I do not like to shirk anything."

"Bless me! how conscientious we are!" Madame Marton cried with some asperity. "I wonder if you would be as punctilious in serving me, as you are in the cut of your own gown?"

Shirley was too indignant at this remark to vouchsafe any reply; but the crimson in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes plainly betrayed that it required considerable self-control to refrain from making a spirited retort.

Madame was not unobservant of these indications of disapprobation on the part of her would-be companion, and chuckled audibly.

"You think me a perfect dragon, don't you, Shirley Livingstone?" she sharply demanded.

"I am sure I should never have thought of applying such a term to you," Shirley gently replied.

"Ah! I perceive that you are one of the 'wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove' kind," remarked the woman, with a slight twitching of her thin lips; "but I would like to look inside your heart and know exactly what you do think of me. I know that I am cross and crabbed, that I am old and wrinkled, and gray

"All people become wrinkled and gray as they grow old," Shirley sweetly retorted, for she could not bear to have her speaker so depreciatingly of herself; "and though mamma was much younger than you when she died, her hair was almost white, and I thought it very pretty."

"And so you mean me to understand that you are not repelled by wrinkles and gray hairs; that was very nicely put, Miss Shirley," said the old lady, while the strained muscles about her mouth visibly relaxed. Then she asked abruptly: "How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-one next October," Shirley replied.

"And do you think you could bear to live with a crabbed old woman like me? Aren't you half-disgusted and inclined to get away from me as soon as possible?" demanded Madame Marton suspiciously.

Shirley looked straight into her eyes with a frank smile.

"You have said some sharp things to me," she remarked; "but, truly, I do not believe that you are quite so acrid as you appear. I am afraid that your former companions have not been as kind or respectful as they ought to have been."

"My child, you should have been named Charity, instead of Shirley," said Madame Marton, more kindly than she had yet spoken. "I hope you will always be as charitable," she continued; "but I'm afraid you will not, if you come to live with me, for everybody gets out of patience with me and dislikes me. I was born with a sensitive disposition, and adverse circumstances have made me morbid and given me a sharp tongue; so people have shunned me all my life. I am free to tell you that I can't keep a companion more than a month or two at a time, and my last one was impudent and neglected me shamefully. I suppose it is dull staying with a cross old crone like me; but still, I must have someone—I can't live alone, and there isn't a soul in the world who really loves me

"Oh! I am sorry!" Shirley impulsively interposed, in a tone that was full of sympathy at this confession.

"I believe you are, upon my word!" said Madame Marton, with a softened gleam in her eyes. "That had the ring of truth in it, and you look as if you mean what you say. Now, they all pretend to think a great deal of me here; but, between you and me, I believe if Aunt Felice hadn't plenty of money, she might go begging for kind words and polite attention."

Shirley felt very uncomfortable to be made a confidante of private matters; and so, being in doubt as to the wisdom of making any reply, she held her peace.

"I imagine you think I am a ridiculous old woman, with all my other failings," the woman went on, slightly irritated by her companion's silence. "and I'm sure I don't know why I have run on in this way to a child of a girl like you—a perfect stranger, too. But we may as well settle this business at once. What do you say?—will you come to me, glad to get away from me?"

If Shirley was not frightened, she was far from being prepossessed by this strange woman; and, yet, somehow, her heart was deeply touched by her forlorn and loveless condition, and she yearned to make life a little more attractive to her.

"Well," said Madame Marton, impatiently breaking in upon the young girl's reflections, "it's rather a hard question to decide, isn't it? But I can't abide dilly-dallying. If you think I'm too much of an ogre, say so, and have done with it."

Shirley's eyes began to dance again. She was sure that this strange old woman was not as bad at heart as she appeared to be; that, to quote a homely old proverb, "her bark was worse than her bite."

A sense of the ludicrous almost overcame her as Aaron Hill's suggestive rhyme flashed through her mind:

"Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains."

"Well, what is it now?" cried Madame, as she noticed the twinkling eyes and dimpled cheeks of the amused girl. "What are you laughing at?"

"Pardon me, Madame Marton," said Shirley, flushing to find that she had so nearly betrayed her thoughts; "but you call yourself such a hard, disagreeable names, and I do not believe that you are an 'ogre' at all; at any rate I am not going to believe it until I have become a little better acquainted with you; and so, if you think I will do for a companion, I believe I would like to come to you for a while."

"Humph! you believe you would like to come," repeated the woman suspiciously, while she searched the lovely face before her. "That sounds a little like 'tally,' as the street gamins say, for I'm sure I have not held out any very tempting prospects to you."

"No, I do not think you have," frankly admitted Shirley, and resolving to "grasp the nettle" firmly. "But I am, on the whole, rather fond of original people, and I fancy that we might get along quite comfortably together."

"Original people! Well, that is a polite way of telling me that I am a crank, I suppose," retorted Madame Marton, grimly, but with a gleam of amusement in her black eyes. "You do not appear to be in the least afraid of me."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

presence of a woman and the prospect of additional comfort were not unwelcome. Larry said nothing, but went out to help Hepburn outspan. When they returned to the hut, Larry found that Linda had, in an offhand way, entirely taken over the household duties, and was laying the supper things, while the deposed Spon sat upon a barrel and looked on, half pleased, half dismayed.

"Only tin plates?" she asked. "I don't think they're very nice; they never seem clean. Wait a moment."

She fitted out and brought back some thick earthenware ones from the cart, and sundry other things for the table, which she spread in about half the time Spon would have taken.

"Supper's ready," she said, glancing up with sudden shyness at Larry, whose tall form filled the doorway; and while the men ate and talked she listened, looking from one to the other—but less frequently, and only with a passing glance at Larry.

"We'd better give up the hut to Miss Hepburn tonight," she said, when she had left them for a while—she had gone to the wagon to do her hair in a more finished style. As the three men went out to smoke, Hepburn looked about him and presently asked the question for which Spon had been waiting.

"Gold?" he said.

"No," replied Spon calmly; "rubies."

Hepburn did not look surprised.

"Oh! Always thought there were some hereabouts," he remarked quietly.

"Oh, did you?" said Spon dryly. "Why?"

"Picked up a crystal not far from here," replied Hepburn. "There's all sorts of things in this country—metals and minerals, waiting for someone to dig 'em up. Are you finding any?"

"A few," said Spon.

Nothing more was said, and shortly afterward the men went to rest under the tent which Hepburn carried in the wagon. Linda had the breakfast prepared for them as soon as they were ready, and supplemented the host's frugal fare with bacon and jam from the wagon. Spon was rather silent during the meal, and when the three men had got outside, Hepburn, lighting his pipe, remarked:

"Well, we must be moving."

Spon said quietly and rather grimly:

"I think not. You'll have to stay, Hepburn."

Hepburn stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that; that you have to," replied Spon.

"Why, man, you don't think we can let you walk off with our secret? What would be the worth of it to us if we did? No; you've got to stay and cast in your lot with us."

Hepburn looked rather startled.

"And if I were to refuse?"

"But you can't," said Spon, his hand falling on his revolver.

Larry laughed, and laid his hand, not upon the revolver, but on Spon's shoulder.

"Go easy, Spon," he said; then he turned to Hepburn.

"My partner's right, as of course you see. The mine's ours—for just as long as we can hold it; and we shouldn't feel secure if we knew that another man shared our secret and might tell it."

"But—" began Hepburn; but at this juncture Linda came out of the hut; and it was very evident to Larry that she had overheard them.

"What is the trouble, father?" she said. "Why should we not stay, if these gentlemen—"

she looked at Larry, not at Spon—"wish us to do so, and think we ought? And I'm rather tired of trekking, and would like to stay—it's a beautiful place—"

She looked round, but her blue eyes came back to Larry, as steel is drawn to the magnet. "And we could help them. They want someone—some woman—to look after them badly enough."

Hepburn made the gesture of resignation, the peculiar attitude with which men submit their wills to the sex which for some inexplicable reason has been termed the "weaker."

"All right," he said; "we'll stay."

"Then we'll talk over the arrangements," said Spon. "Darnley and I are the owners—mind, there's to be no mistake about that! I found the place, bought it in fair and square trade; and he shares with me. I've been thinking matters through since you turned up, Hepburn, and we will give you a sixth share, to be deducted equally from ours; and you take your share of the work. How's that?"

"Oh, that's very fair, father," said Linda; and her father, with a glance at her—the glance of the man who has always been swayed by his child—nodded.

"That's all right," he said. "And if it's rubies and such like you're after, why, I can help you to other places where you'll find them. I don't go about with my eyes shut—I'm not allowed to," he added, with a smile in the direction of Linda.

Her face was flushed, and she beamed upon them all approvingly.

"How stupid men are!" she said to no one in particular. "I suppose if father had refused, you'd have threatened to shoot him?"

Spon looked guilty, and she laughed.

"That's just the way to make him obstinate," she said. "Coaxing is better than scratching, as the cat said."

She left them to digest this homely adage, and they heard her singing as she entered the hut.

The men went down to the mine. Hepburn not only brought another pair of hands—two, if Linda's be reckoned—but a quantity of stores and some tools, which they found extremely useful. With the additional strength and the horses, Spon could now draw timber and sink a small shaft; and this they proceeded to do after they had built another hut.

This bit of work was mainly accomplished by Larry, who was the best carpenter of the three. And Linda superintended.

Her father had said she was delicate, but the mild yet bracing mountain air evidently agreed with her, for she grew stronger and brighter every day, though her slimmest and extreme fairness gave her an appearance of fragility. Slight as she was, she managed the housekeeping with an ease and cleverness which filled Larry with admiration. The huts quickly got that air of cleanliness and home comfort which only a woman can impart; the meals were always ready to the moment, and were so well cooked that even Spon granted approval.

And she was so light-hearted and cheerful that the hard lives of the men were lightened, and their short periods of rest and leisure brightened by her presence. From early morn to dewy eve, when she was not making some garments for herself, and, in consequence, her mouth was full of pins, she was singing or humming; and Larry used to pause sometimes in his work to listen and smile. But one day she hummed an air that Lady Marie had sung in the boat, and Larry did not smile, but looked across the mountains, away toward England, and sighed.

Sometimes, while the men's hut was in progress, she would bring her work, and, settling herself on one of the logs, would direct operations and chat with him; or, rather, talk to him; for Larry was one of those rarest of birds—a man of few words. And, of course, she asked questions about his past life; asked them with the casual, tactful way of her sex. Larry was quite ready to give her a full and particular account of his past, back to a certain point. But about his boyhood, his friendship with Lady Marie, his kidnapping, he was silent.

She was evidently intensely interested; and when the hut was finished, and he rejoined the others at the mine, she would sit for half an hour, with her work untouched in her lap, thinking of him.

She found out the kind of food in their limited

larder that Larry favored, and managed—with-out attracting his, or any of the other men's, attention to the fact—to prepare the dishes which Larry loved. She took charge of the men's clothes, and Larry suffered no longer from the small, but irritating, inconvenience of undarned socks and buttonless shirts.

Larry was conscious of her kindness, and thanked her; but he was too absorbed in the business of the mine to notice that she was more regardful of his comfort and his little fancies than she was of those of the other men. Indeed, they had no cause of complaint; for she was an admirable manager—and a clever girl.

The making of the shaft had greatly increased the productiveness of the mine; and Spon at night used to fall into a deep reverie broken by chuckles of satisfaction. They were growing wealthy, these three who a very short time ago had been quite poor men; waifs in the ocean of humanity.

One morning at breakfast Linda remarked that the larder was getting empty, and that someone must go and shoot something. No one dreamed of opposing her dictum, and Spon, with a groan at the thought of a day's labor lost, said:

"You'd better go, Larry. I suppose. It would be a saving of time if we were all vegetarians."

"We tried it once," remarked Linda calmly; "but it was a failure—father got so cross. I might endure it if we were alone; but three cross men—no, thank you!"

Larry got his gun, and was cutting himself a piece of bread.

"What's that for?" asked Linda.

"Lunch," he replied, preparing to put it in his pocket.

"That's not enough for lunch, especially when you're shooting. I'll bring you some, if you'll be in the south wood at midday. A crust of bread, and you as rich as a Jew! The idea! Oh, I'll see to your lunch. And you might bring me some of those dark leaves for flavoring the puddings."

"Certainly," said Larry obediently; and he set forth.

She watched him from the doorway until his stalwart form was lost by the dip of the hill; and when she returned to the table to wash up the breakfast things, she stood with a cup in her hand, as if she were dreaming.

Larry shot some birds, duly gathered the required leaves, and at noon made his way to the south wood. He heard a "coo" presently, and going to the spot found Linda with a basket from which she was producing a tempting and substantial lunch.

"Here are some of your favorite scones," she said, as she laid them on a scrap of white cloth; "and here is a meat pie—but it's too small to call a pie."

"It's a 'pasty,'" said Larry.

"That a Cornish word, isn't it?" she said. "Are you Cornish, Mr. Darnley?"

Larry nodded, and seemed to have brought anything for yourself," he said.

"Oh, I can have one of the scones; that will be quite enough for me. Cornwall is a very beautiful county, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Larry. "I hope you will take some of this pasty; there is more than I shall want."

She shook her head absently.

"I've heard so much about Cornwall," she said, as she helped him to the pie. "What part did you come from?"

"From the coast," answered Larry, rather curtly.

She glanced up at him curiously, and then looked down with a speculative expression in her blue eyes; but, though she was curious, she knew that she could not ask any more questions, for Larry's tone had been too unmistakable: "trespassers are forbidden."

For some few minutes she was silent, then she began to talk about the mine, the birds he had shot, and the small details of their life. Larry listened with the contentment of the man who has just been fed, has a well-seasoned pipe, and is listening to a pretty young woman who is doing her best to be pleasant and entertaining.

But presently he remembered his work in the mine, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and began to pack the basket.

"I'll do that," said Linda; and she took the cloth and the tin plate from him.

In doing so their hands met, and she blushed; but Larry did not notice the red that stained the fairness of her face. Their hands had touched so often; and Larry, the least susceptible of men, was unconscious of her momentary embarrassment.

He picked up the birds and his gun, and they walked side by side where the thickly growing trees would let them. They came to a small stream which ran into the valley river; and Linda was picking her way over the stones when she swerved suddenly and uttered a sharp little cry of pain.

Larry was beside her in a stride, and caught her arm.

"You have slipped?" he said.

"Yes—on that round stone. It's nothing, I think; but it hurts. Oh, it hurts rather badly!"

"Lean on me," he said anxiously.

She took his arm, and he helped her across and up the bank, on which she sank, with a wry face, which had suddenly gone pale.

"You are in pain?" said Larry. "Rest a while."

"It's only a strain, I think," she said. "I once sprained this ankle, and it's always been weak since."

She rose up in a minute or two, but she still limped, and Larry drew her arm, with his and helped her before. She managed to walk within a mile of the hut, but there she stopped, and begged him to let her sit down for a minute or two.

"My foot feels as if it were on fire," she said. Larry knelt beside her, and took it in his hand gently; but, gently as he touched it, she winched.

"It's swollen badly," he said. "I'm afraid it's a sprain. The boot ought to come off at once, or it will have to be cut off."

He unlaced it, and, as tenderly as possible got it off. She leaned forward with her hand over her lips, her eyes contracted; she made no cry.

"Yes, it's swollen, and badly," he said, regarding the foot, as it lay in his hand—it was small and shapely. "You can't walk home—"

"Oh, but I must!" she broke in, and she rose, her hand lightly resting on his arm; but she sank down again with a gesture of despair.

Larry rose and stood over her.

"I can carry you, if you don't mind."

Her face went red.

"It's a nuisance—and I'm heavier than you think," she faltered.

Larry laughed, picked her up lightly, and settled her in his arms quite comfortably; and all the time was careful not to touch the injured foot. He performed the operation in such a matter-of-fact way, and was so free from any sentiment, that he actually thought of his game and the gun, and stopped to look at them thoughtfully.

"I can carry them, too, if you could pick them up—never mind, I'll come back for them. We shall soon be home; it's no distance."

The wind had loosened a tress of the almost flaxen hair, and it floated against his and settled there, making a striking contrast of color; she strove to keep her head erect and away from him; but the attitude was too painful, and gradually, almost unconsciously, she permitted her head to sink on his shoulder. His face was close to hers, and Larry, feeling her breath come in quick, irregular gasps, feared that she was going to faint. It was the only emotion her extreme nearness aroused in him, and he was unconscious that her heart was throbbing against his with a mixture of pain and joy.

"There's the hut," he said presently. "Another

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five minutes and you'll be able to rest. Rest is what you want. And cold water—that's the thing; cold water and a compress. But your father will know, for certain. I remember slipping down the cliff—" he stopped suddenly. "Sure you're comfortable? Right! Here we are! You must let me carry you in."

He did so, and deposited her carefully, and gently on the bed.

"I'll get you some water," he said. He filled a can from the spring near the hut, and returned with it.

"I'll go down to the mine and send your father up, right away. Is there anything else I can do?" he asked.

"No, no, nothing—thank you," she said, in a low voice, her face turned from him. "I—I am very sorry to have been so much trouble—"

Larry laughed—the laugh jarred on her, and made her wince.

"Trouble? Oh, you mean carrying you? Why, you are as light as a feather compared with some of the things I've carried. I used to work at the docks—two hundredweight sacks, you know. I'll send your father at once."

He went off, and she heard his steps in their long, quick strides go down the hillside. With a faint cry, she covered her face with her hands, and moved her head to and fro like a captive bird struggling to get free.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WEDDING DAY SET.

While Larry, the miner, was busy making his fortune—the fortune that had eluded him so long—the course of true love was apparently running smoothly for Philip, Marquis of Belmayne.

Apparently, he it said—for, though Marie—as still courtesy itself, and even kindness, her spirits did not improve, and she still showed her distaste for society, and her love for solitary musings.

The months slipped by happily enough for Philip, for it was happiness for him to be near her, to see her once a day, to be privileged to hear her voice, touch her hand; but suddenly the even tenor of his way was broken.

Mr. Sherborne was growing uneasy. He wanted to see his client married; and Mr. Wharton, who was as anxious for the marriage as himself, ventured to drop a hint to Philip.

"The marriage?" said Philip, his pale face coloring. "You think—"

"Long engagements are not usual with persons of your and Lady Marie's rank, Lord Belmayne," murmured Mr. Sherborne respectfully. "You'll pardon me; but the interest of the estate—my duty as your responsible legal adviser—and Mr. Wharton, again—"

Philip cut his apology short with a gesture. "Thank you, Mr. Sherborne," he said, a trifle stiffly, for it seemed to him as if the lawyer, notwithstanding the integrity of his sentiments, was stepping on sacred ground.

Mr. Sherborne bowed and retired, and Philip paced up and down the room, his brows knit in troubled reverie.

Heaven knew he was as anxious for the marriage as the lawyer could be! But would Marie marry him? Would she do so willingly? If not, he would rather wait. And yet what would waiting bring him? He had waited all these months, and Marie seemed no nearer to him.

He had read that marriage often brought love. His face grew hot, and a wistful sigh broke from his lips; his heart ached with longing, as with a physical pain; and presently he got his hat and walked up to the castle.

Lady Merston was in the drawing-room, and she saw by his face that something was the matter.

"What a lovely day, Philip! Are you looking for Marie? She is on the cliffs—"

"I will go to her," he said absently. "I—I have something to say to her." He paused a moment; then he said, as if he were compelled to speak: "Lady Merston, I want Marie to marry me."

Lady Merston looked up at him with a smile in her gentle eyes.

"I can understand that, Philip," she said softly, sympathetically. "And you have waited some time."

"You think she will?" he asked nervously.

"Why not?" she responded encouragingly. "Why should she refuse? You go on so well together—"

"Do we?"

There was almost a touch of bitterness in his tone which caused Lady Merston to regard him with surprise.

"Ah, I see," she murmured gently. "Philip, have you yet to discover that Marie is unlabeled most girls? She is—somehow—different. You must not expect her to be demonstrative to you."

"I don't," he said. "And you think—But I will ask her."

"Yes," she said, with a little nod. "And I wish you—your heart's desire, Philip."

"Yes—my heart's desire," he said, as he left the room.

He found Marie seated at the foot of the cliff, a book lying open downward on her lap, her eyes fixed on the sea; but she turned with a smile as he heard his step, the slightly irregular step which made it unlike other men's; but no "lover's light" shone in her eyes, and her greeting was calm and placid.

"So you have found me, oh, my friend," she said, with a little pause, as she uttered the rather unfortunate quotation.

"Yes," he said. "I have been up to the castle."

"And have had to walk down here—I am sorry, Philip. I will come at once. It must be tea time."

"No; let us stay for a few minutes," he said, in a low voice. "I want to speak to you."

"Yes," she said, with courteous interest. "Won't you sit down? See what a comfortable seat I have! And you can watch the sea; there is a view—"

He ground a swell on it; makes one long to be on it. I think I must have a boat—"

Her eyes grew dreamy—she had not been in a boat for—how many years? Surely not since the lad

Larry and she had gone sailing in the one called by her name?

But Philip still stood looking down at her with his wistful eyes—sometimes Marie had found that wistful, imploring, "faithful dog" expression unendurable. There was a moment or two of silence, then he said:

"I want you to marry me, Marie."

She looked at him calmly.

"Am I not going to do so?"

"I mean now—soon," he said rather hoarsely.

"Soon?" she repeated. "You wish me to marry you soon?"

"Yes; why not?" he said almost abruptly.

"Forgive me, Marie," he went on, as she glanced at him with faint surprise. "I am putting it badly; but—but you see your answer matters so much to me! Say yes, Marie! We have been engaged a long time—"

"A few months," she said to herself, rather than to him.

"They have been years to me—the only years of my life worth living. Marie, be good to me! Why should we wait? You—you will not grow to love—to care for me any better by waiting. Ah, I know that! If I had you to myself altogether, my very own—"

His voice grew huskier, and broke.

"You think—" she said, still as if communing with herself. She was silent for a while, and he waited, his eyes fixed on hers.

"Be good to me," he murmured again; and, drawing a long breath, she looked up with the shadow of a smile in which there was no joy, no surrender, though her words implied it.

"Yes," she said very quietly, "you have the right to ask; I have not the right to refuse."

"Right, right? Marie!"

She rose and held out her hand.

"Forgive me, Philip! I will marry you when you please."

For the first time he drew her toward him in a passionate embrace, and kissed her on the lips, on her white brow. She made a movement as if to repel him—a movement of proud resentment; then she suffered the passionate caress. But she did not return it. That she should permit him to kiss her was joy enough for Philip, and he took her hands in his and gazed at her pale face with a lover's rapture.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

to trim the "Northern Lights." I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was in "pig tails" and believe I always shall be while I live.

Here are some verses I would like to quote to the dear sisters who get discouraged and "blue" sometimes:

"These are the best days!
Stars were never brighter,
Hearts were never lighter,
Songs of birds and rippling brooklets
Never were more sweet;
There were never fairer flowers,
Than those at our feet.
In these fair days, these rare days,
The best days of all!
These are the best days!
Skies were never bluer;
Friends were never truer;
There was never less of sorrow,
More of joy and song,
Than we find beside our pathway
As we trod along.
In these fair days, these rare days,
The best days of all!"

The best days of all! Surely these days are exactly that; and there is yet the heartsome knowledge that there are better days in store than the best that we have known.

We have only to trust to persevere, to declare good in all our ways; to believe in it; whatever the present seems, to hold fast to it in the very teeth of impending disaster. If we do this, there can be no doubt of the result, nor need we worry how or by what path our good will come to us indeed, that very worry is most apt to defeat its own end, or to put it further from us. We must know with the "Sage of Concord," that the best is the true and that we cannot set our ideals too high. Often it may happen that because we do crave the best, because we do hitch our wagon to a star, we meet disappointment, which for the time seems bitter enough. One for whom we have cared proves unworthy of our faith in him; a business venture meets disaster, or we fail to accomplish one thing or another on which we have set our hearts, and then comes the world-old question, "what's the use?" and our mental sky is dark with discouragement. Yet, if we "hold fast," the days to come will bring to us a friend that is true, a larger success than would have been possible in the business venture that failed, a higher attainment than we dreamed of, if we keep to the best and the noblest, everything not in accord with those ideals will drop away. We should never be sorry for that, but rejoice in the expectation of "something better than we have known."

In a certain land which shall be nameless there is a sermon in stone. At every turn of the road three little carved images, one of a man, the first with finger on his lips, the second with fingers on closed eyes, and the third with finger tips thrust into his ears. "Speak no evil—see no evil—hear no evil!"

To refuse to listen to unkind things is to be negatively good. There is a difference. We once knew of a dear little woman who by her tact and friendliness kept an entire village, naturally quarrelsome, good natured, sweet and wholesome. It was long ago before the word "knocking" was applied to chronic fault finding was coined, "burning the hammer" thought of. Everybody in the village loved the plain little woman, who owned a plain little home, and served for a living that was not always abundant. Her rule was, "If you're going to tell anything tell the best you know or have heard, and keep the rest to yourself." One of the neighbors, a well-to-do farmer, hired a boy from a rather shiftless family and one day, Miss Abigail asked how the lad was getting along.

"He's no good," said the farmer. "I'm going to tell him so when his month's up; we're out of all patience with his slipshod ways."
"Why?" said Miss Abigail. "I always thought he was a real likely boy."
"So he is," acknowledged the neighbor. "He's got the making of a fine, smart man in him. I wouldn't ask better help. If he'd take an interest in his work, but he won't. I guess it's his bringing up, but I can't bother to teach him new ways."
A little while after, Miss Abigail, on the little porch that overlooked her neighbor's cornfield, saw the recalcitrant lad cutting across lots with his fishing pole. He came out by the little house.

"Hello, Jimmie," called Miss Abigail. Jimmy looked up rather shamefacedly. "Come and get a drink of cool buttermilk," piped Miss Abigail, cheerily. "I'm glad you've got your work done, so you can go fishing. Only a spell ago I was talking to the deacon about you, and he said he wouldn't ask better help when you take an interest in your work, you do. He says you've got the making of a fine smart man in you."
The boy lifted his head and looked straight at Miss Abigail.

"Did—the deacon say that?" he asked.
"His very words," declared Miss Abigail.
There was silence for a moment.
"Can—I leave my pole here till after supper?" asked the lad. "There'll be plenty of time then, an'—an' I ain't got my work quite done."
Back to the cornfield he went, and all the long, sultry afternoon he hoed and pulled weeds. And Miss Abigail had another little talk with her neighbor, and the boy staid; and today he is one of the "foremost citizens" of the little town, respectable and respected. That was Miss Abigail's way; she gave everybody the biggest and best estimate possible, and everybody lived up to it, as everybody pretends sure to do. Isn't there a lesson right here for us all?

And now, my dear sisters, in closing I would like to say to you all, be prepared for the inevitable hour, for we know not the day, nor the hour when it shall come. How grand it is to see persons ripe in age, whose life has been filled with good deeds, happy and contented as the hour draws near, ready and glad to meet their Maker face to face! How contrasting this would be to a scene where one is called who is not prepared, whose life has been full of idleness and selfish pleasure, and a little longer time in which to change his mode of life and prepare himself! Are we prepared? Now? Today? If not we should be preparing.

"The Golden Age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us up;
The pathway through the future will lead on and higher,
If we will but do our best, and do it now."

Your affectionate COMFORT sister,
Mrs. G. B. TILLEY, 61 Lafayette St., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mrs. Tyler. "To declare good in all our ways, to believe in it." In this last clause you have touched the inspiring of the higher life. If we really believe in goodness, our daily acts of kindness and our tolerance of the shortcomings of others will be regulated by principles within. One cannot be called good who merely refrains from wrong doing from fear of the criticisms of others. "Hope of reward and fear of punishment are motives on a low plane."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
If you do not object I will try again to give a more complete description of the country here, as so many wrote me for full information, and it is hard to answer all as fully as I'd like. Besides, it is a shame that with so many advantages as we have here, that so many settlers should go to California and Washington. Oh, yes, Mrs. McCoy, the snow California is beautiful, but then, "There is Oregon!" she'd like to devote all this letter to the beauties of Oregon scenery, but instead will tell you the practical side of things.

Echo is in Umatilla county of which the county seat is Pendleton where the river "Hood and Up" is held annually in September. Umatilla is called Oregon's Banner county for wheat, wool and livestock. We live just over the line in Morrow county. They are bounded on the North by the Columbia river, the most magnificent navigable stream on the Pacific coast, and famous for its salmon fisheries. Altitude at the river is three hundred feet above sea level, and at Pendleton it rises to one thousand and sixty-nine feet. On the east are the Blue Mountains covered with fir and pine timber. By the way, Oregon has one sixth of the standing timber in the U. S. Range and timberlands are worth from two dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars per acre, on which there are many springs and creeks. It is a day's journey to the timber line, and Uncle Sam gives a certain amount of cord to every homesteader.

Where we are is an immense area of semi-arid land, and around Echo and Hermiston are four irrigation projects, one of them by the government. When Oregon gets back all the money she now gives to the reclamation fund of U. S., we shall see all this vast area under irrigation from the John Day river. There are thousands of acres of land still open to entry, some timber and desert claims, and some enlarged

homesteads, and residence only required for three years now.

There are three hundred and fifty thousand acres of wheat land in the county in two classes. Grade No. 1 comprises two hundred thousand acres, produces twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat per acre, and is worth from fifty-five to seventy-five dollars an acre. Grade No. 2, comprises one hundred and fifty thousand acres, yields from fifteen to twenty-five bushels per acre and worth from ten to forty dollars per acre. The wheat crop of the county averages five million bushels or one per cent. of the total wheat of U. S. The price of wheat ranges from fifty cents to eighty cents per bushel and the cost of production ranges from twenty-eight cents to thirty-three cents per bushel. In portions of the county corn does well, yields from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. But in this vicinity it is too dry to raise any, but such as Kafir corn.

The Alfalfa land of the county comprises fifty thousand acres and yields three crops of hay per year, a total of seven tons an acre. The value of Alfalfa lands is from eighty to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre and Alfalfa hay averages six dollars a ton, not baled on farms. Fruit land in small tracts is worth from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars an acre according to location and improvements.

There are three hundred and fifty thousand head of sheep in the county, average weight of fleece nine and one half pounds and total wool clip amounts to three million pounds. There is a wool scouring mill at Echo, also five fur mills in county.

We are four and one half miles west of Butter Creek, where the main crop is Alfalfa. Over six thousand head of cattle are fed in the Alfalfa districts annually. There are thirty thousand head of cattle in the county valued at four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Eggs and chickens and turkeys are raised here with profit. We usually have all the apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, cherries, apricots and berries of all kinds at reasonable prices on Butter Creek, although it is not a distinctly fruit district. Huckleberries grow wild in the foothills, and there are many sulphur springs and resorts for summer vacationists.

The reason we have no wells in this vicinity is because no one has yet tried to dig one by a drill, although along Butter Creek wells are as shallow as wheat from two inches, and fifty to five hundred feet, or flat plain, one hundred feet or higher than Butter Creek. On clear days we can see Mt. Hood near Portland, and Mt. Adams in south Washington.

How cold does it get here? Well, usually we have less than a foot and a half of snow, and never have it stay long enough for good sleighing. Ten days or two weeks is as long as it stays. Five years ago this winter, we had the biggest snow-storm known here for years, the snow averaged fifteen inches on the level, and two nights it was twenty degrees below zero. That was unusually cold for this state or section. Our ground sometimes does not freeze hard all winter, and spring opens the last of February.

RUBY C. NELSON, Echo, B. R. 1, Box 54, Oregon.

The accompanying picture is that of Geneva Gladys Lackey, adopted daughter of Mrs. Pearl Lackey, who is no stranger to COMFORT sisters.

for in the September issue. Mrs. Lackey told us that "It is through your kindness, Mrs. Wilkinson, and dear old COMFORT that we have baby."



GENEVA GLADYS LACKEY.

There may be others who have, through the assistance of COMFORT sisters' letters, found some homeless little one for adoption, and would send us their pictures for our corner. If so, I would be very glad, for I feel there is a great and growing interest in this grand work.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of the paper for twenty years and do prize it more than the many magazines we receive that costs five or six times the price. We seem to come in touch with so many true and living hearts. I wish I could write as well as many of you, but all we can do is to give what we have.

There seems to be a great deal said about our duty in training the little ones. I cannot agree with many writers on the subject of nature. I have been blessed with eight children, also took a motherless little girl at a tender age and reared her besides four daughters of my own. I do consider the rearing of children a loving but great responsibility, and we must admit many times we are made to wonder just what is best.

I wish I could instill in the minds of young mothers the important truth of getting the child's confidence. Assure it while the little is young that in obedience all will be love, and convince them that you can, and love to trust them.

Never allow a child to contradict you or be saucy. I never have had one do either, for before they could talk they knew I was wrong and it just simply never had to be broken up.

Almost the first attempt to willfulness in a child is to pinch the mother's breast, as all mothers that have had the pleasure of affording the child's sustenance know. My way was to take the little hand that is so dear to us and bite a little finger just enough to get her attention and then show her the slight wound her nails made. I am thankful the painful duty seldom had to be repeated. Firmness and love are bosom companions, and step by step we can have obedient children, for their little hearts and minds must to a certain extent be moulded by the mother's loving hand, not by cruel blows for a never desist them, neither did I brow beat to them in a loud voice.

Now in regard to drawing aside the veil of the serious mysteries of nature. In my experience it should be unfolded like the lily for it is the loveliest bud is spooled in opening, there is almost always a tarnish and we spoil what we hope to accomplish.

I think often of an old saying of which I am unable to name the author: "Simpletons rush in where angels dare not tread." I hope not to offend. I for one am afraid. I feel that until a child naturally becomes aware that there are other mysteries, they need no training beyond gratifying the truths as they come.

I don't believe there ever was a mother who prayed more earnestly or fearfully, to be able to do her duty in these and many other things. We were poor, oh so poor, and I had to work so hard, many times from three o'clock in the morning until ten at night, but I never tried as long as I could see my efforts bringing comforts for my family. My husband sick and the children to be clothed and fed and schooled which I never had to see them deprived of. I did the family sewing and knitting, washing and bread making at night. Sisters I have gone down in weakness over my work, being unconscious for a while once over a pan of bread, but my courage never failed, for I could see in the distance a light through the river I could have asked for help but I never had a dollar's help. I kept my children clean and neat and my house the same.

I have digressed from the subject. Let us take Christ as our only true and never-failing friend and example. A man of grief and sorrow that gave His life for us. He did not tell those things to our forefathers until maturity, and don't you think if he had wished it, it would have been so?

I have seen very bright and favored children become backward later on. One little nephew, my husband's, the dear child, I felt it would be a blessing if he would be taken away. Now he is a lovely, bright boy. I appear to be digressing again, but the subject is hard to handle, being fraught with so much danger, and we as a nation are anxious and curious, so I think to sum up all, we better not hasten progression, but

live in perfect harmony and truth with our children. I always told my children when their minds began to wonder about nature, to come to me and I know they did and do yet, for all their shining crowns are touched with silver threads, but our lives have been kept in harmony by confidence and truth.

I think many, and regret to say have known a few homes have been wrecked for lack of love and confidence; the parents seemingly were not acquainted with their children. Parents so often become narrow and forget they were young once and needed the sympathy the dear hearts are in need of while on the reverse side. There are plenty of parents so indulgent that soon nothing satisfies their children and they become rude and disrespectful of their elders. Our children and grandchildren respect and reverence us and all other older people. My mother was taken away when I was young, not old enough to realize how much I needed a mother. I was a very delicate and small child, but I feel as though I missed her all through life.

I must confess that I cannot confine my pen to the subject, there being so many roads leading from it so will say, dear, true and tried mothers, watch and pray, for dear to God are the prayers of the poor.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson how I enjoy every word that you write and how I do trust you. May you be spared to the good work to cheer and comfort the little bleating lambs that hover around your knees, asking to be heard! How such as the foregoing must puzzle you to dispose of, yet you so kindly, out of your good and generous heart bind up and comfort us. With a little prayer for you and yours, I say God bless you and sanctify you to your work. And dear Uncle Charlie with his unselfish pleadings for so many poor souls his reward is when moth and rust cannot corrupt. May God in His tender mercy bear him all the way. His loving prayers are my prayer.

Mr. Gannett you are one of the noblest works that can be done. I hope you may be spared with health and strength to carry on your work of good and untiring efforts of love to the afflicted for many years.

With love and good wishes for COMFORT sisters, I am,

Mrs. LEWIS FARIS, 628 Peoria St., Lincoln, Ill.

Mrs. Faris. Your letter is so full of sweet wisdom that I feel inspired and grateful to you for its writing. Each sister who reads will find something helpful, and your useful life an example to those just starting on life's journey. I am kindly praising and earnest solicitude in my behalf makes my day brighter, and may I ever be worthy of your confidence.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your good letters in COMFORT, as they come to me each month! Some are so encouraging to the down-hearted and depressed, others are brimming over with kindness and good cheer. It helps me to realize that I am not alone who are away from friends and kindred in strange lands, where the country is sparsely settled, neighbors few and far between. To such homes your letters and our good COMFORT must come like sunshine on a dark, gloomy day.

Then our dear shut-in friends teach us lessons of patience and love. How grateful they are for the little kindnesses shown them even when the tokens received are of small value. God bless them all and make us who enjoy health more thoughtful and helpful for the suffering and afflicted, who have so much to bear and many of them unable to procure the means to alleviate their pain.

I thank those sisters who give us so many home remedies, and for those tried recipes for making so many nice things to eat. I thank you, one and all.

Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. I. I. MILLER, Shady, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:
I have been a silent reader of your little paper for several years and it occupies a cozy corner in our home.

I am the proud mother of twelve children, nine boys and three girls, and they are all my pleasure in my old days. I will be fifty-four this month and feel as young as thirty, except for rheumatism, which at times bothers me severely.

How do you sisters raise your chickens? I enjoy the farm life. My chickens and turkeys are my delight. I had a beautiful crop of turkeys which made a good Thanksgiving dinner for me and many more who had not the chance to raise them. I also have the fine stock of Plymouth Rock chickens. They circle around my home premises and make me feel like I have worked and done something for my family. How many of you sisters raise this stock of chickens?

Kind sisters, could any of you give me a way of cleaning, or rather getting a peppercorn stain out of a white table-cloth? I have tried nearly everything and the spot turns that much more yellow. Would certainly be delighted to have a little information.

Well, dear sisters, as I have made my first attempt to write I hope this will escape the waste basket.

Mrs. NEOMIA TOON, Arlington, R. R. 1, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I have been reading the sisters' letters in September COMFORT, and oh, how I do enjoy them, but most of this month is the letter from "Happy Mother of Five." How happy she must be and how I would like to step in and see her!

It is so long to have baby hands to caress, although husband is not like hers, for he dearly loves little ones too. We have been married six years, and four years ago we got our darling baby girl in the cold, cold grave, and since then I have often wished that we could get a baby from some home, but have been afraid to try, because we were so poor. We are just renters, but could give a child a good home and plenty to eat and wear, nothing fine, but just plenty of what it needs. And would send it to a good school, and give it all the love that two big, hungry hearts could give, if we could only get it here. But we would not be able to go off anywhere for it. We would prefer a boy not less than one year old or over three, of legal, American parentage.

I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for four years and have been helped a great deal by reading it. Husband says he would have COMFORT if it were one dollar a year.

Sisters, if you have trouble in keeping tomatoes in can, try putting a teaspoonful of salt in each half gallon can. I never have any trouble.

May God bless all of COMFORT's people and those dear sisters who have given homes to the little children that were homeless. Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. ESTHER BEAVER, Mountain Home, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have wanted to write for a long time, but get little time for writing letters. I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for thirteen years and think it the best paper on earth for the small price we have to pay.

I am the mother of six children and have two little ones in Heaven, and dear sister, I know how to sympathize with those who have to give them up. I am sending four children to school, the eldest eleven years, and in the sixth grade.

I have one little afflicted child of three years who has not walked a step in eighteen months. He had a bad attack of spinal meningitis. That left him paralyzed. Both legs were paralyzed until I bathed him in hot vinegar and salt three times daily, where he can use the right one, and can crawl anywhere he wants to. The baby is nineteen months old and oh, they are so much company to me as well as trouble. I am interested in the letters about training the children, for I do want to bring them up the right way. I believe we should always be do, for they soon notice if we do not keep our word.

To protect your stomachs from rusting, wash clean and rub with a cloth wet with kerosene.

I have been living in Florida for three years and have a beautiful home, but it is very expensive here, although wages are good.

May God bless all the COMFORT family and especially the poor outcasts.

Mrs. ANNIE MILLS, DeLand, R. R. 1, Box 30, Fla.

Mrs. Mills. So many are afflicted with or suffering from the results of spinal meningitis that I know the details of just how you used the vinegar and salt would be greatly appreciated. May I suggest that you tell the proportions of vinegar and salt; also did you apply it with the hand. When applying, did you rub or knead the parts, and if so, what movement did you use? Please add any other points of treatment you may regard as important.—Ed.

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DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let me stop for a few minutes' rest and chat with the sisters? I am a fond reader of COMFORT and can hardly wait for the next paper to come. I find so many interesting and beneficial letters in COMFORT from everywhere in the union. I wish more would give their experience on turkey raising, as I think there is more real profit in anything else. I bought some eggs last spring. The male bird was bought in the East; a wild gobbler, so they are half wild. I have raised eleven and lost four. They were fine turkeys and was over half grown when the first Washington timber. I have brown hair, large brown eyes, red cheeks and nice teeth. I weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. My little girl is healthy. She also has brown eyes and light brown hair.

I own four acres of land, only cleared where the house is. I have a nice little square house of three rooms, pantry and large clothes closet. I raised about six hundred brown leghorn chickens last spring, but like turkeys the best. I love flowers of all kinds. Would those having plenty of flower seed, also bulbs of any kind to spare send me some? I would be so grateful.

There is some new land opened up adjoining me that sells from forty to seventy-five dollars an acre. It overlooks Hoods Canal and the mountains.

Wishing the sisters and the best little paper ever published success, I remain,

Mrs. M. BROWN, Silverdale, Washington.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
In seeking admission to your circle, and the question arises, what can I say that will be most helpful? The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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WILL MAKE THE NEW YEAR HAPPY

It was indeed a Merry Christmas to those who won the prizes in our November Contest, and it will be a Happy New Year for those who win the December prizes which we are about to put some of them doubled. Read the list of November prize-winners printed in this paper. Enter the January contest now, win a good cash prize—the money will look good about the eighth of February.

Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Conservation of Farm Machinery

THIS is a time when everybody is very much concerned about conservation. We are all talking about saving our coal mines and our iron ore and our forests and our soil fertility, and yet our farm machinery is often to be found rusting out in the furrow or rotting down in the fence corner. It is quite as important to save the machine itself as it is to save the iron and the lumber out of which the machine is made. The trouble with us is we own the machines ourselves but the corporations and the speculators own the mines and the forests. What belongs to us individually is nobody's business but what belongs to us collectively or to someone else is everybody's business.

Now we believe in conservation and all that has been done to save the remnants of our natural resources, but we also believe in conservation of our individual resources. Machinery salesmen tell us that they sell three times as many machines as they should to some farmers. That is, they sell the same machine three times as often as they should. Why is this? Because when these farmers have finished using their machines they let them stand in the field until time comes to use them next season. The rain, the wind, the snow and the frost during a single season take more out of the life of the machine than two seasons' wear; hence the necessity for conservation of farm machinery.

Bring Your Tools in Out of the Field

Don't leave machines standing in the field. Always practice bringing them in when you have finished using them. This insures getting them out of the ground, the grass or the grain and gives them a chance to dry off. But don't stop there.

Clean Them Up

With an old broom or piece of burlap sweep or wipe off all soil and other filth. Don't leave grass and weeds and dirt to dry on and rust the metal parts. This takes but a few minutes' time which costs little but saves several times as much in the value of the machine.

Then Have a Tool Shed

A tool shed sufficient in size to store all farm tools is a necessity on every farm. It need not be expensive and should save its cost in tools every year. It is just as essential as a house for your chickens or a barn for your stock. Tools are a part of the farm capital and often as valuable as the live stock, hence they should be housed with equal care. When you have provided a tool shed the next step is:

Keep Your Tools in the Shed When Not Using Them

This last direction is important. The farmer should form the habit of bringing the tools up to the shed at the close of each day's work, whenever convenient to do so, cleaning them off and storing them safely each in its allotted place in the shed until such time as it is needed again. In this way, and only in this way, can he practice successful "conservation of farm machinery."

The Farm and the Kitchen Equipment Compared

Some of these long winter evenings take an inventory of your farm machinery, the tools and appliances you have to work with. Then ask your wife to do the same thing in the house. Your domain is the farm—hers is the house. If you happen to live in the grain belt your inventory will run something like this: A sulky plow, sulky cultivator, harrow, disk, seeder, corn harrower, manure spreader, grain binder, mower, hay rake, hay loader, hay fork and carrier, gas engine, milk separator and barn and field small tools too numerous to mention here. Put a price on all this equipment and add it up. Will a thousand dollars cover it all? Hardly. Then ask yourself how much have I spent on machinery and tools to work with this year? Was it for the purpose of making my work easier or of making it possible for me to do more in less time? When you have done this and answered these questions turn to your wife. Go over the list which she has prepared with her. It will probably consist of a kitchen stove with necessary pots, kettles and pans, a washboard and two tubs and a few pails with some small articles for the kitchen cupboard. Does it foot up a hundred dollars in value? Well, no, hardly. How much has been spent in appliances for making her work easier during the year or in making it possible for her to do more in less time?

Then go and light your pipe, take the easiest chair you can find and just think. Ask yourself, have I given my wife a square deal? Have I bought as much for her to work with as I have bought for myself? Does she have a kitchen sink? Why not? No running water? How much will it cost to provide running water? About as much as it costs to buy a twine binder. How many days in the year would she use running water? Every day. How many days in the year do I use a twine binder? About twenty days. If your pipe goes out before you are through making these comparisons light it again and think the thing through to a finish. Be honest with yourself. Be honest with your wife, and next year at least buy as much for her use as you buy for yourself. The winter time is the best time to think and lay your plans. Next summer you will be too busy.

Three Things That Should Be Found in Every Farm Home

There are three so-called modern conveniences that should be found in every up-to-date farm home. They are running water, a bathroom and a kitchen sink—the three essentials of every city plumbing contract.

Running Water

If you are fortunate enough to have a spring sufficiently elevated for the water, when piped into the house, to flow by gravity under pressure enough to rise well above the eaves the proposition is solved for you in the easiest possible manner; just pipe it in and the water comes of its own accord.

If your source of supply is below your building the water may be forced up by any one of three systems. In one the water is pumped

to a tank in the attic and falls by gravity to all parts of the house. In another the water is stored in a big air-tight tank in the basement and is raised by air pressure to all places where needed, and in the third the water is raised by air pressure fresh and cool direct from the well. For about two hundred dollars the farm home may be supplied with water by anyone of these methods, provided the gas engine has already been purchased.

Or if there is running stream, or brook with a constant and reliable flow at all times and a few feet fall the water may be forced up from the brook to the house by a hydraulic ram which costs but little to buy and install and nothing to run, as the water flowing through it works it. But this will not give satisfactory results if the water has to be lifted very high.

The Kitchen Sink

This should be supplied with a drain connecting with the sewage system from the bathroom. A screen should be placed in one end of this sink for separating potato peelings and like refuse from the water and preventing solid matter from getting into the drain pipes.

The Bathroom

The bathroom is essential both from the point of comfort and health. The outside privy is a menace to health and a great inconvenience particularly in cold weather. The bathroom should be connected by necessary plumbing to a cesspool or a septic tank for the proper disposal of sewage. Aside from the water supply the entire cost of the kitchen sink, bathroom equipment, necessary plumbing and sewage disposal system should not exceed another two hundred dollars. At these prices no up-to-date farm home can afford not to have these conveniences.

Potatoes for Swine

Potatoes have yielded so well the past season and are so cheap in many districts that men are asking whether they can be well used for stock feeding. To these it may be said that potatoes are so high in water content that they are not suitable as a sole ration; but they are a useful adjunct to other feeds, and specially so for swine. Many of our readers, too, may not have heard that raw potatoes are fine for clearing worms out of the intestines of colts. Do not feed many at first. Feed a few and watch the bowels, increasing the amount fed until the bowels respond and at this time the worms will be likely to start coming away. For swine feeding potatoes should be boiled. When cooked four pounds of potatoes are equal to one pound of grain for hog feeding; or four and one half pounds of raw potatoes have the same value. The cooked potatoes are most palatable and they digest better than raw potatoes. In cooking potatoes use as little water as possible; then mash the potatoes and mix in the grain while the potatoes are hot, and add a little salt. Barley meal is a popular concentrate to feed along with boiled potatoes and it is largely used for finishing hogs before slaughter in Ireland. Cornmeal may be used in the same way, and now that we have tankage to add it may be used in place of a part of the grain and so lessen the cost of the mixture. Tankage should contain sixty per cent. of protein, so that it is a very concentrated feed and will replace a lot of grain. On an average one should add tankage to make ten per cent. of the concentrate, when mixed meals are fed. A few raw potatoes may also be given to work horses. The tubers have not much feeding value for cattle; but many people consider potato peelings good for the dairy cow.

The Idle Brood Mare

As the mare is expected to bring a fine, robust foal next May or June bear in mind that now is the time to insure such an occurrence. If the idle mare is not rightly managed and fed now she may lose her foal, have a hard time of it at foaling time, or lack milk for the new born foal. Do not pamper the mare indoors. This is mistaken kindness. She will be much healthier and harder if made to run outdoors as much as possible during winter and early spring. Give her a roomy box stall when in the stable and a shed to run to in the yard or paddock; but do not let her up in an ordinary stall. A pregnant mare often is laid down in a corner, on manure and so suffers from "stocked" legs and dropsical swellings of the udder and belly. Besides this she is very apt to become "cast" in a stall and such an accident may mean loss of the foal or an injured mare. When at work the mare has to be fed sufficient surplus nutriment to produce energy and repair waste of tissue, besides the feed of maintenance to keep her neither losing nor gaining in weight. When she is idle the feed of maintenance, plus sufficient nutriment to supply the needs of the unborn foal and to keep the mare warm in cold weather, will suffice. The feed at this time need not be so rich in protein as when hard work is being done. More hay and other roughage can be allowed than will be good for the mare at work. See to it, however, that the feed is absolutely sound and free from molds; for moldy feed often leads to abortion, or may make the mare sickly and so lead her to poorly nourish her foal. Straight Timothy hay is poor stuff for a brood mare. By all means give preference to well made clover hay, or mixed clover hay, while Alfalfa hay also is very suitable as a partial ration, provided it is free from mold. Allow free access to a rack filled with bright oat straw; but it is best not to allow brood mares to run to wheat, rye, barley or flax straw stacks. Bright, well saved corn fodder, or stover is suitable; but avoid frosted, severely weathered or moldy fodder of any sort. Sorghum hay or fodder is not suitable late in the season as it sours and is then detrimental. In the way of concentrates allow corn at noon in cold water in addition to whole oats and wheat bran. If plenty of other good feed is offered one full feed of concentrate a day will suffice for the idle mare. Roots, such as carrots or parsnips, are beneficial and rutabagas come next in value. Raw potatoes may be fed carefully, if the mare is infested with worms; but they should not form any great part of the ration. Do not feed condition powders or stock feed. They are not needed, and such doses containing copperas and other strong drugs may induce abortion. As foaling time approaches decrease hay and roughage and increase bran, add-

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ing a little flaxseed meal, or giving roots to regulate the bowels. At no time must the mare be constipated, or suffer from diarrhea. Care also should be taken to supply an abundance of fresh, pure water and to keep the mare out of soft places where she may strain herself and so perhaps change the position of the foal or abort.

Silage for All Live Stock

Every time you haul a shock of corn fodder from the field, or feed a forkful of the dry stuff to an animal remember that you have thrown away half of the feeding value of the corn plant. It loses fully fifty-one per cent. of its nutrients when weathered in the field and the worse the weather the more the loss. It loses only eight per cent. when cut up and saved in the silo. Besides this the silage is much more palatable, laxative and nourishing for animals. The time is coming, and it does not seem far hence, when every farm will have a silo, when the silo will be deemed as necessary as the farm home, when indeed no man will for a moment think of keeping live stock without silage to feed in winter. The time is coming too when silage will be fed in the dry, grassless times of late summer and many farmers have already started such feeding. The man who has learned to put up sound silage, from practically ripe corn, wilted before cutting and if necessary wetted down when being run into the silo, gives it to all of his animals. He could not possibly get along without this feed, once it has been used. His dairy cows eat at least thirty pounds of silage a day. His feeding steers also are eating it when on a growing or fattening ration and the cost of feeding is reduced thereby and the gains from feeding increased. It has been proved that corn silage and Alfalfa hay make a balanced ration for dairy cows. We also know of a successful Northern farmer who finds it a complete ration along with well made clover hay. His silage is made from old-fashioned flint corn and it is extra green and rich in nitrogen. Many also are feeding silage to horses; but it should not be heavily fed to work horses as it tends to loosen the bowels and act on the kidneys; for like reason it is not suitable feed for the stallion in spring, nor for the herd bull. If fed to these sires it should form but a small part of the ration and it is best fed in winter time. Pregnant ewes benefit from silage as a part ration, as do the sows that are to farrow in spring. It regulates the bowels and that is of much importance in the successful handling of these animals. In feeding silage, however, it should be remembered that moldiness is deadly, and especially so in the case of horses and pregnant animals. Frozen silage also is dangerous, while frozen hay will not hurt if thawed out and fed at once. It must not be left to become moldy. A practical farmer has alleged that one can afford to put up a silo on money borrowed at ten per cent.

Preparing for Spring Work

Last spring one of your fields washed badly, or in another place poor corn formed and in many of the other fields soil washing and manure washing took place. You were going to remember to attend to these leaks. Did you do so? If not it is not too late to help out matters now. Any day that a plow will run make ditches to carry off surface water. These ditches need not be deep; but they should be cleaned out with the shovel to make water run freely and they should only be run where most needed. Experience teaches which way the best fall is found and the ditches should run there and end in a suitable outlet ditch, stream or slough. It would be better, as soon as possible to put in real drains, at least three and one half feet deep and to connect these lateral drains with a main drain of larger tile, say six to eight inches in diameter. Not only do these surface and under-drains prevent a lot of washin' but they prevent water-logging of the soil and loss of crops in summer. The corn that starts out on a wet spot that is temporarily dry, is sure to become yellow and dead before it is water collects and the plants have "wet feet." When the manure is hauled out, spread it at once. It is well to use a manure spreader; but if that useful implement is not at hand, scatter the manure at once and be done with it. The leechings then will mostly be absorbed by the soil. It is only in a time of big rain, late in the winter or early spring seasons, that serious leeching takes place and by that time spread manure does not lose much. The mulching effect of spread manure also is useful as it tends to prevent soil washing, deep freezing and snow blowing or melting. It always pays to keep the snow on the field surface in winter and more especially so if winter wheat, rye or oats is being raised. Clover and Alfalfa also benefit greatly from a covering of snow. If the fields have been fall plowed and manured as advised here the disc can be got to work soon as possible in spring and the harrows following get the soil surface into fine tilth to receive grain. Where spring plowing is done, and especially so if sod is turned over, hand seeding may be practiced; but following the disc and harrows the grain drill gives the best results. It might be added that in preparing for spring work spare hours are well occupied in repairing, painting, oiling and scouring implements, providing necessary supplies of seeds and putting the seed grain through the fanners to get it free of weed seeds. By thinking and working ahead one will not be so likely to get behind in the rush of spring work.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmers subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

FROZEN SILAGE.—I have a stone silo which freezes badly in cold weather. Is it a good plan to feed frozen silage? How can it best be thawed out? Will it do any harm to feed stock silage that has frozen and afterwards thawed? R. C. Iowa.

—Do not feed frozen silage. Thaw it out first. This can be done in two ways: first, by throwing

it down in the warm stable and leaving it there over night. If the stable is warm it will be all thawed out in the morning and can be fed without causing any bad effects. Second, silage always freezes around the walls of the silo. The heat due to fermentation keeps the silage warm in the center of the silo. The first warm day that comes, loosen the silage adhering to the walls and heap it in a pile in the center of the silo. The internal heat will soon thaw out the silage and it will then be ready for feeding, having suffered no harm. Spoiled silage, due to freezing, thawing and molding or decay afterwards, should not be fed under any circumstances.

CLOVER HAY FOR HORSES.—Is clover hay fit to feed horses? F. D. O. N. Y.

—There is a strong prejudice against feeding clover hay to horses, based largely on the fact that clover hay is often "dusty." Clover hay when properly cured is an excellent horse feed. It contains about six times as much protein nutriment as marsh hay and about three times as much as Timothy. Good clover hay is much better for horses than either marsh hay or Timothy, and a much better feed. Concerning the effects of dusty hay in producing heaves, consult our veterinary adviser.

BUTTER WON'T COME.—We have a very good Jersey cow about two years old that gives about ten quarts of milk a day. The milk seems good,—nothing wrong with it that we can detect. But the butter won't gather, and we churn about all day. We feed her corn and bran, and give her salt every other day. Please tell us what to do. L. N. Bannock, O.

—We suspect that you do not properly ripen the cream. Have a receptacle into which all of the cream is put when taken from the milk, and stir the cream thoroughly each time more is added. Keep the cream at a temperature of sixty or below, till the day before you are to churn; then, if it has not soured any, warm it to sixty-five or seventy degrees. It will then sour sufficiently to churn readily and give a good flavored butter. Do not allow cream to get so sour that whey collects at the bottom of the vessel. Cool the cream to sixty just before churning, otherwise butter will come soft. If separator cream is very rich it may be churned as low as fifty degrees. If cream is churned when sweet the butter always will come slowly.

HOW TO BEGIN GARDENING.—The home to which I am soon to move includes about an acre of land. On the half which is in the rear of the house I intend to raise poultry. The other half, which lies in front, I wish to use for a little home garden. As I know hardly anything about gardening, and can attend to it only after working hours, I desire information and advice. I would like to grow potatoes, tomatoes, peas, onions, lettuce, cabbage, beets, radishes, beans and corn. Kindly tell me how to rotate them. This year mostly corn was raised on the ground. What could be planted next spring to advantage? (2) How can the offensive odor from hogs be prevented? G. W. C., Wheeling, W. Va.

—Buy a book on gardening and study it thoroughly before you start work next spring. Meanwhile have the patch well top dressed with rotten stable manure which should be spread over the surface and plowed in. Apply it at rate of at least forty tons to the acre. If you do this and have the land thoroughly pulverized before seeding you may set it out in beds containing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

mean. You seem to have been to a good many things at Atlantic City, Esther. If you were on a cannon shot you certainly must have been going the pace. Nothing slow about you. I would have loved to have seen you in the soup bowl. Your presence in the soup bowl I should imagine must have given an added piquancy to the soup's taste, or rather to the taste of the soup. A Warmkessel in the soup bowl would certainly be an artistic sight to gaze upon. What brand of soup was it, Esther, and did you use a bathing costume when you immersed yourself in it? I've been in the soup so many times myself, and am in it up to the chin now, with very little chance of getting out. So don't wonder that I am curious in this matter. You ought to feel a very superior person after this experience. If you had only had that Tabernacle choir with its three hundred members to rubber at you during the performance, you'd have felt more superior still, and they no doubt would have felt supremely delighted at the spectacle. The fact, however, that you were on a cannon shot, shows that at times you rose to lofty heights, and associated with the big guns. I'm glad you interviewed the humane Niagara. I never knew Niagara to be humane before. As far as my knowledge goes it has always drowned everybody that got immersed in its surging waters. A humane Niagara is a great improvement on the present Niagara, which is cruel and merciless though beautiful. Oh, ray, now Maria's butting in and tells me you mean a human Niagara, and other Coney Island device for separating the gay and giddy amusement seekers from their dimes. There I was going to get Congress to kick out the old Niagara with its penchant for drowning people, and substitute your humane Niagara, and all my dreams for aiding humanity are now scattered to the four winds. The Devil's kitchen must be a nice hot place, but as you are a Warmkessel I presume the temperature had no unpleasant effects upon you. Yes, I was on the scenic railway when I went through the Royal Gorge and over the Marshall Pass in Colorado, but I was doing the hobo set and was locked in a box car and did not see much of the beauties of nature. You are quite a traveler, aren't you, Esther, almost an explorer? You say you have been to New York, Philadelphia and Willow Grove. I wonder that you'd bother with such contemptible villages as New York, and Philadelphia, when you had the opportunity to fly to the entrancing, bewildering, seething, gigantic metropolis, Willow Grove. New York must look like a goat town compared to Willow Grove. I am glad you brought Willow Grove to our notice, Esther, and I think you deserve as many medals as old Doc Cook for discovering it. I hope you planted a brass tacks in the middle of it, and hung up the stars and stripes, and if you don't go on a lecture tour, and tell all the world about this new modern Babylon you have discovered, and incidentally show some moving pictures of yourself doing the turkey trot in the vicinity of the soup bowl and the Devil's kitchen, you are missing the opportunity of your life to haul in a wad that a greyhound could not jump over without breaking its neck.

ALICE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Well, here comes one of those wild Texas girls. I am five feet, three inches tall, have tiny brown eyes, and light brown hair. I thought at first I wouldn't tell you that I had freckles, but as I am describing myself, I will tell all there is to tell. Mamma has taken COMFORT ever since I can remember and before, too, I expect. I have read the cousin's page ever since I could read and have enjoyed the letters and Uncle Charlie's witty answers immensely. Sometimes when mamma, Ruby and I were alone, mamma reads aloud to us and we just nearly die laughing at some of the answers.

I will tell you something of our town. It is the county seat of the newly organized county of Jim Wells, formerly a part of Nueces county. The court house is now under construction. Papa is working on it. All the business part of the town burned down a year ago last July, and it is just now beginning to look like a town again. It looks so much better than it did before the fire. We have in our town five churches, two ice factories, electric light plant, city waterworks and fine schools.

How many of the cousins love to read? I do. I love to read girls' books or boys' books. I very often read to Chester and Josh, my brothers. They could listen all day to the Alger and Scout books. They belong to the Boy Scouts of America.

Uncle Charlie, I quite agree with you in thinking that dog luncheon one of the most disgraceful things that ever was. But my! we have such cases as that closer home than New York. Only last winter a rich "woman" in San Antonio gave a luncheon, reception, or something in honor of a man who had been in the army and was a hero. I think dogs are all right and love them—in their place, but when they are treated better than thousands of children I think it time to cut their tails off up behind their ears.

I would like a letter and postal shower as I will be seventeen—care of my mother. I will close as this might find its way to Billy. MISS VIGNON SEAT.

What a romantic name you have, dear. Romantic names are lovely, but alas they seem so out of place in this work-a-day world. It seems to me that a lovely girl with your romantic name ought to be roaming the fields of some Arcadian paradise, garbed as a Watteau shepherdess, listening to the dulcet strains of a thousand lutes. In the company of some enraptured, rustic Corydon, slipping dew from the petaloid petals of the pond lily, and living on a diet of stewed passion flowers, and fricasseed orchids, instead of beating it around the sandy plains of Texas, stubbing your toes in gopher holes, dodging the gay and festive tarantula, listening to the raucous roaring of the belligerent steer, and frescoling your face at intervals with pork and beans and corn beef and cabbage. Ah me, there's a big bike between romance and reality, golden dreams and stern facts. I've just had to put Billy the Goat across my knee and give him a whipping, and he wishes me to inform you that is no golden dream but a stern fact. Don't mind the freckles, dear, your bean will remove them later. Billy the Goat has freckles on his feet and he says they aid his digestion. I also believe he has a wart on his conscience, but he won't let me look. I'm sorry I can't butt in when mamma is reading my dope to you and Ruby. What a gay old time we'd have. Jim Wells must be quite an important person to have a whole county of his own. I hope your papa will soon have the court house finished then all you boys and girls will have a nice house to court in. I am glad that you are rebuilding your city. The destruction of the old city was doubtless deemed a disaster, but most calamities are usually blessings in disguise. Disaster topples over the commonplace rickety shanties in which we are content to grub along in a half hearted sort of way, and forces us to rear new, sanitary, substantial and splendid structures in place of the shacks and previously inhabited. If the torch could be applied to all the slums in America and the miserable tenements replaced by handsome, sanitary, fireproof dwellings, what a blessing it would be for the poor wretches who have to live in these vermin infested hovels where often the sunlight, or for that matter daylight, seldom, if ever penetrates. You must have a hot town to need two ice factories. Alice, during the fire must have suffered from heat stroke, and I presume the young lady, or rather the town, needs to be kept cool. I'm glad you are such a lover of books, Vignon, and it's perfectly beside of you to read to Chester. You must remember that Chester is a cousin on Mom and he on you. I don't think, however, it's kind of you to Josh your brothers, and though I do an awful lot of Joshing myself, and am in fact the champion Josh of the U. S., I don't want you to follow in my footsteps. What's that, Billy the Goat. Oh, yes, I see. Josh is one of Vignon's brothers, and she means to say that she often reads stories to Chester and Josh. Vignon, I am glad you said it the other way as it gave the Goat, Maria and myself a good laugh and a good laugh is worth its weight in gold when one is full of aches and pains, business punk, and the whole world around you as blue as indigo.

I'm sorry that Texas is also afflicted with crack-brained women who blow in money on fool dogs. Rich idiots are constantly making disgusting exhibitions of themselves in various sections of this country. I am going to send you a dog, but I would give almost anything for a good education. Newport has lately given us another stomach turning exhibition either in another column or in a later edition of COMFORT. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the crack-brained money burners though they are not aware of it, are serving a useful purpose, for they are making the dull-witted, thoughtless average citizen do some talking, and by their maniacal acts are exasperating the underfed, underpaid masses of the people and making them thoroughly discontented and disgusted with the conditions as they are, and the only way you can make human beings progress and think is to fill them with discontent and disgust. Society freaks by their crazy antics are digging the graves of a social order or rather disorder which takes from thirty per cent. of the nation all the wealth it has created, handing it down and a burden of worry and care in return, and giving to the other ten per cent. fabulous sums for which they have never toiled, and which they dissipate in every form of wicked folly and extravagance. So let us thank the society freaks for by exposing the rottenness and wrong of things as they are, they are unwittingly but surely and certainly hastening the coming of a new social order that will make such exhibitions impossible.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I enjoy the letters so much I thought maybe you would let me scribble a few lines. I am five feet five, weight one hundred and twenty pounds, light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, age nineteen years. Not an old maid yet. Ha! Ha! I have just a few words to the young women and men, the girls and boys in the country. Do not leave home and come to the city for it is not all it seems or ought to be. There are too many temptations to overcome.

I belong to the Tuxedo Baptist Church. Uncle, I wish you could be in a class which is organized. Our motto is "Ever Reaping Something New." Its name is "The Gleaners." There are about twenty in it. But it is getting dangerous Uncle. You may laugh but I hope not, when I tell you there has been four get married this last summer.

I would be glad to hear from any of the cousins, will answer all letters or cards. Your niece,

MISS CECIL L. McCAHREN.

Cecil, I am only too glad to have you enter our circle. As I'm quite anxious to see how you manage to scribble a few lines. Of course I know how to scribble a few lines, but I should imagine it must be a much more difficult and an exciting task to "scribble" than to scribble. You might describe all the symptoms of scribbling. Doubtless some of them must be very enjoyable. I'm glad your complexion is nineteen years old. The complexion of some young ladies I know, and of some who are not young is not more than a few hours old. It's put on in the morning and removed at night. I'm glad you've warned the boys and girls to keep away from the big cities. I've been doing that until I'm nearly black in the face, and I shall continue to do it as long as I have a pen to wield and an audience that will listen. The big cities are full of temptations, wages are small, opportunities for advancement slight. Cities are just great big wildernesses of brick and mortar where the wheels of industrialism churn the country boy and girl into profits and dividends. Let me tell you a true and intensely interesting little story of how some of the cash registers, otherwise called brains of the average profit grabbing employer works in the big cities, and for that matter, in almost any other place where labor is employed. A meeting was being held in Chicago by an anti-vice society which was trying to devise means by which girls could be prevented from being swept into the white slave traffic and to rescue some of the poor wretches imprisoned in the dens and brothels where they are exploited for profit and sent hellward by man's lust and greed. One venerable gentleman was greatly perturbed and grief stricken because the investigation had brought to light the fact that hundreds of Jewish girls were found in these resorts of shame, and they were there not because they wanted to but because they had been forced there by bribery to earn a decent, honest living. The venerable gentleman pressed his horror at the thought that the daughters of Israel were losing their ancient dower of purity, and at once wrote out a check for ten thousand dollars for rescue work. It may interest you to know that this same venerable old gentleman when the panic struck Chicago in 1907 of his girl employees onto the streets. By that one act alone he has doubtless sent scores of girls to their doom and rescued some. He had worked overtime for a thousand years, it never could have undone the wrong he had committed in throwing those girls out of employment without notice. Venerable gentlemen and gentlemen who are not venerable, are willing to contribute to funds for societies for rescuing fallen women, but they are not willing to pay a decent wage to a woman so that she can live a respectable, honest life. Take this little story to heart and remember it as it gives you an excellent idea of the mental processes of the eminently respectable heads of big business organizations and how little thought they give to the welfare of their employees, and how ready they are to lock the stable of morality when the steed of chastity has been stolen through their carelessness, indifference, greed and avarice. Cecil, your letter you say you belong to the Tuxedo Baptist. The Tuxedo Baptist must be a very lucky gentleman to own such a fascinating young lady. He must have a charming personality and a big, fat wad, or it seems to me he would not have you roped and tied so completely. Does the Tuxedo Baptist own any more beside yourself, or are you his only possession? The Tuxedo Baptist church. Now why didn't you tell me so and save me all this excitement. I would like to be in your class, dear, but I'm afraid you are too classy for me. The mottoes of your club are certainly interesting and inspiring. Ever reaping something new is all right. Of course it's all right to reap new things if you've got the price to pay for them. If however, you went into a department store and reaped a new hat, hobble skirt, gold locket and a flat full of diamonds, and started to beat it without leaving the equivalent in cash behind, and the store detective stopped you at the door, and asked you what you were doing with the junk and you sprung your favorite motto: "Ever reaping something new," on him, it would not save you from getting pinched. Well, after all there is nothing like having a motto that is useful for all people and all occasions, adaptable to the peculiar needs of both Christian and burglar, priest and pirate, saint and sinner. As long as you glean the right thing in the right way you are doing all that society and Providence asks of you. Your motto would never do for our politicians. They never reap a new idea in a thousand years, but they are good reapers and good gleaners all the same, for they get away with everything that is not chained down. I'm delighted to hear that four of the gleaners got married last summer. When you are married you always have a chance to glean experience. Reap all the new clothes you can before you are married for your opportunity to reap anything in the glad rags line after the knot is tied is liable to be interrupted. You might reap ten cents from mamma's pocket while she was snoring off a jaz, but that's about all the financial harvest you would be able to gather in. Give my compliments to the Tuxedo Baptist. At running a matrimonial club he is a medal getter, and as a matchmaker he takes the cake. It's rank folly asking people to write to anyone in a big city unless the street number is given. If you don't know it Cecil, it's time the Tuxedo Baptist told you.

SHAWNEE, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you admit an Oklahoma girl into your charming circle, as I want to chat a while? I have black hair,

gray eyes; dark complexion, five feet, five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, and am sixteen years old. I have been in delicate health all of my life and haven't got to go to school to amount to anything, and haven't got almost anything for a good education. I have six sisters and three brothers living. My oldest sister's beau gave her a gold locket on her birthday. When she first got it she wore it ever day and slept in it ever night. I guess she was testing it to see if it would turn.

Most of the cousins tell what they can do, so I guess I will tell what I can't do. I can't cook, sew or milk and I never washed in my life. Well, the only excuse I can give for being so unaccomplished is, that I never had good health.

Well, guess I had better ring off for this time. Would like to hear from the cousins, at won't promise to answer all unless they send stamps.

Your loving niece, MAY McLAUGHLIN. (No. 36,633.)

May, I'm only too glad to have you join our joyous throng. I'm sorry you have been in delicate health. Sleep in the open, take plenty of exercise, get all the good nourishing food you can, learn to breathe properly and you ought to get well. You don't have to go to school to get an education. Your parents can easily provide you with books that you can study. Do some writing every day, and get your parents or some friends to look over and correct what you have written. Life is an education, and if you read, study and observe, you are bound to learn. I am greatly interested in you. You say your sister slept in the locket and the gold locket her beau gave her. You say when she first got it she wore it "ever" day and slept in it "ever" night. That certainly must have been some locket! Your sister's beau must have been a very wealthy man to have given her a locket of gold big enough to sleep in. Nothing stingy about him. No wonder most of us poor ginks never see a bit of gold, if your sister has a locket made of this precious metal as big as a folding bed, I cannot understand, however, if the locket was big enough for her to sleep in, how she ever managed to wear it around her neck. A girl would need a good strong neck to hold up a locket big enough to use for a snoring receptacle. I would prefer to have a locket like that on a hand car instead of around my neck. It is not everyone that possesses a locket that can be worn as an ornament by day and be converted into a bed by night. If I had a locket of that kind, it would be converted into twenty dollar gold pieces in a jiff, and I'd be sleeping on the floor. You say your sister slept in the locket to see if it would turn. I don't think I would sleep inside a locket to see if it would turn, because if the locket had indigestion and bad dreams, it might want to keep turning every few minutes, and that would not only not be conducive to repose but would convert one into a bunch of bruises before morning. I think if I had any idea of sleeping in a locket and possessed one sufficiently large for the purpose and thought it had a propensity for turning, I would place it in bed, sit all night in a chair and keep an eye on it and see if it behaved itself before I trusted myself in its interior. We hope, however, for your sister's sake that the locket did behave itself and did not turn. Of course if your sister had any idea that the locket would turn she might have cinched matters by sitting on it. There's that old Goat spoiling all the fun. He says that you don't mean that your sister was wearing the locket to see if it would turn over, but was merely trying to find out whether or not it was gold. I lived with a Jewish family once and being a Christian they were always trying to convert me. They used to watch me all day to see if I would turn, but May, they did not do as your sister did with her locket, try to convert me into a folding bed. It's quite all right, May, to have anyone tell us what they can't do. I'm mighty glad they don't tell us what they can do, as it would need a long letter to get in all the "can't's." We will excuse you for not having done any cooking, sewing or milking, but we are simply astounded when you make the statement that you never washed in your life. Why this rooted objection to soap and water May? Is Oklahoma such a dry state that you have never been able to indulge in the luxury of a bath? Billy the Goat only takes a bath once a year, and then the Board of Health has to turn the hose on him. Billy wants to shake hands with you, May on the wash proposition. Every lady who wears stockings ought to be able to turn the hose on herself, and as cleanliness is next to godliness I think every lady ought to do it. I remember I was in a hotel once and I took a bath, and when I'd gotten the tub worth fifty dollars and when I'd gotten the thing down in the street the police made me take it back. I trust, May, some day when you are out you'll get caught in a nice shower, and have the luxury of taking your first bath. The Goat says you mean you never did any work at the wash-tub, and that I'm all off the track. Well, May, dear, I would rather take a young lady's word than a goat's. We all hope you will soon get well and strong. Massage and an alcohol rub is passive exercise, and is a wonderful help to anyone in delicate health.

NEW PROVIDENCE, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Uncle, what is the matter of Iowa, don't we have more coins or are we too busy to write? I seldom see a letter from here. If there are so few of us I think we will all have to go to work for we certainly don't want our state to be behind.

Uncle Charlie I would like to steel you away and give you a month of rest and pure country air. Don't you think me selfish to want to rob the cousins of an uncle like you. I know they would all be ready to tar and feather me.

I live on a large farm with my parents and am the oldest in the family, so you know I have lots to do. I can do almost anything there is to do on the farm, either in doors or out, so uncle let's buy a farm and show people what we can do. I often wish I could give a home to some of the poor and needy. It seems as though I am so little use in this world, but if God gives us a good home and plenty we ought to be thankful and help those in need all we can.

I am an old maid, twenty-six, brown hair and blue grey with a little brown mixed in eyes, and five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. You know all old maids are slim and tall. All I lack is the little cork-screw curls. Can someone give me some? Good by Uncle Charlie. When you get ready to come to the country let me know and I will be Johnny on the spot.

I am your loving niece,

HAZEL RHODES. (No. 24,050.)

Hazel, you ask what is the matter with Iowa. I guess Iowa is all right. There are plenty of letters from Iowa appearing in these columns if you only look out for them, but there must be something a little wrong with Iowa, glorious state as it is, because the last census showed that Iowa was the only state in the Union which had fewer people in it in 1910 than it had in 1900. You could buy good farming land in Iowa thirty years ago for \$25 an acre. The same land, however, today is worth \$125 an acre, so if you wanted to buy a 160 acre farm the land alone would cost you twenty thousand dollars, and that's quite some money. Of course the increased value of land is an immense help to the gentleman who owns the land, but whether it is a help to the poor gink who has only a few dol-



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lars in his pocket and wants to cultivate some of that land is another proposition. Maybe the decrease of population in Iowa is due to the fact that the land has become so valuable that people can't afford to even keep their feet on it, and have had to hike to other sections where the soil was not quite so rich. With land at \$125 an acre I think I could afford to buy about a square inch. If I could be allowed to purchase it on the installment plan and be given a hundred years to pay for it, I would. If you have a statement that has sent the cold chills all down my chiropractic backbone. Probably you don't know what chiropractic means, but I understand it's some new scheme for curing people by tickling their backbones. Of course needless to say before you can get your back tickled you have to get your pocketbook tickled first. The homeopath and the allopath tickle you inside, and the osteopath and the chiropractor tickle you outside, but unless you have a pocketbook to be agitated you can't get tickled either inside or out. But to return to my text. You say that you would like to "steel" me away. Now, my dear precious Hazel, what have I done that you should want to "steel" me. Here am I trying to do all I can for humanity, trying to lift the burdens of a suffering world and you want to perforce my pain-racked carcass with cold steel and by the fact that you want to steel me away. I gather that you are going to jab me good and plenty. Your desire to ventilate my anatomy with a stiletto, or some other product of the steel trust, fills me with horror. If you were to steal me away after steeling me what good would a month of rest and pure country air do me? You want to jab me full of holes until I look like a human sieve or an animated nutmeg grater, and after I'm a subject for the morgue, pump me full of country air and give me a month's rest. Now how could I possibly enjoy a rest if you were to convert me into a hunk of inanimate fertilizer. Now Hazel, dear, if you want to give me a real treat, just steal me away, but for heaven's sake don't steel me. I'm so disgusted with steel owing to the lawless savagery of the steel trust that I even eat soup with a wooden fork. While you are stealing me away, Hazel, if you still persist in thinking that you twenty-six years put you in the old maid class, I will attach those cork-screw curls to your glossy locks and make a noise like a parrot, so that you can revel in the luxuries of old maidism to your heart's content. Remember if I do come to the country I don't want you or anybody else to be Johnny on the spot. I want it to be Hazel on the spot, and I'm going to wear a tin snail to cover the spot in case, after inspection, you decide to steel, instead of steal me. Now I'm at your service whenever you say the word, so butt in and get busy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Seasonable Hints

THE care and feed which poultry receive at this season is of the greatest importance, for it influences the birds you raise in the spring. The best care in the world can't make a good lot of youngsters unless the birds who laid the eggs from which they were hatched are in good physical condition. Turkeys and geese usually receive even worse treatment during the winter than chickens, because they don't lay any eggs at that season, and seem to be of no account. Even the people who feed generously are indiscreet, and give them quantities of corn, entirely forgetting that they need vegetable and animal material to insure their eggs developing into strong-boned, vigorous youngsters. So let us have a little talk about their feed before it is too late.

Ducks and geese must—simply must—have lots of vegetable and animal food, otherwise they are bound to get too fat, and their progeny will be sickly creatures, only born to die. If you have no machine for cutting up clover or alfalfa, you can buy it ready chopped from any store that carries poultry supplies, and there are dozens of different brands of animal food on the market, figuring under such names as "beef meal," "beef scraps," "beef, bone and blood," and "animal meal." They are all about the same, and are valuable substitutes for fresh meat and bone, and have the advantage of keeping any reasonable length of time without spoiling. If you have a silo, ensilage makes a good foundation for mash when feeding geese. Chop up a handful, and add a pint of wheat bran and middlings, or stock feed and shavings, and in the middle of the day, when all outdoors are frozen, give them waste cabbage or any vegetable which you may chance to have, except potatoes, which should be used very sparingly, because they are too fattening for breeding birds. Filling a home supply of vegetables, you must buy the chopped clover or alfalfa. Put three or four handfuls into a pan with a tight lid, pour scalding water over it, and leave in a warm place to steam for several hours. Mix in the grain just before feeding.

Lots of fresh drinking water is imperative for both ducks and geese—in fact, for all poultry. During freezing weather, it is difficult to keep up the supply, unless you make some special provision for the water not freezing. A very simple contrivance is made by using two empty cases, one a little larger than the other. Put the smaller one inside the larger one, cut a square hole through both boxes at one end, so that the birds can reach the water when an ordinary drinking fountain is placed inside the smaller case. Fill up the space between the two cases with sawdust, or, in very cold localities, with horse manure. There are several poultry drinking fountains on the market which have lamp arrangements, and keep the water warm.

Another point, which many people neglect with ducks and geese, is keeping their sleeping quarters dry, and giving them plenty of bedding on cold nights. Strange though it may seem, water fowls, who can swim about all day in cold water, will develop rheumatism and leg weakness if they sleep in a damp place. The best thing is to make a rack like a big gridiron, to cover one part of the house. Use hardwood slats on three by three battens, and there will be a good air space between the ground and the slats. The slats should not be more than half an inch apart, and well covered with straw or coarse hay. If making such a rack is not feasible, cut some saplings and crisscross them on the floor, then spread boughs over them, and finish off with straw or hay, and clean off the upper soiled part two or three times a week. The bedding of ducks and geese should not be neglected, for it is quite as necessary as bedding cows.

It will soon be hatching time for geese and ducks, so let us think about youngsters. A goose will lay from ten to twenty eggs and then want to sit; but if you coop her in sight of her companions, four or five days will suffice to break her up. If she lays a third clutch of eggs, let her keep them and sit.

When the weather is mild, set five eggs under a hen; or, if she is very large, seven might be risked. It takes from twenty-eight to thirty days for goose eggs to hatch. As the skin is very tough, it is well to sprinkle a little water around the nest, and even on the eggs themselves, during the last two weeks, especially if the weather is dry and hens are doing the incubating.

The youngsters need nothing for the first thirty-six hours. Then feed scalded corn meal—the coarsest kind—and wheat bran, chopped green clover or young green oats cut fine, tops of green onions, lettuce leaves or any tender young greens.

If the weather is fine, put the coop containing Biddy and her family out on the grass, making a small yard in front for the first few days, to prevent their wandering too far away. Move the coop and yard to a new place as they eat the grass. Like young ducks, their drinking water must be in a vessel that permits them to put the whole beak into the water, or they are apt to get the air passages clogged up with soft food, causing the gosling to smother; but on no account must they be permitted to get their bodies into the water, as they chill and cramp so easily.

It is much better to buy two- or three-year-old birds from a reliable dealer for stock than to obtain eggs for setting and wait for them to develop. After the breeding season is over, geese and goslings need little grain if on grass land. Late in the fall geese do well if turned into the corn stubble or the orchard, where they will clean up all the windfalls—which does much to stamp out grubs and insects.

Ducks make such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full sitting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest every two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelt can never be forgotten.

Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark and mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up and smell it; that and its sticky touch assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks, you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day.

When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top out and one end taken off. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of dry sand or earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover; and if fine, the shade of a tree is necessary, for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen can be removed, but keep them

within bounds on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one fourth of a pint of corn meal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour; add a pint of corn meal, wheat bran, half a pint of fine grit, the same of beef scraps, and a quart of clover or any kind of green food. Feed four times a day.

Sixth to tenth week: One quart of corn meal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

They should be ready to kill the eleventh week. Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened. If you go about them gently they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, all follow; bury them and they will scatter, and it is good by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or buttermilk, and feed night or morning. If on a free range this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should weigh not more than four and one half pounds, while later cannot be too heavy. As a rule early ducks mature very unevenly, making it necessary to sort them over often.

Correspondence

A. L.—My father had a hen which died of some trouble which we had never heard of. We saw her about noon one day; she could scarcely walk then. We thought that she was lame at first, for she seemed weak on one leg, but we found that she was all right on the legs. But she would not walk around at all, so we shut her up in a box so as to keep her from the other chickens. Next morning we found her dead; her comb had white specks on it. Her bowels emitted a whitish substance that looked like flour and water paste. Please tell me through *COMFORT* what was the matter with her; also a remedy for it in case another should get the same disease.



ONE OF OUR CHICKEN FANCIER'S DAUGHTERS.

I would like information as soon as possible. We feed our chickens wheat and oats; very few of the latter.

A.—The bird had white comb or eczema; it is difficult to tell which without seeing the bird, but as both diseases spring from the same cause, they can be treated in the same way; it does not matter much which it was. The cause in either case is inbreeding, or close roosting places, heavy food and lack of vegetable matter. I should advise you to give another flock tincture of iron in their drinking water every other day for two weeks. Clean out the sleeping quarters, and if they are crowded, get rid of some of your birds. Feed steamed alfalfa or clover hay or sprouted oats once a day during the winter. Both diseases are constitutional, so there is no fear of the other birds being affected by coming in contact with a weak flock. But as probably many of them are of the same parentage, and are being kept and fed under the same conditions as the dead bird, they may develop the same disease unless you take means to prevent it.

J. L. B.—Please state through your columns if a turkey run fifty by fifty feet is a large enough one for four and one half dozen turkeys; also the size of coop they ought to have. Your column certainly is a fine thing for beginners. Most certainly a yard fifty by fifty would not be large enough for such a flock of turkeys, and as for house room, each turkey should have two feet perch room. A flock of fifty-four birds, kept for

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breeders, should roost in an open shed, and have two or three acres of ground to wander over. If you can only have a fifty by fifty yard, sell all but two hens and a gobbler; for in such restricted quarters you would raise more young ones from two hens than from fifty.

W. A. M.—I am a subscriber to your magazine, and would like to know if you will please put this question in next month's issue. I have been keeping pigeons for quite a while now, and have bought two pairs about a couple of months ago. As a rule pigeons always lay once a month, but the ones I have don't seem to be laying at all. I have a good warm coop, with flying cage on the outside, and they are well fed. Every morning I give them about a pint of corn and a dish of bread and milk, and plenty of fresh water, also a place for a bath. Now I don't see why they don't lay. I guess they were about a year old when I got them, and I had them over three months. If there is any information you can give me in next month's issue, I would thank you very much.

A.—Are you quite sure that you have a pair of birds? If so, their laying may be due to their being in moult. Every bird has an off season, and few birds can produce eggs and feathers at the same time. The change of moult especially as corn and bread and milk is a very heavy, fattening diet. Stale bread, crumbled dry, and wheat, would be much better. But make the change gradually. Do you keep a good supply of grit and salt always before them? When they commence to have squabs, remember that there must be a bountiful supply of cracked corn always within their reach. Use a self-feeding hopper, so that the corn can be scattered on the floor, for pigeons don't like food that has been dilled.

E. C. F.—Please be good enough to answer in your next issue of *COMFORT* what I must do with a White Orpington rooster. He is apparently well, eats plenty, scratches about most of the day, but has a habit of backing until he falls on his legs, and then continues to go back as though he is sliding, pushing his feet out in front of him. Then he is up again, ready to fight anything or anybody that bothers his house. I'd appreciate it if you can advise me of any treatment, or would you get rid of him? I am a subscriber to *COMFORT*.

A.—You don't say what you feed. Symptoms point to overfeeding and a congested condition of the blood. As you know, and what you feed, you can judge for yourself. If this is the case, I would advise you plenty of vegetable food? Remember, vegetable and animal food are two most important items in poultry rations at this season of the year. Whole corn is all right at night, for it keeps the birds warm, but don't give it to them at every meal. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water for the whole flock, once a week for three weeks. If the bird has only just commenced to show the symptoms you describe, and you see that he is all right again in a few weeks, I think it will be safe to use him in your breeding pen. But if the trouble has been evident for any length of time, it will be better to kill him.

M. M.—I have two geese, two years old last spring, and one goose one year old. The old ones didn't lay any eggs at all last spring, and the young one only laid six eggs. I moved in January when it was awful cold, and they got their feet frozen so they could hardly walk. Could that have been the trouble? I got a gander in February from a large poultry firm. He seemed to be all right at first, then he got so he would reach up in the air and act as if he were pulling down, and you see that he would jerk his head back so far as to almost fall over, and he got so light he hardly weighed anything. I picked him in June, and his feathers are just growing in good again. I picked the geese three times; they always look nice and clean, and he looks so dirty. They have a pond to bathe in, and can go where they please. I feed corn. They are the White Emment. Please tell me what to do for them, and oblige.

A.—Moving geese to a new home and their getting so badly frozen, will be very likely to affect their laying. But feeding may have something to do with it. I must warn you, as I have done several correspondents that corn is not good for geese in any quantities. They are naturally grazing creatures, and when pasture gives out, they must have vegetable food.

C. E. C.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my turkeys? Just as soon as cold weather begins, it seems they take a bad cold and cough. Their heads turn blue; they just gradually get sicker and die in three or four months they die. Everybody in this country lost turkeys that way last winter and spring. It affects the gobblers more than the hens. They have free range over the fields. Will be pleased to find out what ails them, the cause and cure. Please let me know through the columns of *COMFORT* as soon as possible.

A.—The turkey has blackhead, as it is called. The name is misleading, for the appearance of the head is only an outward sign of an inward disease, and by the time the head has turned dark or black, the disease has advanced so far that there is little hope of curing the bird. But you can safeguard the rest of your flock by mixing fifteen grains of asafoetida in a quart of water and giving it to the birds once a month. Just put it into their ordinary drinking fountain, and they will help themselves after being fed, without any trouble of dosing them. For birds which show signs of illness, shut them up in a small coop, the bottom of which is made of slats, through which the droppings can pass out of the birds' reach. Mix one tablespoonful of oil of turpentine with the white of an egg, and give the bird a teaspoonful of the mixture night and morning for a few days. Feed two hours after each dose, a mash made of stale bread soaked in milk, and squeezed dry, or corn and oatmeal just moistened with scalding water, and of course being allowed to cool before being fed.

F. R.—I am coming to you for advice. I had two Indian Runner ducks; had raised them from two weeks to five months old, and one began to lay. Previous to her laying, I purchased a year old drake. After she had laid four eggs, she took sick in the morning and died at seven in the evening. I opened her the next day; could see nothing but that one egg was inflamed. She would have laid quite a lot. Do you think she could have been ruptured? or that the drake is the fault? Would you advise me to separate the remaining two? I have fed them, with small, oats and bran. When they were larger, bran and chop with grit. I cannot think it is what she ate, as the other two were with her all the time, and they are perfectly well. They run at least part of the day in the garden. I am not sending stamped addressed envelope, as I think you answer all questions through *COMFORT*.

A.—I don't think the drake had anything to do with it. I don't quite understand what you mean by saying that one of the eggs was inflamed. If you mean that it looked red, that is the usual appearance of an egg which would be laid during the following twenty-four hours. I think death must have been due

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Robbers of the New Year Ball

Holiday Story Cyclus—Number One

By Joseph F. Novak

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"Enter upon thy path, O Year!
Thy path which all who breathe
Must tread."

Barry Cornwall: The First Day of the Year.

ALADINE MEREDITH had cards out for a New Year Hop and Masquerade, and I must say that the fact that I received a card of invitation cheered my somewhat lonely soul. For I had not been long in the society of a Western city as I had.

Aladine Meredith was the girl of my dreams, really that, for I didn't think I had any more prospect of winning her than the score of others who sighed in her wake, but still I was content enough to play the humble servant and hope.

The prospect of the New Year Masquerade pleased me. If there is any kid-pleasure that has survived my childhood days, it is a dressing up frolic. Therefore, I determined to go in for something elaborate, "Julius Caesar" or some such character. I admit I am a trifle proud of my lithe physique, my life out West had developed me splendidly, and though perhaps now my muscles were a trifle softer, nevertheless, they still retained their former strength, and had, perhaps, taken on more graceful lines. I hoped that in a toga, with bare arms and the muscles of my neck uncovered, I'd make a fine impression. Rather conceited, wasn't it? And yet, after all, only natural. For what fellow did not ever try to display his physical attractions within modest bounds?

However, I did not appear as "Julius Caesar," at Meredith's New Year Hop.

I must admit that it was with some impatience I awaited the coming of New Year eve, but the day finally came and then toward evening, I clad myself for the street, and calling up my garage, I ordered my machine brought before the "Antler Arms" where I had my bachelor apartments. My intention being to go and hire my costume for the evening.

I stepped to my machine. The weather was cold, wintry and biting. It was snowing, a down-pour of sharp, sand-like snow which cut like diamonds, and which, not packing, blew about the streets in clouds, suggesting spirits under the influence of Bacchus.

Tim drove me to an establishment which fitted out theatrical troupes and private theatricals, and descending, I entered the building.

Loads and loads of gay finery greeted my eyes, costumes of witches, sprites, demons, devils, everything from domino to ballet-girl was there.

I gave the girl an idea of what I wanted, and bowing, she turned to look over her stock.

As I stood thus by myself, I noted a trio of men jesting with another salesperson who was binding up a large package, evidently costumes the trio had ordered. I don't know why I paid any attention to them; perhaps it was because I had nothing else to do. The men were all about my height, not bad looking when contemplated in a cursory glance, for they were freshly shaven and massaged. But I observed their eyes, there were sly, shifty expressions within them that suggested men with police records.

With that curiosity one employs when he is, perforce, obliged to wait, I examined costume after costume which were lying out, and in this examination, I was brought almost to the side of the trio, who had stopped joking with the girl and were now talking among themselves, in a foreign language. Listening sharply, I deduced the language to be German, of which I have a considerable smattering knowledge.

I listened, and as I did so, a queer, thumping riot in my bosom, my nature excited, yet I did not betray myself. For, from the conversation I listened to, I gleaned that they intended to invade and burglarize some house.

I did not hear very much, however, for they were about to depart, but I did hear the final statement:

"Have you got the address?"

"Yes. On this card."

"Give it to me," commanded a third. "You remember better than I do."

The card passed from one of the trio to another of it, and the receiver stuck it into his pocket. Inadvertently, however, it slipped to the floor. I saw it, hoped the fellow would not. Nor did he. The one of them picked up the bundle and they left.

My impulse was to follow them. But just then the girl called to me and I was, perforce, obliged to attend to her chattering praises of the costume she had ferreted out for me. On another occasion I would have been delighted; now I was indifferent.

The bit of pasteboard was lying on the floor, tantalizing my curiosity.

I picked it up, and glanced at it. My head seemed to whirl, my blood danced, I seemed to feel my eyes starting from their sockets.

For the address was No. 2280 Riverdale Terrace—Aladine Meredith's home!

Quickly I marshalled my contending emotions, and turned to the salesperson who was standing deferentially behind the counter.

"Can you tell me, young lady, what costumes those gentlemen rented?"

"Surely," she answered, "they were Colonial gentlemen costumes."

"Have you any more of them on hand?"

"O, yes! We have quite a number. We rigged out the chorus of 'The Dame and the Spinning Wheel' Company, that musical comedy which failed, you know, and we bought back the costumes cheap. They have been scarcely used and are as fresh and beautiful as can be. If you think you'd like something like that, instead of this, I'll bring out a costume. I think we can fit you."

And with the words, she brought out the costume, the white silk breeches, the vari-colored brocade waistcoat, and much tinsel coat.

"This costume is an exact duplicate of the one we rented to the slightly taller of the gentlemen who just left," the shop girl continued, "you see there were twenty-four made, from twelve different patterns and designs."

"Very well. You may put away the 'Caesar' costume and I'll take this."

The girl bowed, and proceeded to put the thing into a pasteboard box. That finished, I paid her, took the box and went to my apartments.

Alone, I tried to think what I should do. I didn't know very definitely myself what the seconds were going to do, but their designs evidently were to slip into the house under cover of the mask, steal as much jewelry or burglarize the house, and leave under the same sheltering mask. For I believe I have already inferred that the Merediths were the social leaders of P.

I have never done any Sherlock Holmes' work before. I never did like unraveling mysterious things. I determined to call up the Meredith home and tell them to hire a crew of detectives to nab these fellows.

I had actually placed the receiver to my ear, when something impelled me to desist. After all, wouldn't it be a joke to capture them myself? And if the three were more than a match for me, I could easily snatch off my mask, create a little excitement and make it an ordinary capture. I decided to do it.

I dined leisurely, then dinner finished, I went up to my room and dressed. Strange to say, the garments fitted me quite as perfectly as if they had been made to my measure, but as I am of a typical height, I suppose that explains matter. I dressed to the last detail, putting on the large white wig, powdered my face and put on my mask. I hardly recognized myself.

This thrilling narrative of the rash adventure of an amateur detective (complete in this issue) is the first of the series of twelve splendid short stories by the same author which constitute our Holiday Story Cyclus. Each month we shall print one entire story of the Cyclus until the cycle is finished.

Quite satisfied, I removed the mask and wig, and placing them in a small suitcase I picked it up, and throwing a long, loose opera cloak over my person, I descended, entered my machine and Tim whirled me to the Meredith home.

It was already quite late. I purposely intended not to be early, for I knew my quarry would not put in an appearance until Aladine Meredith's guests were all gathered, and thus they could more easily carry on their work in the crush.

I believe nearly everyone had already arrived, for when I entered the gentlemen's dressing-room, it was quite deserted. As soon as I entered, I slipped on my mask, wig, and stepping to the dressing table, I commenced to powder my face.

On the *qui vive*, I watched continually, almost expecting to see my adopted colleagues rise from the floor, or materialize from empty air. In this state, therefore, I was not much surprised, when suddenly a portiere seemed of its own accord to draw back, then a door opened, and a gloved hand, issuing from a gold-laced sleeve beckoned to me.

Immediately I obeyed and went toward the door, and in a moment I was drawn into the closet and the door closed. The place was stifling, for it was not much larger than three feet by five.

"Well, you come at last, did you?" were the first words I heard after my incarceration. "What's the matter with that bloke, Billings? Why didn't you wait for him?"

"Fool wasn't comin' an' it was d— cold standing out there in these here stage clothes." I answered, my voice low, strained and devoid of any showing of gentlemanly tone. I admit my heart was dancing around in my bosom, even though I was thoroughly enjoying the affair.

"Well, all right," he answered. "Now as soon as that gink comes, we'll go down. The silk stockings ought all to be there by this time. Now remember, everything you switch you hand to me, understand? I'll work th' ol' gag o' gettin' the soc'ly dame interested, an' then you stand an' watch while Billings lifts th' glims. When th' dancin' is, you nab what you can. Remember



SHE SMILED IN A WAY THAT MADE MY BLOOD DANCE, AND THEN SAT DOWN NEAR ME.

though, to watch. You wasn't very careful th' time we lifted them pebbles at Mrs. McDash's home in New York."

I thrilled again. So here were the trio who had made such a smooth haul in the McDash diamond robbery. I—but I couldn't pursue that thought.

"Aw nothin' happened," I answered in a whisper, "an' you always remind me o' that time," and I tried to put disgust into my tone.

"Well, warn't it always good?" he responded.

I disregarded his last statement. I wondered how I should now proceed. Suddenly we heard a stealthy noise without, and he exclaimed:

"Gee, I guess that must be Billings now," and he made to open the door.

I at once saw I must prevent this. Were he to see his two accomplices and myself, he would immediately know I was on to his game.

Quick action being necessary, I suddenly lunged my body against his. In the dark, he slammed his elbow against the heavily carved wood of the closet and struck his "crazy bone" which caused him to clutch the tingling member.

"You d— old gink," he muttered between clenched teeth, "can't you be careful? Are you drunk again, or what?" he finished silybly whispering.

For answer, I crushed him into the corner of the little place, while my hands went about his throat.

"Keep your plauged mouth shut," I warned him, "I'm on to your game."

He struggled furiously, released himself for a moment. I was aware of being in the midst of whirling arms, for I seemed to do naught else but dodge crashing blows. But at length, I caught his arm, and then with all my strength, I slammed him against the wall. I heard his head strike with a sickening bang, then he went down like a dead body, seeming to curl about my feet. I leaned down, placed my hand upon his bosom. He was alive, but unconscious, so quickly leaving the closet, I looked the door and stepped back to the dressing-room.

The noise he had heard had been nothing apparently, and the stifled uproar had not been heard by anybody, so when I beheld the room empty, I quickly adjusted my flyaway appearance, for my encounter in the dark and small confines of the closet had not tended to improve my appearance.

However, after adjusting my wig and mask, and ascertaining that I was not torn apart, I awaited the coming of the other two.

As I stood thus, the window cautiously raised and my two pals entered. I strode toward them, with secrecy in my manner. Throwing off their heavy coats and trousers, they stood forth in their costumes. They quickly "touched up" and in a moment were ready.

"If you're ready, we'll go down," I said in a low tone, "remember, you hand everything to me that you switch. Work quick, and we can be done by twelve o'clock. We can't stay too long, you know, and it ain't far from twelve now."

With that, I caught them both by a shoulder and hurried toward the ballroom. My idea was to see the thieves at work, so that there would be no trouble in taking them.

The threshold of the ballroom was reached, and then we stood for several moments in silent admiration. Rather than looking into a ballroom, we seemed to gaze upon a snow-swept stretch of landscape. All along the walls great snow-laden trees were placed, from the great electroliers and bracket lights, huge icicles hung. Garden chairs, painted white and laden with snow were scattered about on the brink of the lake of ice into which the ballroom floor had been transposed. About this lake of glass, were large ornamental pillars upon which were placed white doves and cupids, spirits of the New Year, holding in beaks and hands respectively, large white silk streamers which were attached to the bells which hung from the pillars.

Rare music in waltz time suddenly emanated from behind an Esquimo hut, and in a moment, the gay assembly of maskers were floating back and forth upon the lake of glass.

Engrossed in the beautiful scene, I seemed to forget that I was not for the time being, to participate in it all. I was brought to my senses by an impatient jerk of the coat by one of the rogues.

"Come on," said they, and it was not a moment ere they had secured partners, and were whirling gracefully in the motley coterie on the improvised lake.

I watched them as they sailed in and out the gay crush; now and then saw them stretch forth their hands insidiously as a snake's tongue, and saw ornament after ornament fall into their hands with a rapidity that fascinated me. I watched them, amazed, entranced, I wondered if I truly were awake. They were as clever as magicians.

Then suddenly the lights were extinguished, and while the dance went on and a confetti snow-storm played, the aurora borealis flashed forth, the s— colors tinting the falling snow.

It was a beautiful sight, the colored lights playing so softly over the dancing assembly clothed in fantastic array, and I watched in delight.

As I stood, the music ended, and the rogues came to me and began to load into my pockets the jewels and trinkets they had "lifted."

"Say, come on, make our getaway while it's dark," one of them said. "As soon as the lights is turned up they'll begin to miss their junk."

As he spoke, the music started again, softly, tenderly, then above it rang out twelve solemn strokes. These finished, two blades of light touched the tops of the ornamental pillars, illuminating the little spirits of the New Year, who, with their silken streamers clanged out the Old and rang in the New Year on the silver bells.

Little lads, then, dressed as winter sprites rushed into the room, bearing armfuls of horns which were quickly distributed and for several moments a New Year welcoming din and racket was kept up.

My rogues were almost dragging me, but still I hung back. Then suddenly the lights blazed up, the snow ceased to fall, and a stentorian voice shouted out:

"All masks off!"

The moment had come.

I caught the wrists of my rogues in what I intended should be a spasmodic clasp, which, nevertheless, was as close as that of a vise.

I heard a groan from one of them.

"Ye fool! Ye waited too long. Hustle so we kin git away, if we can now."

I stood like a statue.

"Fe th' love o' Mike, come on," I heard them gasp, but I continued to stand, never minding their tugging.

We were now the only three masked.

Then someone stepped up behind us, snipped the cord and our masks fell away.

The two thieves gazed upon me. With protruding eyes they gazed, then suddenly two blows came crashing toward my head. I raised my arms in defense, loosed the fellows. Their rage worked, and they made a dash for the door.

"Boys, nab them," I yelled, "the police want them."

The boys awoke to what had happened, and in a moment captured the two who now scowled at me.

"Why, what is the meaning of all this?" gasped Aladine, in terror at what had occurred.

"Nothing at all, Miss Meredith, merely a little excitement. My friends there have tried to do a little wholesale robbery, but I think they were kind enough to give me all they 'lifted,' since I am their leader. Now, if you wish, you may 'phone for the patrol and let these gentlemen be booked for the first thieves captured this New Year morn'."

"Cartwright, please explain what this all means," commanded Aladine's brother, Leonard.

"There is no explanation at all," I replied, "these chaps broke into the house with the intention of robbing you all. I luckily discovered their game, and did a little Sherlock Holmes' work. I nabbed the leader whom you will find locked up-stairs in the clothes closet of the gentlemen's dressing-room. And now, that matter disposed of, let me make a few New Year presents," and I drew an exquisite la valiere of diamonds and sapphires from my pocket.

Billy Manning sprang to the 'phone in the little ante-room and caught up the 'phone in the suddenly an ominous crack rent the air. Some thing whizzed and struck me, I staggered, I was

aware of a frightened little cry, the room seemed to spin toward a common center, a light-headed sensation, darkness, and I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in Lenny Meredith's bedroom, and that chap lounging in a dressing robe in a big chair nearby.

I looked about and then at myself. I had my arm in a sling.

"Happy New Year, Lenny," I laughed, somewhat weakly, I confess.

"Hello, old fellow," he said. "How are you feeling?" He looked almost tenderly upon me. I thought, then he continued: "Well, I see they didn't quite kill you. Does your arm hurt?"

"No," I answered, "the fellow tried to get me, didn't he? Did he damage anybody else?"

"No, you got it all. The bullet grazed your chest and got your arm. But we've got the three of them in jail now, so everything is all right barring your injury. Now, if you won't object, Aladine would like to talk to you."

"Would I object? Well, if the girl of your dreams wants to talk to you, do you object? Stupid Lenny!"

He undoubtedly, read my thoughts, so he called his sister, and then discreetly disappeared. Aladine came in wearing a beautiful white silk negligee gown. Her hair was parted in the center and was hanging in two great heavy braids over either shoulder. She smiled in a way that made my blood dance, and then sat down near me.

"I suppose you fancy I'm a very foolish creature in wanting to see you at once," she began, "but really, I couldn't rest until I knew from your lips that you were not seriously hurt, or at least that you thought you were not. Dr. Palmer looked rather grave at first, and I was so frightened. Suppose you had been killed?" She repressed a little shudder.

"I think I would have been served to what I deserve," I promptly answered. "People who know nothing about detective work should not mix into it. I must confess I feel very foolish when I think it all over."

"O, you must not talk that way," she answered. "Because, just fancy what would have happened had you not acted as you did."

"Nothing would have," I insisted stoutly, "because I could have sensibly notified detectives to do the job with less melodrama," and I clumsily drew the sheet with my left hand to cover my bared right shoulder.

Aladine saw what I was doing. She rose and gently drew the cover into place. Her eyes looked down into mine.

Something came upon me, a feeling so startlingly sweet and glorious that I gave myself entirely over to it. Aladine's eyes held mine.

"Aladine," I murmured her name, and taking her hand in mine, I held it over my beating heart.

She made no attempt to draw it away, and as my eyes entreated, she slowly sank to her knees and hid her face in my bosom. As best I could with my left hand, I clasped her to me.

"Aladine," I whispered, "New Year's day is a good time for resolutions. Shall we make one?"

She raised her head.

"What resolution shall we make?" she asked tenderly.

"That henceforth and forever we'll abide together," I answered. And when—well it ended up very simply. Aladine kissed me but that was the most blessed thing that had occurred in my life.

How I blessed that New Year affair at Meredith's!

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Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Shirley thought she had never before seen anyone so suspicious, so antagonistic, or so morbidly self-deprecating.

She was not sure whether she really meant it or whether she was simply trying to sound her. "I am sure, madame, you would not wish me to be afraid of you," she gently returned. "For such an attitude on my part would destroy all confidence and all feeling of companionship between us."

"You certainly have a wise little head on your shoulders," said madame, a slight smile curling her lips, "and as you have made up your mind that you are not afraid to 'beard the lion in his den,' so to speak, I guess we'll call the matter settled, and you may come to me. Only," she added, "I hope you are not one of the vacillating kind; I shall expect that you will stay, if you go home with me. Will you promise to remain six months or a year, if I engage you?"

"I could not do that—I could not pledge myself for any specified time," Shirley gravely returned. "But if I find that I can be really useful to you, I shall hope to remain with you during the summer, at least."

"Humph! what do you mean by being really useful to me?" demanded Madame Marton, suspiciously. "Why, if I find that my companionship is agreeable to you, and we are happy together, I should feel as if I were being useful. But, if we should prove to be antagonistic to each other, then, of course, it would not be for me to stay with you. Shirley responded, with a straightforwardness that proved she intended to do as near as possible what she thought to be right and wise.

Again madame's thin lips twitched and she was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, which necessitated her going to the ice pitcher to get a glass of water.

She drank a few swallows slowly, with her back turned to the young girl. Presently, however, she came and stood beside Shirley, and, looking down upon her, inquired, with a kindly gleam in her eyes:

"What wages do you expect to receive for your services?"

Shirley thought a moment.

Then she asked:

"What have you been in the habit of paying your companion, madame?"

"Five dollars a week and all expenses," was the brief reply, while the woman eagerly searched the sweet, downcast face before her.

"I shall be satisfied with that amount, and I will do the best I can for you," said Shirley, lifting her clear, frank eyes to the aged face, and thinking if she could but win a little nook in the woman's heart besides the would feel more than repaid for any service she might render her.

"Then we'll call it settled," said madame, a look of satisfaction overspreading her features; "and I shall want you immediately. For I have a great deal of shopping to do, and I wish to go out of New York at the earliest possible moment, for I detest the place; it is a perfect bedlam. I shall want you tomorrow."

"Here!" exclaimed Shirley, flushing crimson with dismay at the thought of coming there to Mr. Norwood's house, to be browbeaten and insulted by his haughty daughter as she had been only a short time previous.

She was greatly relieved by madame's reply. "No," she said. "I have engaged rooms at the Hoffman, and you will come to me there tomorrow at ten, as I shall need your assistance in shopping. We shall start for St. Sauveur one week from tonight."

Shirley's heart and courage sank a little at this information as she thought of leaving Clifton so soon; but she was not one to turn back, after once having made up her mind to any course, so she remarked cheerfully as she arose to take her leave:

"Very well, Madame Marton. I will come to you, as you desire, at the Hoffman, tomorrow at ten, although I fear I shall be of very little service to you in a shopping expedition."

"Why?" inquired her companion. "Because I know almost nothing about costly and fashionable fabrics," Shirley smilingly returned. "For," she added, "all my life I have been obliged to use only the most inexpensive materials."

"Well, at all events, you have good taste, and that is more than many rich people possess," said madame, while her glance rested appreciatively over the dainty figure before her.

Shirley was surprised at this speech, for it was really the only gracious remark she had made during their interview.

"Thank you," she said, brightly. "I believe I have an eye for color and effect, and I will gladly give you the benefit of my judgment in those respects. But," with a glance at the handsome clock on the mantel, "I think I must go now, if I am to catch the next train back to town."

"It is almost lunch time, and as I have kept you waiting so long, I will ring for some refreshment for you," the woman remarked, for she was always considerate of the physical comfort of her servants, if she was not thoughtful of their mental and spiritual needs.

"Thanks, no," Shirley replied. "I shall be at home in time for my own lunch."

"Then you will at least have a glass of wine," urged her employer, as she reached out her hand toward the bell.

"Excuse me," she politely responded, "but I never take anything of the kind; I am in perfect health, and do not need it."

"Ahem! so you are a teetotaler, and that was a polite way of reading me a temperance lecture. I suppose," she snapped madame, compressing her thin lips and eying her new companion sharply.

She looked so primly and comically aggressive that Shirley could not resist the impulse to break into a merry laugh.

"No, indeed," she affirmed, "I had no thought of preaching temperance to you, although I believe in it thoroughly. I merely stated a simple fact regarding myself, and would not presume any reflections upon anything that you might do. You may think me rather outspoken, at times, for mamma always encouraged me to be exactly truthful; but please do not imagine that I intend to be malicious."

"I do not believe you do, child; I do not believe you do," said Madame Marton, while she studied the sweet, bright face attentively. "but I haven't had the most heavenly times with some of my companions, and they have made me suspicious of everybody. Now run along and do not lose your train; but mind you do not disappoint me tomorrow."

"Well, then, good morning; I will not disappoint you," said Shirley, pleasantly; and with a bright smile and a graceful little bow, she hurried away.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLIFTON RECEIVES A FLATTERING PROPOSAL FROM MR. NORWOOD.

After Shirley's departure, Madame Marton stood for nearly five minutes on the spot where the young girl had left her, lost in profound thought, and feeling as if half the sunshine of the day had departed with her.

"Well, Felice Marton, what are you going to do about it?" she at last muttered, while she shook herself, as if just waking from a dream. "Are you going to appreciate the good the gods have sent you, and make the most of it, or are you going back to the old ruts, showing yourself as the cross-grained, antagonistic old woman you have always been, and lead the girl a miserable life, as you have all the rest?"

She fell into a reverie again, and seemed to be trying to decide some difficult question that was agitating her mind.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, at last, with a long-

drawn sigh. "the leopard cannot change his spots, thorns will not bring forth grapes, nor thistles figs," and she'll have to take me as she finds me. But she's the brightest girl I have ever seen. My fortune to secure for a companion, and she is much too smart and pretty for such a position. Oh, dear! she is just the kind of a girl that Felice Marton would have liked for a daughter, if the world hadn't gone all wrong with her, and made a cross old maid of her, instead of a loving, happy wife, as she once hoped to be."

She broke off suddenly, drew herself up as straight as the proverbial ramrod, and stalked primly from the room.

Meanwhile, Shirley was fast flying back toward New York, where, upon her arrival she found an appetizing lunch awaiting her, and while she partook of it, she gave to Abby Knapp, with mirth-gleaming eyes and dimpling cheeks, a detailed account of her interview with her future employer.

"And so you have gone and engaged yourself like any common servant?" sniffed the woman contemptuously, and with a look of unmistakable disapprobation, although she surreptitiously wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, and smothered a sob of grief which the thought of parting with the lovely girl, whom she had grown to love very dearly, sent quivering to her lips.

"No, not quite a common servant," Shirley smilingly returned, "for a hardly think a common servant could do what I shall be obliged to do; still, I give my services for wages, and so I may be regarded as such by madame; I cannot tell. And now, nurse," she added, "as I shall have to be very expeditious in my arrangements, I wonder if you will assist me a little this afternoon."

"Indeed I will, and be glad to, Miss Shirley," was the eager response. "My heart is almost broken, thinking of the time when I'll not have a chance to do anything more for you," she concluded without an effort to check her sobs or tears this time.

Shirley herself was almost ready to weep at this evidence of Abby's love for her; but she did not believe in brooding over the inevitable parting, and so she began to be very merry over her packing and the other preparations which she had to make for her coming journey.

But Abby's sorrow was very genuine, and, though the fair girl succeeded in occasionally begetting a ditting smile to her lips, she went about all the afternoon with a sad face and tearful eyes.

Evening brought Clifton, to ascertain the result of Shirley's application to Madame Marton.

He laughed heartily over her vivid description of the interview, and of the woman's appearance, while, at the same time, he was dismayed at the thought of her being subject to the dominant caprices of such a character as he feared Madame Marton might be, and his heart was exceedingly heavy over the approaching separation.

"It shall be only for a little while, my darling," he said, as he folded her close in his arms, when he finally bade her good night. "Six months, perhaps, or a year at the longest."

The next morning, promptly at ten, Shirley presented herself in Madame Marton's rooms at the Hoffman House.

Poor Shirley found, long before the day was over, that she would have to exercise great patience and forbearance if there was to be a whole week of work like this before her.

Madame was a great bargain-hunter, and wanted the best there was to be had in the market for the least possible amount of money.

So from store to store they traveled, looking over goods of every description, often going back to take the articles they had first examined, and making the weary clerks pull down their nicely folded fabrics the second time.

Besides this, madame did not strive to conceal her eccentricities anywhere, and her sharp tongue spared no one.

At first the gentlemen were good-natured, and seemed disposed to regard her indulgently, appearing to be amused by her peculiarities rather than offended by her bluntness, which, to Shirley's sensitive ears and ideas of good breeding, was often very offensive.

But she at last wearied almost everybody out, while her gentle attendant often blushed at her rudeness, and longed to apologize for her harsh remarks, experiencing also almost a sense of personal guilt, as if she were in some way accountable for her behavior.

Shirley found herself thoroughly worn out when night came, but thankful that the day was done, and, consequently, with one less shock of experience to be endured.

Madame Marton always retired very early, so, in spite of her trying day, Shirley had the evenings to look forward to for they always brought Clifton, who made the most of this last week of grace.

They tried to be brave and cheerful, each for the sake of the other; but it was no light thing to feel that they were about to be separated for an indefinite period.

"I know that you will be true to me," Clifton said with his lips close to Shirley's cheek, when, after their last evening together the moment of parting finally came. "I do not need to ask any pledge from you, neither do I need give you such an assurance; but my darling, you must write to me very often, for I shall be more lonely than I can express when you are gone."

"Not more so than I, dear, in that strange place," Shirley answered.

He kissed her fondly on the lips, then said, while he drew a tiny velvet case from his vest-pocket.

"There is one other little matter which must be settled before you go," and opening the case, he took from it a ring and slipped it upon the third finger of her left hand.

"Oh, Clifton, a diamond!" Shirley cried, a flash of pleasure lighting for an instant her eyes. Then a look of anxiety overspread her face. "Such a stone must be very expensive," she murmured, in a low tone.

Clifton laughed out lightly. "What a scrupulous darling you are!" he exclaimed. "But do not be troubled—perhaps it would not detract from its value in your eyes if I should tell you that it has gleamed conspicuously on my shirt-front during the last two years," he concluded smilingly.

"No, indeed," Shirley cried eagerly; "it will be all the more sacred to me because you have worn it; and it is beautiful, Clif."

"Well, dear, it proclaims that you are mine, and so I am happy," the fond lover tenderly returned. Then, with a last farewell, they separated.

The next morning found Madame Marton and Shirley en route for St. Sauveur; and about ten o'clock Hamilton Vining, on entering his office, found a note, addressed in a familiar hand, lying on his desk.

Eagerly opening it, he read:

"DEAR VINING: My adorable aunt left New York for St. Sauveur this A. M. The pretty and dangerous sewing-girl accompanied her as companion. We are now ready for the second act in our domestic drama, eh? Yours, "WM. NORWOOD."

A satisfied smile broke over Mr. Vining's face as he finished reading this pithy epistle. "That was well planned and executed. Norwood always was a shrewd and clever fellow," he muttered. "Now, if Clifton will only fall into this other trap as readily as the girl did into this, that disagreeable business will soon be very comfortably settled."

One morning, about a week following the de-

parture of Shirley for Canada, Mr. Norwood was very late in getting to his office.

He first thought of being unusually grave and preoccupied, and responded absently to Clifton's cheerful "Good morning."

The young man had just received a letter from his betrothed, and was in the best of spirits. For Shirley had written in a bright and cheerful strain, and he believed her to be happy in her new position.

Mr. Norwood seated himself at his desk, and began to open the numerous letters which the morning's mail had brought to him, making notes as he went along on such as demanded special attention.

He did not speak once while thus engaged, and Clifton wondered what was passing in his mind, for usually he was very social, and kept up a running fire of comments upon his correspondents.

But, finally, after the last missive had been disposed of, he pushed the pile away from him with a sigh of relief, and leaned back in his chair to rest.

"There was quite a budget this morning," Clifton remarked, as he glanced up from his work.

"Yes, it seems as if they get more numerous every day, and some of them amount to but very little, too," Mr. Norwood gravely replied. Then, after a few moments of thought, he resumed:



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as they rested upon the handsome, averted face of his young secretary. "That will depend somewhat upon circumstances," he showedly returned. "Possibly six months, perhaps not so long—maybe longer. I cannot tell exactly. Come, Clif, you'd better say you will go." Mr. Norwood urged, invitingly. "I'll try to give you as good a time as possible when we are not driven with business; and truly, my boy, I do not feel that it would be wise to strive to break in a green hand in your place."

Clifton could not resist his appeals, and told him that he would go. "Now you are talking sensibly," exclaimed that gentleman in a tone of hearty satisfaction; but he was obliged to turn abruptly away to his desk to hide the look of triumph which illumined his face over the successful result of his scheme.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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UNCLE CHARLIE'S BOOKS

Poems, Cloth bound, 50 cents. Song Book, 30 cents. Address, **UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

EUREKA, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room on your knee for a niece who only weighs one hundred and forty pounds? Uncle, I am just asking you for a few words of advice and encouragement. You are always fair and square, uncle, so I know you will tell me what's right. Do you think my father is quite fair with my brother and me? I am twenty and he is eighteen. We never get out but about three times a year to parties of which we are both very fond. It does not cost much—twenty-five or fifty cents, a dollar at the most. And uncle we are both very popular with the young folks and receive so many invitations to places, and we get to so very seldom. It's pretty tough when they ask you why you were not there and are hurt that you did not come. I never could bring myself to tell them the real reason and it's so contemptible to make up excuses. He won't let us have the horse to drive, but maybe once in two months or so and we have three horses standing around doing nothing, and really in need of a little exercise. I have never had any money to spend in all my life only twice when I went to the city to buy some clothes and then only ten or fifteen dollars to buy a suit, shoes, underwear, hat and was expected to bring different things for the boys too.

If he would only give me one dollar a month to buy little things that a girl craves, I would be satisfied about the money part. He has plenty of clothes himself—shoes, suits and things a plenty lying around but there is no end of it. My brother wants a suit oftener than once in two or three years. Father can afford these things, Uncle, and that's what makes it harder. All the rest of the family left him when they were about eighteen so they could get some pleasure out of life and now Uncle, they tell us to be patient and not say anything because it is our father. Just because we are the youngest. None of the girls wanted to keep house. They all hurried up and got married so they wouldn't have to, and left me all alone at fourteen to shoulder the work by myself, for a whole bunch of boys and papa. There are only two boys at home now. I've done the mothering and work my nearly six years and Uncle I am getting just a little tired of all work and no play. My mother is dead and God knows I'd give anything on earth to have her to turn to now. I know there are lots of things I don't do right or rather not as well as mama would want them, but I am just a girl and no matter how good a worker a girl is she can never do as well as a mother can. I do all the sewing, cooking, washing, housework, milk the cows and tend the chickens and work in the garden too. Even help in the field when they are rushed. So you see I am not lazy. We have a five-room house. I am five foot three inches tall, have grey eyes, and curly blonde hair, and fair complexion. I am regular "Smiley Jane" as my friends call me and never but once in a great while get blue over my troubles. It could be much worse but don't you think papa is just a little hard. Uncle? I try to do my best. I have your book of poems and they are dandy. I want to get your song book as soon as I can. I am very fond of music and can play the piano and sing fairly well. Have always helped the shut-ins when I could. My older brothers used to give me dimes and quarters once in a while and I enjoyed sharing it with the shut-ins. Their gratitude is really touching over a few cents or quarter and I always felt more than repaid for doing without something for myself.

Well, I must quit worrying you, and you can tell me what's best for me to do. I send my name but don't wish it to appear in print. Maybe if you give a few words of advice to my father, it will be a heart to a lonely, discouraged daughter even if it doesn't help me. Father doesn't want us to read either and that is the one thing that has made life endurable hitherto. He says it (reading) is all lies.

With love, your niece, SUNNY JANE.

For obvious reasons I've had to comply with the request of the young lady who wrote the above letter, and withhold her name. Sunny Jane, I'm only too glad to have the opportunity of advising you, though I'm sorry any girl in America, or in the whole wide world should have the same complaint to make against a father that got drunk, and between his sprees was at least human, than have a parent such as you describe. A father that is a combination of a light and a heavy, a joy killer and happiness murderer, is a fierce proposition to stack up against and when you add to this the fact that this particular parent won't even allow his children to read, and calls reading all lies, you simply wonder that such a two-legged monstrosity can exist, and one's heart goes out with a world of sympathy to those who have to live and breathe under the roof of such a human "warmth" though such people have no earthly right to be called human, for they are not. Sunny Jane, I get scores of letters in the course of the year from motherless girls who from a sense of duty, and to my idea often a false sense of duty, are acting as housekeepers for miserly fathers. I regret to say there are thousands of such fathers as yours, though in your case conditions are the more aggravating, the more unbearable because of the lack of refinement and apparently of quite some education, and you have character, ideas, and a high sense of honor, duty and responsibility, while most of the other girls who have written me in the same strain as you have, judging from their letters, lacked many of the fine qualities that you so abundantly possess. If your father were a real man or possessed a spark or even an atom of genuine manhood; if he had a heart as big as a pea, the brain of a grasshopper, or the scintilla of any attribute that was human, let alone a vestige of those soul qualities that at times lift even the most brutish two-legged clod from the slimy depths of carnal things, where we can observe in him a trace of his divine origin, he would love and idolize such an unselfish, devoted, noble daughter as you. Your father, however, is a hopeless case. I know a lot of our readers will condemn me for saying this. Maybe the Salvation Army might reform him but they could not do so by appealing to his brain, his soul or his reason, for he has none, and the only possible chance of reformation for him is in the hands of a powerful drummer from one of the bands of that most useful of all religious organizations, and use your parent's skull as the drum head. There is hope for the man who is a miser, a drunkard, a criminal, a ne'er do well, and even a murderer, but the man who won't read and won't let others read and says reading is all lies, there is no hope for him. He is absolutely past redemption, and it is folly for anyone to waste good time that might be put to better use in other directions in attempting to reform such a man as this. Nature reforms such people by removing them from the earth and letting real men take their places. Such men are the tragedy of life and the tragedy of history, because such men have made progress and human happiness absolutely impossible. Such a man is an atavistic type and belongs to dark eons of time, tens of thousands of years ago, when prehistoric man walked on all fours as do the animals of today, and displayed but little more intelligence than the brutes above him. Atavism means reversion or tendency to revert to the ancestral type of the species. I mention this for the benefit of the young folks who never look in the dictionary, and I mention it for the benefit of you all, because you have thousands of atavistic types in this country today, men, who beneath a veneer of civilization, are as savage, cruel, brutal and murderous as was the cave man, who killed his enemy with a flint hatchet and roasted him over his camp fire for his evening meal. But Sunny Jane, you have asked me for advice, and I'm only too glad to give it. You are working for your living, and the labor you are performing for your father, would if performed for a householder in this city bring you twenty-five dollars a month. In denying you clothing, spending money, pleasure, innocent entertainment, the society of your friends, and objecting to you even reading, your father has alienated himself from all human sympathy, and warm affection must be the heart that can retain any such feeling for him. Personally I would despise such a parent, and would have no hesitation in telling him so, for he is ignorant, miserly tyrant, and I am told the truth. You were not consulted whether you wanted to come into this world, and as your father was responsible for bringing you here, he has only done what the

law requires of him in giving you food and shelter, and he has failed to do a millionth part of what God requires of him, by withholding from you that love, affection, tender consideration, instruction and spiritual guidance which was your due. He has failed to provide you with those many little things dear to the heart of budding womanhood, and which your devotion has earned a thousandfold, and to which you are rightly entitled. God forbid I should advise any girl to leave her home if a sense of duty dictates that she should remain there, but a home that is motherless and that is made an unbearable habitation of gloom by a miserly ogre that unkind fate has decreed shall be the parent of a suffering and much wronged girl and other luckless children, is no home at all. It is not only not a proper environment for a girl of your order, my dear Sunny Jane, but in rendering faithful and devoted service to an unappreciative, soulless man, even though he is your father, you are encouraging misery and selfishness, and you are robbing yourself of an opportunity to grow and expand in decent surroundings, amongst people who would appreciate and pay you well for the faithful service you are so capable of rendering. There is only one way to hurt a tightwad, only one way to make him sit up and take notice, and that is to raid his pocketbook. That will make him squeal until his gills turn blue. Just go to your father and say: "Father I have done my duty by you faithfully and well, I have taken my mother's place in this household, I have been a mother to those in the family younger than myself. I have worked hard and treated you with respect even when my heart was rent with bitterness and I was utterly discouraged. How have you treated me in return? You have denied me pleasure, clothing, the society of my friends and the pocket money I craved with which I might buy the things dear to a girl's heart, and you've robbed my life of all its joy and gladness. Now take your choice. A housekeeper will cost you twenty dollars a month, and she will not render you the service that I do. I have grown to an age where I can go out into the world and command twenty-five dollars a month and my board and laundry. As you are my father I will work for you for just half this amount. Understand in addition I want to read and cultivate my mind, and I am going to read, and as long as I read good books and magazines I will brook no interference from you. When I'm invited to any entertainments or to the homes of my friends, it is my intention to go. I shall appreciate your protection and advice, but I shall resent any interference from my liberties. I am a woman, and capable of protecting and taking care of myself, and I'm no longer dependent on you or anyone for support. You know the conditions now under which I will stay under your roof. If they are not acceptable to you and do not meet with your approval, I will not darken your doors longer. It is for you to decide." Now, tell him that or write him that. He has no other daughter he can use in this way. He will eat humble pie and crawl into a corner, and you will get a part of the money you are helping and earn, and he will not only respect you but you will put a few kinks in that mush tank of his that will make him sit up and think for a month of Sundays. The tyrant tightwad wants a dose of his own medicine. It should be soaked to him good and plenty every time. If your miserly parent gets on his ear, and tells you to vacate, just drop me a line, and if you are half as capable as I think you are, and know you are, I will immediately get you the pick of a hundred positions. The world is shrinking clamorously for such services as you can render. Take my advice and you need no longer be a slave to a miserly, soulless father.

BEAR CAKE, R. R. 3, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I will be sixteen years young in July. I am five feet four inches tall, have grey eyes, light hair, fair complexion, and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. I can do all kinds of housework. I like to do outside work also. We live in the country on a farm of sixty acres. I like to ride horseback. I have three sisters and two brothers. One of my sisters is married. Say Uncle, where are you going to spend next Fourth of July? Come out and spend it with me. I guess three can go in a buggy. Uncle do you think I am too young to have beaux? Say Uncle you will have to look over me if I misspell words as I had to quite school when I was in the fourth grade. Have not gone for four years. I had to quite on account of sickness. I have Uncle Charlie's book of Poems. I think every cousin should have it. They would make a sick dog laugh. I like to read stories. I do not like to read poems. With love to Billy the goat and Uncle Charlie, Your cousin, GLADYS NICELY.

Gladys, you ask me where I am going to spend next Fourth of July. I suppose I shall spend it in the same old spot, but I'm not good company on the Fourth of July and it's more a day of mourning than rejoicing for me. I've got past the firecracker period of existence, and I hardly see what cause we have to make any fuss on the Fourth of July. What is the good of celebrating an independence day when we have no independence? What's the good of making a racket about freedom, waving the flag and burning gunpowder when we are tied hand and foot and the very blood squeezed out of us by the oligarchy of the wealth that owns and controls the country? What independence has a nation when millions of poor people are compelled to toil night and day for a bare subsistence with the wolf of poverty ever at the door, no chance to provide for old age, and the poorhouse staring them in the face for a finish? Money runs and rules everything, and a few men have all the money and therefore all the power. The freedom of the press has become a farce, and even free speech, if it is speech that tells the truth and hurts the powers that be, is no longer heeded. We have big corporations that make their employees sign a written agreement that they will not attempt to join a labor union or form a labor union, or have anything to do with labor unions or speak or listen to anyone trying to advance the cause of labor. This means that they must accept whatever treatment, work whatever hours, and accept whatever payment their corporate masters care to hand out to them. On the evening before Labor day recently, one or two ministers in New York threw open their churches and invited working men to attend a service in which the main feature was a sermon on unionism. The employees of one corporation, and possibly more, were warned if they attended these services they would be instantly dismissed. Big money can organize to rob and exploit the people, but the people are not even allowed to organize to obtain sufficient money to get food and shelter. No, Gladys, my dear, I will not celebrate the Fourth of July with you because I think it's folly to make a great racket about what our grandfathers did—splendid types of red-blooded manhood who fought and whipped the strongest nation of their day—while we, their puny descendants, with their splendid example to hearten us, must eat crow to hold our jobs. We have a different race of men, who think a bunch of firecrackers stand for liberty, and as for independence they don't even know what it is and hence they are too busy holding down their jobs or trying to find a job to hold down that they don't even have time to find out, unless perchance they have an opportunity to read COMFORT which is full of the spirit of '76 and is not afraid to display it. So Gladys, you will have to excuse me if I fail to turn up on the Fourth of July. You are young and will live to see a real independence day, but when that day comes I shall

be celebrating my independence of present day conditions and the bondage of earth in a brighter sphere. We are rapidly nearing a new independence day, and the new Washington or Lincoln who is to dictate the terms of our independence and set us free is already running around in knee pants in some section or other of this country. Maybe he is among you boys and girls who will read this article. I hope to God he is, for then perhaps I may get some of the credit for having helped him to do his inspiring work faithfully and well. You say you guess three can go in a buggy. Certainly three can go in a buggy if the buggy is big enough. One fat gentleman, however, might fill up the entire buggy. I once saw two hundred people go for a ride in a single horse buggy. I forgot to mention however, that the buggy made a hundred

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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Home Dressmaking Hints

How to Make a Plain Shirt-waist A Simple and Easy Task

By Geneva Gladding

EVERYONE needs just such a waist as No. 4841 illustrates. Made at home it costs but a trifle, while an equally good material and fit, if purchased all made, would cost several times as much. Every season finds more women doing their own dressmaking, and more mothers teaching their daughters to sew. The simple, easy-fitting clothes worn today, mean far less work than when everything was fitted, lined and boned.

A medium-sized waist will require two and one half yards of 36-inch material, which is spread on a good-sized table, and the pattern pieces laid on with the triple perforations in back and collar on a lengthwise fold, and the lines of three small perforations in the other pieces lengthwise of the material.

After cutting, make the box plait in the right front. Turn the front edge under one and one half inches, crease the material from top to bottom at the larger perforations, and stitch one fourth inch from the crease, catching the turned-under edge in with the stitching. Complete the box plait by stitching one quarter inch from the outer edge. Cut off the front edge of left front one half inch and then turn under one and one half inches for a hem.

Now baste the shoulder seams, matching the notches. The lines of small perforations mark the tuck, front and back; baste these lines together and turn the tuck toward the armhole. In front, crease the tuck all the way down, and pin in place at waistline.

Gather each front at waistline along the double perforations and across the tuck crease. Make a second gathering one half inch above the double perforations and again one half inch above. Baste the under-arm seams with notches even.

The waist is now ready to be tried on. Pin the box plait over the hem and draw in the gathering threads at waistline, fastening them over a pin. If the gathers are too high or too low, they must be ripped out and changed to fit. If the neck is too big, take up the shoulder seams; the tuck basting must be ripped for this. If the neck is small, let seams out or cut a little out, but remember that a seam edge is yet to come off, and be careful not to cut too much.

After the fitting, the shoulder and under-arm seams may be stitched. The French seam is best for wash materials—a very narrow seam made on the right side, turned, and another seam taken on the wrong side, which catches in the raw edges of the first seam. Stitch the tuck after closing the shoulder seam.

To stay the gathers, take an inch strip of material, turn under edges, baste and then stitch over gathers on inside. Cut an inside and outside section for the neckband and lay them with their right sides together. Turn neckband right side out and baste the inside lower edge to neck edge of waist, then stitch it. Turn under the outside lower edge of the neckband and stitch it flat over the raw edges of the first joining. Run another stitching all around the band.

The opening at back of sleeve should be finished before the sleeve seam is closed. At the back, or unnotched edge of the opening, sew an underlap, and less than one half inch wide when closed. Sew the overlap given in the pattern to the front edge of opening as notched, with the seam on the right side. Then the lap over at the large perforations. Then turn under the remaining loose edges, making a neat point at the top, and stitch flat to the sleeve. Run a stitching across the overlap where it will catch in the top of the underlap and hold it in place.

Gather lower edge of sleeve from the laps to the double perforations. Gather the upper edge between the double perforations and then close the seam of the sleeve.

Cut on inside and outside section for the cuff and stitch ends and lower edge. Turn right side out and sew one upper edge of cuff to lower edge of sleeve and overlap with notches even. Do not sew cuff across underlap of sleeve. Turn under the upper edge of cuff and baste over the raw edges of the first joining. Run a stitching all around the cuff near the edge and a second stitching across the top.

Place the sleeve in the armhole with the single large perforation at the shoulder seam and the notches even. Draw the gathers in to fit the armhole and baste the sleeve in position. Try on and see that the gathers are distributed evenly and that the seam of the sleeve runs along the inside of the arm and in line with the thumb.

There should be a buttonhole in each end and at centerback of neckband. Make five buttonholes through the box plait, the lowest at waistline, and sew buttons to hem. On the sleeve make a small lengthwise buttonhole at the middle of the overlap, and sew a button to the underlap. At each end of the cuff place a buttonhole large enough for sleeve buttons.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 4695—Ladies' House Dress. When about the house, one wants comfort and at the same time must be neatly attired. For such, this simple house dress will be just the thing. The waist is perfectly plain, save for a single tuck at each shoulder and is joined to a plain gathered skirt. The closing is effective at the front.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 bust requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5778—Ladies' Maternity Dress. This dress is entirely practical and easily made. The lining and outside hang separately from the shoulders. The lining as illustrated in small cut laces at center front and sides, making it adjustable. The outside has a shirred tuck at the waistline, which confers fullness of waist and skirt, and is also adjustable. The wide collar adds to width across shoulders, making the dress well proportioned. A band trims lower edge.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch goods, one yard of 18-inch all-over and two and one half yards of 24-inch trimming material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5872—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. This popular skirt is easily made, only two seams with hem around bottom.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist; size 24 measures two and one quarter yards around lower edge and requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5852—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt closed at front. This very handsome model makes a stylish suit skirt or may be worn separately. When combined with waist No. 5787 an attractive one-piece costume is made.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures two and one half yards around lower edge and requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5944—Ladies' Dress Having Four-gored Skirt. This very attractive dress is made of serge with trimming band of satin. Another combination is navy blue homespun with band of wide black soutache braid. Skirt may be cut Empire or normal waist line.

Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure; size 36 measures two and one half yards around lower edge and requires six yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5786—Ladies' Dress closed at left side of front. This smart tailor-made effect is very popular for winter dresses and adaptable to a variety of materials. Velvet and corduroy look particularly well made from this pattern.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and one quarter yards of

36-inch goods, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5967—Ladies' Dress with Four-gored Skirt. This is one of the prettiest of the season's models; the fashionable collar, plaits at side-front of skirt and side opening being new features.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three yards around lower edge and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material, one half yard of 27-inch trimming material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4841—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5610—Ladies' Corset Cover. Desirable for stout figures, made with close-fitting lining as shown in small cut, with outside from underarm seam in one piece.

Cut in six sizes, 36 to 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5787—Ladies' Waist. This stylish waist may close at either front or back; if at the front, turn away back where hem is allowed and lay edge on lengthwise fold of material. Satin revers are used, each corner being trimmed with a button, and where they meet a small lace bow is worn.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one half yards of 36-



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No. 5962—Children's Dress. This little dress will please every mother that likes pretty things. Five tiny tucks give fullness over the shoulders, front and back. Waist and skirt are joined by a large satin piping, or a belt may be used. Skirt can be plaited or gathered. A satin rosette is worn at side front and a bit of embroidery done at the neck where the dress is to be more elaborate.

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Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age four requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5976—Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5977—Girls' Underwear Set. Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years; age eight requires for entire set, three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-4-17—Jabot. The embroidery on the upper plaited piece is only on the right side, while that on the lower portion is worked on the left side. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-4-41—Infant Cap in French and Eyelet Embroidery in medium size to be transferred to fine linen, batiste, nainsook, lawn or cross-barred muslin and embroidered with fine white cotton floss. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-11-35—Design for both ends of a 18-inch towel. The ends are buttonholed in scallops and above one end is a simple design of flowers and dots to be worked solid without padding. A small initial may be placed above the design. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-11-14—Scarf Design in French, eyelet and Italian cutwork for sideboard or bureau scarf eighteen inches wide. Both ends are given. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-3-9—Baby Bib in punched embroidery. A loose weave material must be used. Outline the floral pattern and do the background in the punched embroidery.

Questions Answered

PANEL FRONT.—Inquirer, the panel front dresses are quite likely to become wrinkled at the waist, which may be prevented by stitching the seams on the inside to form a casing and inserting a bone in each seam. Fasten securely at top and bottom.

TUNIC SKIRTS.—Miss Edna Hartung, small lead

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How to Make and Keep the Teeth Beautiful

WOULD you care to have teeth like unto pearls, Milani? Doubtless your answer is a sweetly spoken yes, as every normal woman covets milk-white teeth.

Sad to say, the weaker sex generally rest content with coveting this point of beauty, apparently not realizing that the mere act of wishing will not bestow upon them a complete set of white, perfectly formed teeth. It would be delightful, of course, if by simply expressing a wish one could transform ugly teeth into things of beauty, but unfortunately the day of miracles is over and wish we ever so hard, nothing will come of it but disappointment.

Suppose you give up praying that a miracle may happen and your discolored, broken teeth grow white and perfect over night, and instead try what care and thought will do to bring your teeth into the beauty class.

Do not crumple your pretty forehead and pout your rosy lips. O girl, with the wistful eyes, as beauty work is heaps of fun. In fact, it is not work at all, it is unadulterated pleasure.

Forward to pet and coddle your teeth in every possible way, because they surely deserve all the pampering you can give them. "No teeth, no health" runs an old saying, and you know and I know, that "no health, no beauty." Am I not right?

Any disease of the mouth or teeth is a serious menace to the health. One can never hope to be well in every sense of the word unless the teeth are healthy, and this they cannot be if they are uncared for. In addition to the injury to your health, neglected teeth take further revenge by becoming discolored, crumbling at the slightest provocation or breaking outright. Last, but not least in my estimation, they even things up as it were, by aching when you least expect it. Surely there is nothing more distressing, physically or mentally, than a tooth that is persistently out of humor and vents its irritation by aching as hard as it possibly can.

All that the lover of healthy and consequently attractive teeth is asked to do is to keep them scrupulously clean. Surely this is not much to ask. Cleanliness is one of the surest ways of obtaining or retaining strong, beautiful teeth, and preventing that destruction which arises from the lack of it.

The woman who cares is particular to cleanse her teeth thoroughly after each meal and before she retires to the shades of the bedchamber at night. She is a canny damsel and knows without being told that fermentation will result if food particles are allowed to remain lodged between the teeth.

It may be that you have been told by some kind friend that much brushing injures the teeth, but close your ears in the future to such foolish statements. Let me impress it upon your mind that the teeth cannot be kept too clean. The more you scrub and scour them—within reason—the stronger and prettier they will be.

If this prosaic work irks you somewhat, console yourself by remembering that careful, intelligent brushing of the "pearls of the mouth" will not only add to your beauty but to your health as well.

Now a word of advice as to the kind of a tooth-brush to buy. Just any kind of a brush will not do, O heedless one! Promise to devote just as much time and thought to the selection of your tooth-brush as to your face powder, and all will be well.

Next time you go in search of a new tooth-brush, see to it that you choose one that has its full complement of bristles and that these are moderately stiff. While the harsh bristles may rasp your tender gums for the first few times of using, I am willing to wager an armful of American Beauties that inside of three days you will be congratulating yourself on your recent purchase. I know positively that such a brush will do the work required of it infinitely better than your erstwhile favorite—the brush with bristles so pliable that they utterly failed to all your teeth needs.

Always rinse your tooth-brush after using in a little clean, lukewarm water, and once a day sterilize it by swishing it to and fro in boiling water for a few seconds. If you neglect this precaution and hang your brush up with its bristles full of toothpowder and impurities from the mouth, you are bound to repeat your carelessness some day in sackcloth and ashes. Beware! Beware!

The following don'ts for the teeth are worth bearing constantly in mind: don't try to crack nuts with your teeth; don't subject your teeth to extremes of heat or cold; don't fail to keep them immaculately clean; don't pick at them with needles or pins, as this is liable to crack the enamel; don't overlook the yearly visit to your dentist; don't take acid foods as they will eventually be the means of giving you jumping, aching molars.

Would you like to know how to test your teeth at home for cavities, and so tell whether a visit to the dentist is necessary? I do not need to wait for an answer, as of course it is Yes with a capital Y.

Let me explain how this work can be done. Teeth that are healthy and strong, always possess a smooth, polished surface, but when they become ill, as it were, and begin to acquire cavities, they grow rough wherever they are imperfect. Such being the case, hereafter, when desirous of ascertaining whether you are the unhappy possessor of trouble-breeding cavities, draw a silken thread between the teeth and notice whether it catches. If it does, you can be sure of the existence of a gaping hole. What comes next? Why a trip to the dentist, of course, if you are the little maid who scorns imperfect teeth and fears a toothache. Do not procrastinate, I implore, as that merely gives the cavity time to grow larger, which is just what you want to avoid.

Let me give you a hint not to indulge in gold fillings, when next you sit in the dentist's chair. If you will allow your dental surgeon to follow his own inclinations, I think you will find that he eschews gold, pinning his faith to amalgam and porcelain fillings. The modern dentist works with Nature, not against her, and endeavors to rebuild the teeth in such a manner that they will be free from ugly and expensive ornamentations.

I do not doubt but what some among my readers have that beauty blemish—cracked teeth! What a pity this is, as teeth that are cracked are never beautiful.

And this is not all. The foolish lassie who has contracted the habit of using her teeth as nut-crackers or string cutters, sooner or later incurs a yard-long dentist's bill. This is one of the cases where "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

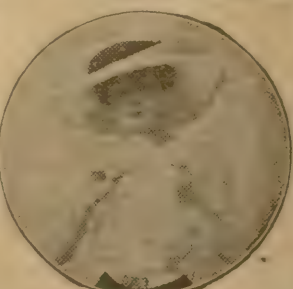
It will fill your hearts with joy to know that those of you who are, by some unhappy chance,

prematurely aged by sunken cheeks, can regain youthful contours by having missing teeth replaced by artificial ones and crooked teeth skillfully straightened. Do not make the mistake of looking older than your age because of the shortcomings of your teeth, when a few visits to a good dentist will bring about a complete transformation in your personal appearance.

The girl of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen is so determined not to be a victim to that tooth blight—tartar, that she is clamoring for remedies that will keep this foe at bay, forever and a day. If I am given a moment for thought, perhaps I can hit upon some way of keeping the teeth free from this concretions.

I have it! I reiterate rinse your mouth out several times a day with a solution of tincture of myrrh—enough in a glass to make a milky emulsion—as this will generally cause the tartar to crumble away. Would you like to own beautiful, glistening white teeth? Yes? Then bend every effort toward bleaching the despised yellow tints out of existence. There are many ways of securing such a result. Some people say that the teeth can be bleached to a milky whiteness merely by brushing them twice weekly with lemon juice, while still others contend that pleasing results are obtained by using peroxide of hydrogen as mouth rinse, since this liquid seldom fails to whiten discolored teeth.

In my estimation, however, the best method of obtaining milk-white teeth is to rub them over with a certain home preparation that I know of. The method of application is my secret but in case you are interested in this simple way of magically removing yellow tooth tints, I promise to print this bit of beauty lore. What say you? I am waiting patiently to hear if the answer is yes or no.



YOUR TOOTH-BRUSH SHOULD HAVE STIFF BRISTLES.

Questions and Answers

Young Wife, Anxious New Subscriber, Brown Eyes, Girlie, Violet, H. P. X., and J. T. Z.—Obliging Comfort Reader and Editor—If you wish your brows and lashes to grow thick and long, then use almond oil. Massage it into the brows every night—rubbing with the fall of the hair—and anoint outer edges of eye-lids nightly with the oil. Results will come slowly but surely. Since your hair is falling, I suggest that you massage the scalp for fifteen minutes nightly with the following hair grower. It is undeniably oily but you must make some sacrifice if you want pretty hair.

Effective Hair Pomade

Resorcin, one sixth dram; Castor oil, twelve drams; Spirits of wine, five ounces; Balsam of Peru, eight grains.

Shake before using. See my reply to Eleanor. Eleanor, Mrs. J. Anne, Bess and others.—You would be wise to get rid of the dandruff as, if it is allowed to remain, your hair structure will deteriorate. If you will use my sulphur dandruff remedy I think the white scales will finally go away. This sulphur remedy that I speak of is made by taking one tablespoonful of sulphur and pouring over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an air-tight vessel for twenty-four hours, then strain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears.

Anxious New Subscriber.—If you have a swelling under each eye, I suggest that you visit a doctor. Either you need glasses or something is wrong with your stomach or eliminative organs.

Mrs. M. S. B.—You should get a five-cent bar, and as to the kind of soap, go to your grocery store and invest in some well-known white soap that is used for the toilet as well as in the kitchen.

Brown Eyes, Violet, Julia, Fanny and others.—Yes, you do measure too much around the bosom. Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to bandage bust snugly with thin rubber and keep it bandaged thus by day and night until bosom grows to a beautiful shape? Every morning upon arising and every evening upon going to bed, remove bandage for a few minutes and rub flesh off briskly with a cotton rag saturated with alcohol.

Violet, Julia, Salile, Gladys and others.—Stand erect, then throw arms above head and bend over from the waist until the fingertips touch the ground. Do not bend the knees. This exercise, if practiced for five minutes, morning, noon and night, will rapidly reduce your hips and waist.

Fannie, Mrs. H. K. W.—You weigh forty pounds too much. The lemon bath has been pronounced extremely efficacious in reducing the weight. The recipe is as follows: Slice five lemons into a gallon of water and let it stand for three or four hours; then draw the warm water into the bath tub and add the gallon of lemon water. This is said to produce a beautiful complexion as well as to reduce superfluous flesh. Do not take it too sour. In addition, you should take proper physical exercise and exclude fattening foods from your diet. If the flesh has accumulated in one particular locality, such as the hips or waist, I advise getting a good book on physical culture from a library and choosing the exercises which are designed to benefit that portion of the body.

Mrs. H. K. W., Fatty, Mortified, Miss Jane, Sunflower, Texas Girl and others.—Try the following diet for the reduction of unwanted flesh:

Breakfast

Fruit, oranges, grapefruit, plums, pears and peaches. Eggs. Medium or soft boiled, poached, scrambled, or made into a plain omelette. Beverages. Cereal coffee, weak coffee or tea. Breads. Dry toast, zwieback.

Lunch

Soups. Clear broths, consommé (hot or cold). Meats. Lamb chops, broiled fish. Vegetables. Spinach, fresh tomatoes, green corn, green beans and celery. Dessert. Fruit.

Dinner

Soups. Clear broths and consommés. Meats. Well-cooked beefsteak, chops, roast or broiled chicken, roast beef, broiled fish. Vegetables. Same as lunch list. Dessert. Simple custards, water ices, fruits. Lemonade between meals is very good, especially if taken unsweetened. Butter should not be taken at all, and when cereal, coffee or tea is taken at breakfast, sugar should be omitted if possible. It must be remembered that this diet is of absolutely no benefit unless plenty of exercise in the open air accompanies it.

Mrs. F. C.—Yes, the Bloom Salt Lotion only reduces the parts it is applied to. I suggest that you bandage excessively large parts in thin rubber, keeping this odd compress on by night as well as by day. This will cause flesh to perspire and we all know that perspiration breaks down the fatty tissue. Refer your friend to my reply to Violet.

A Big Little Girl.—You weigh about fifteen pounds too much. Please read through this column and you will find several ways of reducing unwanted flesh, as Comfort readers seemed to concentrate on this subject this month. At your age you should wear your skirts an inch above shoe tops. As to your hair you should wear it down your back until you are over sixteen. It is not good form for little girls to wear their hair up. It simply makes them look silly as if they were trying to imitate their elders. Be a sensible little girl and dress to your age. You will

have many years in which to wear long skirts and your pretty tresses piled up on your head. Write in again.

H. P. X. and J. T. Z.—You should weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds if you are five feet, two and one half inches tall. Your circulation is sluggish else your hands would be warm. Consult a doctor.

Ruby M.—You should apply the bleach at night and keep it on until morning. Four applications should suffice.

Dollie D.—Press the blunt end of a lead pencil into cheeks for fifteen minutes at a time, thrice each day, and in a few weeks you will be the owner of a bewitching dimple.

Girl of New Castle.—It is really quite dangerous for one to meddle with moles, as if disturbed, they sometimes leave cancerous growths. You wouldn't like that, would you? If they are many in number and quite disfiguring, then go to your doctor and ask him to remove them. He will perform this task in a skillful manner if the moles are not of the malignant kind. If they are, he will detect them and leave well enough alone. In either case, you will be safe-guarded.

Displeased Etta.—I did not know one could have flabby elbows. What do you mean, honey? Are they too fat or are they thin and wrinkled? I can hardly advise you until you explain your question.

Obliging Comfort Reader.—When the eyes are dull and expressionless, it behooves one to wash them out four or five times daily with a four per cent. solution of boric acid. Use an eyecup for this purpose. They only cost ten cents and are sold by most druggists. There is nothing you can do for your broad nose or wide hands but you can bleach your hands if you wish. All you need do is to scrub them thoroughly at night with a nail-brush dripping with hot, sudsy water, then rinse them thoroughly and dry them. After this coat hands thickly with the following cream, draw on a pair of rubber gloves—you can get these household gloves at the drug-store—and lie off to bed. Repeat treatment every night until hands become white and soft.

Hand Cream

Cocoa butter, one ounce; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; oxide of zinc, one dram; borax, one dram; oil of bergamot, six drops.

Heat the cocoa-butter and oil of almonds in a porcelain dish and set in boiling water. When thoroughly blended add the zinc and borax; stir as it cools, and add the bergamot last. Yes, a wart is quite a disfigurement but do not worry over this defect. It can be banished. Dip the point of a toothpick into vinegar or lemon juice then press it down into center of wart. Do this several times and the wart will eventually shrivel up and fall off.

A Comfort Lover.—Almond oil is not likely to promote a growth of superfluous hair as it is a vegetable product. Almond oil should not be allowed to get into the eyes, as it will cause a slight inflammation if it touches the orbit. Only anoint outer edges of eyelid rims with this oil and warm it before applying. No, there is no other name for the tar. Ask your druggist to order it for you from away.

Irish Lassie.—Your fingers will, I think, cease to be stiff if you will rub them with warm olive oil for ten minutes, night and morning, paying especial attention to the joints.

A Subscriber.—A good way of banishing a troublesome corn is to hold until you are the strong, outer skin of an onion and apply it warm to the toe, binding it on with a linen bandage. If fresh applications are put on night and morning for several days, the corn will detach itself.

Amy S.—So you have a jolly red nose. Poor child, I do pity you, but do not be discouraged as it is not such a very difficult task to bleach a red nose. Following is the formula for a most effective nose whitener:

Nose Bleach

Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces.

Shake bottle before using and mop lotion on nose night and morning. Of course you must be careful not to eat rich or acid foods, if you want your nose to stay white after it has been bleached. See reply to Judith.

Blue Eyes, Pet and others.—When one wishes to darken the lashes, all that it is necessary to do is to dampen them daily with strong sage tea. A thick coat is a beauty mark I grant you. Here is a preparation that will turn the yellow film in a most satisfactory manner. Keep this bleach on all night.

Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, two drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs. Enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a satin whiteness. Remember this is not a neck bleach and does not get off of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children. Pale lips will best a splendid color if one will make it a habit to massage them daily with cow's cream, completing this beauty task by preening a small chunk of ice against the lips. The cold shock will bring the blood to the lips in a trice and there it will stay for several hours. If by large nostrils you mean nostrils that flare, it will be necessary to wear a nose clamp at night—a light instrument that presses the nostrils together. Some women wear chlotheaps but it seems to me they would be very uncomfortable.

Judith.—If you wish a downless skin, then my advice is to moisten hairy growth several times daily with a solution of Hydrogen peroxide and continue treatment for a number of months and the hair roots will eventually die. Peroxide of Hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and causes the roots to decay.

Blue Eyes.—Well, to begin with I would make myself just as pretty as I could. I would wash my eyes out four or five times daily with a four per cent. solution of boric acid, so they would shine and sparkle. I would wash my hair very often so it would be fluffy and glint prettily. If you have a very night on kid curlers and dress it carefully in the morning, taking care not to draw it off the forehead. I would scent it several times a week. My face I would bleach and massage until the skin was a joy to see and the lips I would massage with cream and ice to make them plump. If the tendons say that I would bleach my teeth with the following whiteners:

Soda Mouth Lotion

A delightful tooth bleach and one which possesses antiseptic qualities, is made by adding a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and three drops of oil of cinnamon to a cup half full of warm water.

Rinse the mouth out twice daily with this fragrant lotion and you will have white teeth, a fragrant breath, and a clean mouth. This is not all. I would stand up straight with my chest thrown out and my shoulders back. My garments should always be fresh and clean and a good fit. So much for one's personal appearance. Other things I would do would be to always be sweet and jolly, doing nice things for other people and saying nice things of them. I would be good friends with the girls and boys. In a word, make myself as popular—without being either silly or forward—as a girl well could be. If all this does not make me a regret he stopped being your friend, nothing will.

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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

They had fixed the date before they started to return to the castle. There was to be only a month between now and the realization of Philip's life dream.

"Every day of which I shall count, dearest!" he said, in a low voice, a voice that would have thrilled her if she had loved him only a little. "Those days and nights will pass with laggard wings, for me, Marie! A month! How shall I live through it?"

Lady Merston was still in the drawing-room when they entered, and she read Marie's answer in Philip's face. She rose and met the girl, and put her arm round her and kissed her.

"I see Philip has had his way, dearest," she whispered; then she laughed, and raised her brows as Philip exclaimed:

"A month!"

"So soon! Why, we shall scarcely have time to get the trousseau! Have you any idea, sir, what an important business it is? We shall want every day, every hour; shall we not, Marie?"

Philip laughed.

"I'd undertake to get all you want in Bond Street in a couple of days," he said, joyously.

"What audacity!" exclaimed Lady Merston.

"Why, you would not get your own clothes in that time—and think of Marie's."

He shook his head.

"Too stupendous a task. I refuse," he said. "I dare not think of it. As to my clothes, I'd marry her in—my Norfolk jacket."

Lady Merston laughed. "I dare say you would; but you will not be permitted to marry her in anything but the conventional attire."

She left them alone after tea; but Philip, though his heart was throbbing with rapture, did not offer any further caress; for Marie sat with her hands in her lap, her eyes fixed dreamily on the distant hills, and he felt that she was far away from him. But in a month!

When he had gone she stood and watched him—did she really see him? Then, with a long breath, she pushed the hair from her forehead and turned away with downcast eyes and pale face.

The news of the approaching wedding spread quickly, and the first volley of presents was shot into the castle next day. Lady Merston plunged into the business of the trousseau with a gentle eagerness and enthusiasm; and she made Marie come up to London to hurry Bond Street and the modistes.

All the families round Ravensford were full of the wedding, and Marie's friends in London developed an interest which was extremely gratifying, but in which, strangely enough, Marie herself did not participate. Indeed, as Lady Merston once musily and anxiously remarked, if the coming important ceremony had been that in which a friend, rather than Marie herself, was going to play the principal part, Marie could not have been less excited and absorbed.

To herself, at this period of her existence, Marie was somewhat of an enigma; and she asked herself in vain why she could take no interest in this great event of her life; why she felt as if she were a shadow moving in a world of shadows; as if she were an automaton without brain or without heart. Very often she let Lady Merston go shopping alone; and once or twice he had absolutely refused to be interviewed, measured, "tried on" by one of the numerous dressmakers, modistes, and milliners who were hard at work on the trousseau. But she shunned the solitude which only recently had been so grateful to her, and accepted the many invitations which her London friends pressed on her; and at dinners, dances, concerts, or at homes, she was sometimes gay, feverishly so; and at others silent and distraught. But always there was an absent, preoccupied expression in the beautiful eyes, a faint curve in the lips about which so many men had tried.

One night that strange feeling that she was a shadow moving among shadows possessed her very fully. She had been out to dinner with Lady Barrarford, the lady who had chaperoned her on her visit as a debutante, and was returning alone to Maurice's, the hotel which royalty and persons of such rank as Lady Merston and Lady Marie favored.

It was the beginning of autumn, and the night was fine and clear; the streets were crowded with outpourings of the theaters, and the electric light lit up a scene which only the great capitals can provide.

As she leaned back on the satin cushions, Marie looked out of the window at the throngs on the pavement with an absent-minded gaze. She was wondering at their light-heartedness; or the crowd was all alive, and laughter and talk joined with the rattle of the vehicles and the "Move on, please!" of the policemen.

Presently the carriage got into the thick of the road traffic, and slowed up to a standstill. Marie bent forward to see the cause, and, with her chin resting on her gloved hand, surveyed the rowd as one surveys a panorama or procession familiar yet still interesting.

The carriage window was open, for the night was warm, and her arm, glittering with the diamonds on her bracelet, was close to it. Suddenly, so suddenly and smoothly that she had not time to be alarmed, a man darted from out of the ranks of the pavement and made a grab at the bracelet. Marie felt his fingers grasp it, felt it tighten on her arm; then, as suddenly as the thief had made his venture, a man sprang beside him and dealt him a blow which sent the wretch spinning.

Marie had shrunk back, but the rescuer of the bracelet was, necessarily, quite close to the carriage; the electric light was falling full upon his face, and she saw that it was the face of a gentleman, and a handsome one too. His eyes—they were as dark as her own—had met hers or an instant, even as the blow was struck, and something, as swift and as electric as the light blasing above them, had shot from his eyes to hers. What was it? What was the strange sensation which that glance, the face itself, had aroused in her?

Before she could fully realize the significance of the incident, the threatened loss of her bracelet, and the terrific blow, the carriage had moved on. The coachman, taking advantage of a small space in the traffic, whipped up the horses, and Marie was borne away from the spot.

She looked from the window; the thief was not to be seen, but the gentleman who had balked him was still standing on the road, looking after the carriage. He was tall and of a commanding figure, and he wore a soft felt hat and a well-worn shooting suit. Something strangely and vaguely familiar in his figure, the face, the very attitude, smote on Marie, and she sank back on the cushions with a puzzled frown. As she examined her bracelet, it occurred to her that this was the second time a thief had been balked in his attempt to rob her.

In an instant she recalled Larry's figure with the gypsy on the terrace, his rescue of her diamond clasp. And the gentleman who had come to her assistance so dramatically now—why—why, he was not unlike Larry! The eyes—the set, determined mouth—the ease and grace of the figure.

She strove against the impression, the idea. It was too absurd! Larry, who had been missing for years, to turn up at the psychological moment like the hero in a novel! Yes; it was only in fiction that such coincidences occurred; they were part of the novelist's stock in trade.

She put her hand to her brow with the old, rich gesture, and laughed at the foolish, far-fetched fancy; but, impossible as it was, it wrought a change in her mind; it seemed to waken her from the state of coma, from the inert condition of mind and soul in which she had been living.

She was pale, almost white, when she entered Lady Merston's room, and was greeted with a loving word or two.

"Did you enjoy the evening, dearest?" Lady Merston asked. "I was so tired that I was tempted to go to bed; but I kept awake for you, dear."

"Yes; I enjoyed it very much," said Marie, returning the elder woman's kiss. "You are doing too much. It makes me—unhappy. Have we not nearly finished?" she added, moving restlessly about the room. "I, too, am tired—very tired. I had no idea getting married was so much trouble. Can we not go home?"

"You want to go home, dear?"

"Yes," said Marie, in her direct way. "London is hateful at this time of the year, and I begin to loathe the sight of white satin and lace. Let us go home."

They returned to the castle two days later; but there was little relief from "white satin and lace" to be found there; for the inevitable preparations had begun, and no one seemed capable of thinking of anything but the wedding.

Philip, who met them at the station, had his prospective happiness shining in his eyes as he murmured:

"Ten days more, only ten days, Marie."

She smiled at him, and in his obsession he did not notice the haggard, haunted expression in her eyes; or if he did, ascribed it to the weariness caused by the journey.

He dined at the castle that night, and after dinner he was led by Lady Merston to the room where the wedding presents, taken from their wraps and boxes, were laid out. To him every article, costly or simple, was of interest, and he examined and admired each with enthusiasm. His own priceless gift of pearls he was reserving until the night before the wedding, but he had taken them out at the Hall more than once and feasted his eyes—not on them, but the mental vision of the white neck, the beautifully moulded arms, on which they would gleam.

"How many gifts are there?" he asked, with a pensive smile, as he looked down the table upon which the other presents were spread. "No one seems to have forgotten you, dearest. Here is a book from Reuben—good fellow, Reuben—and some china ornaments from the school children—they must have a holiday on the day, Marie, and a tea when we come home. When we come home! That's a magnificent necklace of diamonds from the Bradshaws; and the Glennys' bracelet is really beautiful. In fact, they are all splendid; and my beautiful angel is worthy of them!"

And Marie looked at the goodly array of rare and costly gifts with a smile that masked her indifference, her distaste for them. Truly, the victim would be richly adorned for the sacrifice!

The last days fled so swiftly for her, though they lagged for Philip, that she caught her breath, so to speak. Her face grew paler, her once light step heavy and dragging. Her voice, when she spoke—and for the most part she was silent—was low and toneless.

On the last day but two she wandered down to the village to escape the incessant din and fuss of preparation; for everyone but herself in the vast place seemed to be frantically busy. Even Lady Merston could scarcely find time to pet and caress her. She wandered down the side path up which the Snapper had crawled, and paused beside the mill. Reuben, white with flour, was standing above the wheel, and he raised his soft hat and smiled down at her; then, as she stood as if she wanted to speak to him, he came down to her.

"Good afternoon, my lady," he said; and, as he spoke, the smile faded from his face, for he noticed her pallor, and that she had grown much thinner—so thin that she reminded him of the slip of a girl who used to come up to the mill calling imperiously: "Larry, Larry! I want you."

"I hope you're well, my lady," he said, in a tone that made Marie look up at him with an uneasy glance.

"Well? Oh, yes. Why, Reuben?"

He was a straightforward man, and he said in his simple, direct fashion:

"I thought you weren't looking well, my lady; a little pale and thin."

Marie made a gesture of indifference.

"Oh, I'm quite well. I want to thank you for your present, Reuben. How did you know that Browning was my favorite author? And how did you manage to get so pretty an edition?"

"I didn't know, my lady," he replied. "But I thought you might like it. Larry was fond of Browning. He'd sit by the hour together, young as he was, and read some of the poems. It's true he was fonder of the dramatic lyrics than any others; because he could fully understand them, I suppose."

"You haven't heard from Larry?" said Marie.

Reuben shook his head.

"No, my lady."

"You don't think he's in England—London?" she asked, turning her face away from his calm, grave eyes.

"In England—London? No, my lady, or he would have been here."

"Of course," she said quickly, and with some embarrassment. "He would come here—to his home—first of all."

"Yes, my lady; he would," said Reuben. "Will your ladyship come in and rest? You look rather tired."

She had often run into the mill cottage when she was a girl, and had seated herself in this same easy-chair with the grace of a young empress.

"Thank you," she said. "Yes, I think I am rather tired. I am always tired now."

He stood aside for her, and she entered the cottage and seated herself in the old chair, even leaning back as she had been wont to do; and her lack-luster eyes wandered round the tiny room.

"You have some pretty pictures, Reuben," she remarked listlessly.

"Yes, my lady," he said. "Larry was fond of pictures; and he had good taste, and always picked out the best of those in the Christmas numbers. I've got a portrait of him I'm going to hang up there." He indicated a vacant space over the mantelpiece. "I've just had it framed. It came home last night."

He went to a corner and took up the framed picture and showed it to her. It was a cabinet, taken by a local photographer; but it was like Larry.

It seemed, to Marie, to be also like the man who had emerged from the crowd and saved her bracelet; and she looked at it thoughtfully, with her brows knit.

"Yes; it's like him," she said at last, in a low voice. "I suppose you would know him if you saw him—if he walked in by that door, Reuben?"

Reuben smiled.

"Oh, yes, my lady. Why not?"

"That is because you are so fond of him," said Marie. "It is a long time since you saw him."

"It is, my lady; but I should know him if it were fifty years."

"I wonder if I should?" she murmured, in a low voice.

"Why, no, my lady; but, you see, you were not fond of him. He was not all the world to you."

Marie laughed as she rose.

"No; I suppose I should not," she said. "Thank you for letting me rest, Reuben. It was like old times, when I was just a little girl. What a pity it is that one can't always remain a child in short frocks and long stockings—that's how I picture myself sitting here. My legs were too short to reach the ground; and I used to think that you were the biggest man in the world. Ah, it's a pity."

"I hope your ladyship will often sit here," said Reuben; "and in that chair. It was a favorite one of Larry's, and many a time he's fallen asleep over his book, curled up like—well, like a boy."

Marie paused on the threshold and looked absently at the chair.

"Has he? Well, I hope he may soon come back to sit in it, Reuben," she said, with a smile which her people loved to see on her face; but there was a touch of wistful sadness in it that appealed to Reuben, and made him hold longer than was his wont the white hand she held out to him. The hand was unglowed, and he noticed how thin it was; and long after she had gone he stood in the doorway, his grave face graver and even more thoughtful than usual.

Marie walked slowly back to the castle, and her maid dressed her for dinner.

Philip was dining with them that night. She heard his step, with its irregular note, in the hall, and suppressed a shudder.

He had intended to keep his wedding present until the night before the marriage; but he had found his resolve not strong enough, and had brought the case of pearls under his arm. But he hid it behind a bookshelf until after dinner. Then, half shyly, half joyously, he produced it, and, with a blush like that of a girl, opened the case and placed it in Marie's hand.

Lady Merston uttered an exclamation of wonder and delighted admiration as she looked at them; but Marie was silent, and stood almost impassive, her eyes veiled by the dark lashes.

"Oh, Philip, they are magnificent!" exclaimed Lady Merston. "They must be unique! I have never seen so perfect, so perfect a match! They might have come from one shell! Look, Marie, at the drop! So large, so—so tremendous! Philip, my dear Philip, you must have ransacked Europe to get them!"

"Not quite that, dear Lady Merston," he said, with a smile. "I'm glad you like them."

"Like them!" she retorted, as if in despair of admiration. "Are they not beautiful, Marie?"

"They are very beautiful," said Lady Marie.

"Thank you very much, Philip."

"Put them on, dear!" said Lady Merston.

"Philip, help her with the necklace!"

Philip took up the necklace, and lightly, yet tenderly, clasped it round her neck. As he did so his hand shook and he trembled; for the contact with her white, warm flesh thrilled him like an electric shock; but Marie drew back, and thrust her fingers between the gems and her white neck.

"It is rather tight," she said, in a choking voice. "No, no! It was only my fancy. It fits very well; and I am more than grateful. Thank you, Philip!"

He had drawn back, and was gazing at her with all his love and passion in his eyes.

"I am glad you like them," he said. "No, no; don't take them off—"

"It is unlucky to wear one's wedding gifts before the marriage," she said, and she fumbled at the clasp.

"Let me, dearest," he murmured; and once more his fingers touched her white neck.

She drew back again, almost unconsciously; then stood quite still; so still that she seemed to scarcely breathe.

Philip had brought his violin—he had been charged never to come without it—and Lady Merston asked him to play. He complied at once, and the soft, sweet notes of a concerto filled the room. Tonight there was something stirring in her that made the exquisite music a burden, a torture to Marie, and, unseen by Philip, she paced up and down the terrace. The air had a touch of the cold of autumn in it, but Marie welcomed it. Her head was heavy and hot, her spirit restless and rebellious, and her conscience full of remorse. He was so good, so kind, so much in love with her—why could she not love him? It was not as if her heart were given elsewhere. There was no one she liked better than Philip. Oh, it was wicked; wicked to be so cold, so unresponsive!

She paced to and fro, sometimes looking at the sea, at others glancing along the long and noble front of the castle.

How she loved it! It was for it she was going—

Philip came out to her.

"I must not keep you up, dearest," he said, tenderly; and he ventured to draw her to him and kiss her; ventured, because she stood like a wreath in the faint light, so still as to seem part of the inanimate things about her.

She suffered him to kiss her; and as he held her by both hands and gazed at her as if loath to part from her, she looked at him steadily, her lips parted as if she would speak; then she checked the utterance and let him go.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY MARIE'S FLIGHT.

Marie went straight to her room, dismissed her maid, and paced up and down, as restlessly as she had passed on the terrace. A fever was in her blood; the fever of revolt. The whole of the world seemed to be closing in upon her. She flung herself on the bed and tried to sleep, and after a while she slept; but suddenly she woke with a cry of agony, as if she were stifling.

She had dreamed that she was caught in a huge net that a strand of it had got round her throat and was choking her.

She awoke to the full horror of the act she was about to perform, the sacrifice, the sale of herself, her very soul; and the terror compelled her to action.

Escape! She must escape! She must tell Philip that it was impossible. Ah, how would she do that? How face the anguish, the misery, the blow would cause him? She would go away—to London—and write from there. London! To meet her friends? To be tortured by inquiries? To cause a scandal? No, no, London.

Suddenly she thought of the lonely house overlooking the beautiful Normandy valley. No, no, no! It was hers—her very own, free from all hateful conditions—she would go there, for a time, at any rate; for a space in which she could, so to speak, catch her breath and come to a decision.

She was so greatly impressed by the idea that almost on the moment of its occurrence to her she began to dress, choosing an inconspicuous traveling costume—not the one in which she had intended starting on her honeymoon, to be sure! Then suddenly she remembered that she could not go alone. Fortunately, Meadows, her maid, was devoted to her, and absolutely trustworthy. Should she take her?

She was pondering the question, when there came a knock at the door, and, opening it, she saw the girl standing there in her dressing gown.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," she said; "but I heard someone moving."

"It was I, Meadows," said Marie, as calmly as she could. "I am going on a journey—unexpectedly; and I was wondering whether I should take you."

"Oh, my lady, I hope so!" the girl broke in eagerly and anxiously; for Marie's face was white, and there were black rims round her dark eyes. "Is—Is anything the matter, my lady? I mean, forgive me!"

"Yes, Meadows, there is something the matter," said Marie very quietly. "I am leaving the castle, and I do not wish anyone to know. I am going to Normandy. Would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, yes, my lady; very, very much," replied Meadows. "I should be heartbroken if you left me; but you wouldn't, Lady Marie, would you? I have been so long with your ladyship! I've never been away from you except for a day or two. You wouldn't leave me behind, my lady?"

"Very well," said Marie. "Pack a couple of small bags, such as we ourselves can carry. You understand? There are plenty of clothes at home. We can walk to the station."

"No, my lady, you must not walk so far. I can harness the pony, and we can leave it at the station."

"That is thoughtful of you, Meadows," said Marie. "Be quick; there is not much time."

With a suppressed excitement the girl packed

Marie's dressing bag, putting some of the necessary things into her own larger one. Then she stole down-stairs and into the stableyard. It was still quite early, and the well-fed groom and stable boys were all soundly asleep in their quarters behind the stables. Meadows harnessed the pony and led it slowly and carefully round to a small gate in the drive, fastened it to a ring, and returned to the castle for her mistress. Marie was at her writing table, a sheet of paper before her, her head resting on her hand. What to write to him, and how to break the news of her flight—desertion! Yes, "desertion" was the word. Her face grew hot, but her heart was cold and set upon escape.

"All is ready, my lady," said Meadows.

She also was hot with excitement, for, though she could not know the cause which had impelled this sudden flight almost on the eve of the marriage, she had seen for a long time past that her beloved mistress was not at ease and unhappy—it was not the first time she had heard Lady Marie pacing her room until the early hours of the morning.

"A moment," said Marie; then she caught up the pen in desperation and wrote:

"DEAR PHILIP: I cannot marry you just yet—

if ever. I am too ashamed, too much of a coward to face you with the news. I am going away—to think, to decide. Please do not follow me. I will not ask you to forgive me, for I know you will not ask me as I know that I do not deserve your forgiveness, do not deserve another thought of yours."

MARIE.

To Lady Merston she wrote:

"DEAREST: The letter I have written to Philip will explain. You are a woman and will understand—and you love me. I am half-distracted with shame and remorse. But I must go. To remain would mean madness."

MARIE.

"I am ready," she said, as she placed the letters side by side on her dressing table.

Shame? Yes; for she felt like a criminal escaping from justice as she stole down the stairs and out by a door behind the hall. The fresh, cool air swept across her face as she stepped out into the small garden, and she paused to look back at the vast place, which seemed to frown rebukingly at her. She, Lady Marie, the mistress of Ravens Castle, to be stealing from it like a thief, a criminal!

They reached the pony carriage unseen, and Meadows helped her mistress in and drove off. Not a word was spoken during the long drive, but every now and then Meadows cast a glance of loving pity and sympathy at Lady Marie's white face. At the station a night porter was on duty, and he was too full of awe for the mistress of Ravens Castle to be struck by the fact that she was going by so early a train, and with such an absence of state. The movements of such a high personage as Lady Marie were mysteries to him, and accepted as such.

He reverently put them into a first-class compartment, and the moment the train had started Meadows got Marie into a corner, wrapped a rug round her, and timidly implored her to try and sleep.

"It's such a long journey, my lady!" she said. And, to please her, Lady Marie leaned back and closed her eyes.

Lady Merston had a headache that morning, and, after a cup of tea, fell asleep again; so that she did not come down till quite late.

Marie was not in the house, apparently; but Lady Merston concluded that, as usual, she was wandering about the grounds or the seashore, and did not inquire for her until the luncheon gong sounded.

"I have not seen her ladyship all the morning, my lady," said Meadows. "Shall I send in search of her ladyship?"

"No; no matter," said Lady Merston, "she will be in directly, I dare say."

But after lunch she grew not anxious—for what cause for anxiety could there be?—but just desirous of seeing her. There were one or two important matters, of course connected with the wedding, on which she wished to consult Marie, and she slowly—her head still ached—went upstairs to Marie's room.

She saw the notes at once, and, surprised but not apprehensive, took them up and opened them.

Philip, who had just entered the hall, heard her cry, and he stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked up with surprise and alarm.

She came down to him, her face white, her eyes full of terror; but she checked the question which sprang to his lips, and, grasping his arm, drew him into the library, even closed the door before she thrust into his hand the letter addressed to him.

He opened and read it, then he staggered back, as if under a physical blow. No sound escaped him, but the agony in his face, the look in his eyes, wrung a cry from her.

"Oh, Philip; my poor Philip!"

"Hush!" he gasped, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Hush! No—one must hear, know—"

"Oh, it is cruel; wicked!" wailed Lady Merston.

"No!" he said, almost sternly. "She is neither cruel nor wicked. I—I understand—God help me!"

"What—what shall we do? What will you do? Oh, Philip, my heart aches for you. Yes; it is cruel, wicked. My Marie!"

"My Marie!" he echoed, in a tone that haunted her for years afterward. "Wait, do not speak. Let me think."

He sank on to a chair, and clasped his head with his hands. Then he rose and looked round, as a man looks when his sight has suddenly failed him.

"The—the Bradshaw, the Continental Bradshaw."

Lady Merston found the railroad guide, and gave it to him.

"You—you think she has gone—Where?"

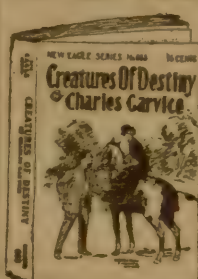
"To Normandy," he said dully, as his hand, shaking like hers, turned the pages.

"And—and you will follow her?"

"Yes; I shall follow her," he said, as if he were speaking in a dream.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Weight Limit

The weight limit is eleven pounds for any one package. This means that the entire package properly done up for mailing with its case or wrapper, twine and tag or label all on must not weigh more than eleven pounds. Any package that weighs ever so little more than eleven pounds is not mailable and will not go.

Of course you may mail as many packages as you like at a time, and may vary their weights to suit your own convenience; only take care that no one package is heavy enough to tip the scales at eleven pounds.

Size Limit

The law says, "not greater in size than seventy-two inches (6 feet) in length and girth combined." The precise meaning of this may not appear clearly at first reading, but really there is no uncertainty for it can have but one meaning, and when explained and rightly understood is reasonably simple of application.

You are allowed a total of 72 inches for combined length and girth of the package. Length scarcely needs to be defined as the straight-line distance from one end to the opposite end. The girth is the distance around the sides.

To illustrate, apply these measurements to a log. The length is the distance between the two ends of the log; the girth is the measurement around the log, in other words, the circumference.

Now let us apply these two dimensions to an imaginary log so as to bring it within the Parcel Post size limit. Observe the following rules carefully:

Girth

If the log is the same size its entire length it will make no difference where we measure the girth; but if it tapers or bulges anywhere we must measure the girth around the large end or around the bulge or wherever the log is the largest round. In other words the girth is the measurement around the thickest part.

Length

Suppose our log measures 36 inches around it. The girth has taken up half our total allowance of 72 inches for "length and girth combined" and we have 36 inches left for length; so we must cut this particular log to 36 inches in length if it is to go by Parcel Post.

Length and Girth Combined

If the log measures four feet (48 inches) in length we must cut it to two feet (24 inches) in length. The same rules for measuring and combining length and girth apply to square-cornered, flat and irregularly shaped articles and packages.

Suppose we are to make a square-cornered box two feet long; then we shall have 48 inches left for girth and we can make it a foot wide and a foot high, for it will take just the 48 inches to go around the top, bottom and two sides, which taken together constitute the girth of a box of that shape and size. Or with a box two feet long we may make the top and bottom 18 inches wide and the sides six inches high,—all outside measurements.

You can make your package longer or shorter, wider or narrower, thicker or thinner, any size or shape you like, provided the length and girth added together do not exceed 72 inches. You must not exceed this limit, but you may make it as much smaller as you wish.

The limit of 72 inches for combined length and girth does not allow a very large package, and it becomes an interesting problem how to divide this 72 inches between length and girth so as to construct a package of such dimensions as to afford the largest possible holding capacity or cubical contents. Shape makes quite a difference: a six-sided package holds more than one with four sides, eight-sided still more, and a cylindrical shape the most of all, I believe.

For a square-cornered package I figure that two feet length by four feet girth, with the top, bottom and sides each a foot wide, will hold the most,—just two cubic feet.

I think a cylinder two feet long and four feet in circumference would hold still more, and probably the largest contents attainable. Can any of our readers figure out a better result?

Soon the box factories will be making special containers for all manner of goods, including farm products, to be shipped by Parcel Post.

Sender's Return Card

Besides the name and address of the party to whom it is sent the package must bear the "return card of the sender; otherwise it will not be accepted for mailing." This means that the sender's name, with the word "from" before it, and his address must be plainly written or

printed on the outside of the package or on a sticker, label or tag securely attached thereto.

Special Postage Stamps For Parcel Post

You cannot use ordinary postage stamps on Parcel Post packages. The government has got up a complete series of Parcel Post postage stamps quite different in appearance from the ordinary postage stamps.

You must use Parcel Post stamps on Parcel Post packages,—on all fourth-class mail matter.

If you put ordinary postage stamps on a Parcel Post package it will not go, but will be stopped at the post-office and treated as "Held for postage." This means that a notice will be sent to the sender, if known, otherwise to the person to whom the package is addressed, to send the proper postage; and if the postage is not paid within two weeks the package will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Parcel Post stamps cannot be used on first, second or third-class mail matter.

Don't put them on letters, post-cards, newspapers, magazines, printed books or circulars. If you do they will not go, but will be "held for postage."

Remember

There are now two kinds of postage stamps: The Parcel Post stamps which must be used on all fourth-class mail matter, and on that only; and the ordinary postage stamps which must be used for all other classes of mail matter, but never for fourth-class matter.

By using the wrong kind of stamps you will bother the postmaster, make trouble for yourself, and have to pay the postage a second time.

Postage Must Be Fully Prepaid

with Parcel Post stamps on all Parcel Post packages.

Printed Matter and Writing

Parcel Post packages should not contain any writing. Writing enclosed in a package weighing four pounds or less will make it cost you two cents an ounce postage on the entire weight. A

package weighing over four pounds which contains any writing is not mailable at all.

Printed matter may be enclosed in a package weighing four ounces or less without affecting the rate of postage thereon. Printed matter enclosed subjects a package weighing more than four ounces and not over four pounds to third-class postage rate of one cent for each two ounces for all distances within the first five zones. A package of over four pounds weight containing printed matter and other merchandise is not mailable for delivery within the first five zones. Printed matter may be enclosed in a package of any weight (up to eleven pounds) for delivery in the sixth, seventh or eighth zones, where the fourth-class rate exceeds the third-class rate. (Books and printed matter belong to the third-class.)

A strict interpretation of the law leads to these conclusions as to printed matter, but I presume that the Postmaster General, if the subject was brought to his attention, would so far amend the regulations as to admit the ordinary descriptive labels and directions on manufactured goods and proprietary articles.

Writing and Print on the Wrapper

Besides the address and the "return card of the sender," which are required, you are allowed to write or print on the outside of the package, or on a tag or label attached to it, the occupation of the sender, and to indicate in a small space by means of marks, letters, numbers, names or other brief description, the character of the parcel, but ample space must be left on the address side for the full address in legible characters and for necessary postage stamps. Inscriptions such as "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "With best wishes," and the like, may be placed on the covering of the parcel in such manner as not to interfere with the address.

Package Must Not Be Sealed

"Parcels must be prepared for mailing in such manner that the contents can be easily ex-

amined" by the postmaster to see that they conform to the law.

If sealed it will cost you two cents an ounce postage up to four pounds weight, and if it weighs over four pounds it will be unmailable.

But Few Things Unmailable

Articles designed for immoral purposes and such as are detrimental to health or public safety cannot be mailed.

Among the articles and substances absolutely excluded are intoxicating liquors; poisons (except medicinal preparations shipped by the manufacturer or dealer to licensed physicians, surgeons, druggists and dentists); poisonous animals, insects and reptiles; explosives; inflammable materials, including matches, kerosene oil, naphtha, benzine, turpentine, denatured alcohol, etc.; disease germs and scabs (except when sent for scientific purposes in accordance with instructions of the U. S. Bureau of Public Health); pistols and revolvers, entire or in detached parts; other articles and substances of whatever kind which may kill or injure a person, or damage the mail or other property; raw hides, pelts, guano, and any article having a bad odor.

The necessity of absolutely excluding articles of the above mentioned classes is obvious.

There are many other kinds of articles and substances which are objectionable only because of their fragile or perishable nature, or liquid or greasy consistency.

All such may be sent by Parcel Post if properly packed in accordance with the regulations and instructions prescribed by the Postmaster General for that purpose.

How to Pack Farm Produce

For instance: "Live or dead (and not stuffed) animals, birds or poultry" are not mailable "except as prescribed in Sections 29 and 34" of the regulations.

"Sec. 29. Queen bees, live insects, and dried reptiles may be mailed in accordance with the instructions of the Department of Agriculture

regularly read COMFORT, so that they may know how to send their products to market by Parcel Post.

The Parcel Post facilities and low rates on the R. F. D. and star routes are especially favorable to the farmers and should prove a great convenience and saving of time and money to them in marketing their products and also in obtaining their supplies from the local stores.

Will Lower the Cost of Living

It is confidently expected, as expressed in Congress and elsewhere when the subject has been under discussion, that the Parcel Post will do much toward bringing producer and consumer into direct trade relations to the advantage of both, and especially by enabling the farmers to establish a mail-order trade, mailing their products direct to consumers, eliminating excessive freight and express charges on small shipments and cutting out the superfluous middle-men whose expenses and profits double the price of produce, thus to materially lower the cost of living to the entire community while increasing the legitimate profits of the farmers, manufacturers and other producers.

The regulations and instructions which the Postmaster General has established for the use of the Parcel Post, comprised in a 32-page pamphlet, are sensible and liberal, in entire harmony with the progressive spirit of the law, and in practical operation will further its beneficent purpose. I congratulate him and the people on the result of his arduous task. The Parcel Post law has some serious imperfections, but he is not to blame for them; he has done his best to make the law effective and the system useful.

Manufactured Goods

The rules and regulations for packing manufactured goods and other merchandise (which I have not space to print) are so liberal as to permit almost any legitimate article of commerce that comes within the limit of size and weight to be transmitted by mail.

Where to be Mailed

"Parcels must be mailed at a post-office, branch post-office, named or lettered station, or such numbered stations as may be designated by the postmaster, or delivered to a rural or other carrier duly authorized to receive such matter."

"Parcels collected on star routes must be deposited in the next post-office at which the carrier arrives, and postage charged at the rate from that office."

Insurance on Parcels

"A mailable parcel on which the postage is fully prepaid may be insured against loss in an amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed \$50, on payment of a fee of ten cents in Parcel Post stamps, such stamps to be affixed."

Cannot Be Registered

Parcels cannot be registered; insurance costs the same and takes the place of registration, and you may have a "return receipt" from the person to whom the parcel is delivered if you request it of the postmaster when you pay the insurance fee.

C. O. D. Shipments

The law provides for C. O. D. shipments by Parcel Post, but this branch of the service will not go into effect until some later date not yet announced.

We printed the Parcel Post rates in December COMFORT, but for the benefit of our many new subscribers I repeat them here.

Parcel Post Rates

For packages weighing not more than four ounces the rate will be one cent an ounce anywhere in the United States regardless of distance. The pound rates hereinafter stated will apply to all packages that weigh more than four ounces.

Local and Rural Delivery Rates

"On all matter mailed at the post-office from which a rural route starts, for delivery on such route, or mailed at any point on such route for delivery at any other point thereon, or at the office from which the route starts, or on any rural route starting therefrom, and on all matter mailed at a city carrier office, or at any point within its delivery limits, for delivery by carriers from that office, or at any office for local delivery, five cents for the first pound or fraction of a pound and one-cent for each additional pound or fraction of a pound."

This means that if you mail a package weighing more than four ounces on your rural delivery route for delivery at any point on the same route or on any other rural route which starts from the same post-office, the rate will be five cents for the first pound, and above that one cent a pound up to eleven pounds, the weight limit; making 15 cents for an eleven pound package.

Distance Rates

The distance rates (so-called zone rates) vary according to the distance that the package is to be transported.

These distance rates for transportation and delivery beyond the local rural service will be:

DISTANCES.	RATES PER POUND.		
	1st lb.	Each additional lb.	11 lb.
50 miles,	.05	.03	.35
150 "	.06	.04	.46
300 "	.07	.05	.57
600 "	.08	.06	.68
1000 "	.09	.07	.79
1400 "	.10	.08	.90
1800 "	.11	.09	1.01
More than 1800 miles,	.12	.10	1.32

These rates seem simple enough as you read them in the above table, but it is impossible to apply or even explain them without the presence of a Parcel Post map of the United States which shows the entire country divided into numbered squares, each about 30 miles square, and circular zones the respective radii of which correspond with the distances in the above table. For each locality the zones have to be so applied to the map that the square within which the locality is found shall be the center of the entire eight concentric zones. Each post-office and every R. F. D. driver will be supplied with such a map with the zone circles drawn appropriately for his locality. With this and the books which will accompany it he will be able to tell his patrons the postage rates to any place in the U. S.

The first zone is not round, and the distance limit therein is approximately, though not exactly, 50 miles.

Seeds, Bulbs, Live Plants

and scions (if intended for planting or grafting) go any distance in the United States at the special rate of one cent for each two ounces.

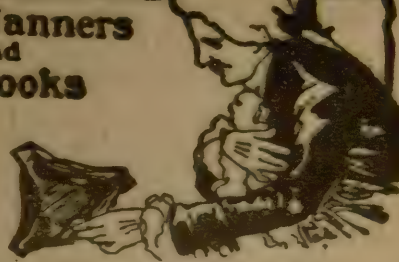
Some Defects in the Law

It is a senseless hardship and an injustice to jump from the ounce rate to the pound rate at the limit of four ounces, especially for the longer distances.

It was supposed and reasonably to be expected that the law would be amended to provide for a rate of one cent for each two ounces.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beatrice, Lone Tree, Iowa.—We are inclined to encourage girls to get out of narrow, ungenial and hampering surroundings and making their own way in the larger world, but only such girls as have the strength of character to keep in the right way. Silly girls who are attracted only by the glitter of the big world, had much better keep out of it. You could make your living in the city and at the same time learn stenography. It would mean hard work, but would not last longer than a year. Dressmaking would pay better than stenography, but a high-class dressmaker calls for superior ability, unless you are satisfied to remain merely as a hired girl.

Honey, Bryant, S. Dak.—Young ladies may and do wear gentlemen's scarfpins, but it is like being tagged with a mark of ownership.

Sundowner, Herndon, Kan.—Usually when a young lady has a gentleman caller she receives and entertains him in a separate room, though it is quite the correct thing for her father or mother, or both, to step in and have a short chat with the caller. If the young lady prefers that she see him only with the family around, she can so have it. (2) The man should help make out of the buggy and in also, if the horse is perfectly gentle and needs no attention. Otherwise the man had better look to the horse first to prevent something more serious than a breach of etiquette. (3) When a couple concludes to break with each other, they may do as they please about returning letters, presents, etc., though they are usually returned.

Sweet 18, Meyersdale, Pa.—As the young man became angry because you followed his instructions about accepting company to the dance and would not speak to you, you should not speak to him again until he apologizes. (2) It would be proper to write to a young man for the return of your ring.

Anxious, Jenks, Okla.—There are persons who are so ignorant of the rules of good manners that they send stamps in their letters to friends to pay return postage, thinking that is good manners. Cut this answer out and send to your correspondent. (2) A lady may ask a man for his photograph, and she should not give hers to him first, in leap year or any other year.

Pinkie, Lodge Grass, Mont.—There is no law of etiquette or legislature compelling a lady to marry a man who walks under a wish-bone she has placed over a door. The law of superstition says that she will marry that particular one, but she needn't do it unless she wants to.

Dimples, Elroy, Wis.—If the young man's manners are commendable in the matter of taking the inside of the sidewalk, you can very easily remedy that by telling him you do not like to walk on the outside. (2) It is quite proper to ask a young man to bring a friend of his to meet you and your girl friend at the station to wait over for a train. But don't ask him, if he must get away from business to do so. (3) You may do as you please about asking a lady to your party who had used you shamefully. Most people would not invite her.

Humpty Dumpty, Wyola, Mont.—Proposals made in the light of the moon do not insure any greater future happiness than those made in the dark of it. As to the form of the proposal, etiquette leaves that to you. No matter how you make it, if the girl wants you, you'll get it over, all right.

S. Dak. Girl, Bryant, S. Dak.—Unless engaged a lady may write as many men as she pleases, but too large a list of correspondents soon becomes tiresome and is not especially creditable to the lady. (2) Custom makes the exchange of rings between young men and women quite proper, even though they are not engaged, but it is not a custom without disagreeable results at times.

Ignorant, Belleville, Ont.—The fact of your working in your father's store gives you a business character which evidently overshadows your social character and the young men do not call because they probably think you do not care to have them around when you are resting. Make your home attractive to them and they'll come. The acquaintances you make in the store among men, are quite as *de rigueur* as those you would make at a tea. Introductions are mere formalities, proper enough, but the important question is not whether you have been formally introduced, but is the man the right kind of a man, no matter how you may have met him.

Troubled Jane, Ft. Wayne, Ind.—The subject of conversation between couples or in company is not a matter to be fixed in advance. You know how to talk to the girls of your acquaintance, and in the same natural way you should talk to the young men you meet. There is always plenty to talk about if you will only let yourself loose and talk about the simple things you know the most about. As to your not being noticed more than you are, you must learn to make yourself so interesting as to compel people to notice you.

Three Girls, Hardison's Mills, Tenn.—Etiquette is unequal to formulating a rule governing what a girl must say when her sweetheart gives her the engagement ring. No two girls ever say the same thing and if you don't know what to say, just kiss him a good one and let it go at that. (2) When you have answered a young man's letter and he does not reply, it is a snub and if you wish to write again, you may, but a girl who thought very much of herself would not.

Blue Eyes, Juliet, Ill.—The young man who sends jewelry to a girl asking her to accept it or to lose his friendship, is making etiquette to suit himself, and she should send the present back and tell him she had no use for his friendship, either. In cases where men do not know better than to make expensive presents of jewelry, the girl should decline nicely and explain that she could not accept such presents. Some men have to be taught customs and manners. P. S. Don't write it: "accept presents," but "accept presents." There is a difference.

Ignorant, Belleville, Mo.—It is the custom when meals are served in small dishes to transfer the contents of the dishes to your plate, except with such foods as are so liquid that they must be eaten with a spoon. In buttering a piece of bread at table for your own use, the whole piece may be buttered, but usually only a bit of butter is put on sufficient for the proposed bite of bread.

Honey, Olive, Mo.—The young man who asked to take you home from the dance, then asked you to wait until he got his hat and did not return for you was ignorant of good manners and you did well to leave him sitting outside waiting for you, though you need not have "glared" at him in passing away. It was enough to leave him there waiting. (2) It is proper to accept the escort of a man you have met for the first time at any entertainment, though you should know whether he is the right kind or not.

Reader, Leveille, Texas.—At a perfectly informal wedding a man may dress in anything he happens to have handy. Formal weddings call for black at night, and dark coats and gray trousers in the day. White gloves go with the black clothes.

Speckled Bird, Morgantown, N. C.—Beware of the love powders. They are nothing but fakes to catch the foolish. Sometimes they are poison. (2) Young men who look intensely at the girls they are introduced to, do so thinking they will hypnotize them right at the start. It is such bad manners that it is at times insulting and a girl would be justified in slapping the faces of such men. (3) If you accept

attention only from the young men who pay more attention to you than to any other girls, we think you would not have many beaux. Take what comes to you, and try to get it all if you can.

Reader, Butler, Pa.—A gentleman always tips his hat to a lady when introduced to her, if the introduction takes place when he has his hat on.

Troubled Lad, Sidney, Colo.—Why are you so anxious to marry a girl who seems to be so much more willing to please her mother than to please you? Don't you imagine life with a mother-in-law running the ranch would be rather harrowing to your finer sensibilities? Maybe you think you can win that kind of a girl away from her mother, but you can't. It was many times proved a failure, long before you were born. You say you are capable of making any girl happy as your wife, but how about making her mother happy? Pause, young man, ere it is too late. (2) An engaged girl should not receive presents from another man except with the consent of her fiancé.

Thankful, Wistaria, Neb.—If the parents, relatives and friends of a couple who have been married in secret wish to make wedding presents when they have discovered the secret, they may do so. (2) In taking your places in the choir from the pews in front, as the ladies stand in front of the men, it would be proper for them to lead the way up the steps and all should go in the order in which they stand when singing, so as to prevent confusion.

Subscriber, Kewanee, Ill.—Place cards are cards used to designate the places at table where guests are to sit, or at any other function where a certain order is to be maintained. (2) The dessert knife and fork are to be used on any kind of dessert needing those implements. Don't use the knife on ice cream, nor the fork on coffee or cordials. (3) When sitting at table, either at a house, hotel or restaurant, do not rise to an introduction. A man may when introduced to a lady, but not otherwise, and not then unless there is some particular reason why he should. It is not only inconvenient but awkward to rise from a table and it should not be done, though, at present, custom sanctions it. This refers to persons being introduced who are not at the table to those who are. When the introductions are among those at table, of course, no one rises.

Baby Doll, Stinson, Wis.—Don't give him your photograph, yet a while but remember him with a little token in recognition of all he has done for you. Your mother may be over-particular, but she had better be so than careless. (2) If your caller will leave his hat on the rack in the hall, there will be no occasion for anybody to take it and put it away for him.

Fanny, Ogema, Wis.—It is extremely bad manners for a girl to leave her guests in the house and go out to talk for an hour with a young man who is not of the party. It is just as bad manners for him to permit her to do so. Both of you need a few lessons in the proprieties. (2) It is not conventional, but it is a pleasant custom of the country to bow and speak to persons one may meet along the road or anywhere in the open. The acquaintance need not extend farther than bowing and speaking.

Birdie, Annapolis, Md.—When a young man persists in his attentions to a lady until he becomes an annoyance, she should not be afraid of hurting his feelings by telling him she does not like it and ask him to quit. He is not considerate himself, and should be treated accordingly. (2) If the hostess is short of dishes and any two of her guests wish to eat out of the same plate, or drink out of the same cup, they should be permitted to do so. It is very informal, not to say somewhat intimate, but as long as they are satisfied no serious harm will result.

M. J., Momeene, Ill.—Wear mourning according to the custom of the community in which you live. We are rather advanced in our ideas of wearing mourning, and believe that a very little of it is sufficient and not for very long. As to going out into society, dances and such, we think most of that should be omitted for six months at least.

J. H., Richlands, Pa.—As it is your parents who object to the young man and not his, you might send his mother a little hand-made present, but unless she knows you and her son are on very friendly terms, it would be just as well not to send it to her, seeing that you have never met her.

Dreary Dutch, Holton, Kans.—Usually the man walks on the outside of the sidewalk, but it is not obligatory. (2) The lady may ask the gentleman for his company if she really wishes for his presence, but she must first feel pretty sure that he wishes for her presence also.

Subscriber, Cartersville, Ga.—As you slighted the young man under a misapprehension, it would be only fair to him to write him a note of explanation and apology. If he wishes to renew the friendship after that, he will do so without your asking him to. (2) Usually when a young man tells a girl he loves her and she loves him, she will tell him she does, though she should not be too ready with her declarations because all young men are not to be implicitly trusted. She must use her head as well as her heart in such matters.

M. E., Leon, Iowa.—When a girl doesn't know what to talk about to a young man when he takes her "buggy riding," or when he is out for a walk, she should give up all social functions until she has learned how to talk and act. Society already has enough people in it who don't know how to talk and act.

Wild Rose, Middle Granville, N. Y.—The hostess may say that she is very glad to have contributed something to the pleasure of her guests, when they tell her they have had a nice time. But don't tell them so as if you had learned it out of a book, but tell them as if you do. Do about the same way to any stranger you have met who says he is glad to have met you. Responses of this kind should be made spontaneously and not by rule.

Lucille, Teague, Tex.—It is proper to send invitations to a home wedding, though usually they are not printed and it is to be a large affair. The bride sends them, or her parents, rather.

Puzzled Girl, Clarion, Pa.—If you love him you never would stop to think about his being ten years older than you and a foot taller. As he is a good man, you are very silly to listen to such objections from outsiders. It would be quite proper to visit his sisters at his home as you are friends.

Worried, Rockford, Minn.—The most acceptable gift for a young man is something he can use, such as a scarfpin, or match safe or case or any one of a dozen useful articles that are ornamental as well. One of the most attractive features of a present is that the giver made the selection without asking outside help.

Puzzled, Braham, Minn.—It was very bad form for the young man to have offered you girls money with which to buy candy though he might have spent the money for it himself very properly. You did right in declining it and if he were a well-mannered person he would not have resented your action. What he needs is to be taught better manners.

A. L. H., Huntsville, Ala.—The proper form is "felt bad," not "felt badly." Bad is an adjective qualifying your condition. Badly is an adverb qualifying the verb "felt."

Black Eyes, Jackson, Tenn.—Your father is wise in calling bedtime at nine o'clock and sending your callers away. If more seventeen-year-old girls went to bed at nine, there would be more healthy women than there are now, and there would be more good girls if your father's notions were prevalent instead of the kind that are now making wrecks of so many young people of both sexes. You listen to your father until you are twenty-one and then if you have not learned wisdom, you may do as too many do.

Gwen, Royal Center, Ind.—Make your own toast for the Junior Ex. and include in it matter of a personal or class nature that will fit the occasion better than the most elaborate toast that could be given to you by an outsider. (2) Introduce two girl friends in the simplest, most natural way possible, that is in friendly fashion regardless of formalities, and let them say anything they please. The best manners are not the result of rules.

Topsy, Ledyard, Iowa.—The matter of marrying a divorced person is entirely personal. Legally it is all right, except in some cases where the right to marry again is barred, but some churches will not recognize divorce or marry divorced persons. Almost invariably one of the parties to a divorce is innocent and it does look a little hard for the innocent to suffer for wrongs of which he or she is guiltless. Do just as you please about marrying the divorced man. He is an innocent party anyway.

Inex. Boy, Rhea Springs, Tenn.—In introducing or addressing a Senator, United States, or state, you do not call him "Mr. So and So," but "Senator So and So," and furthermore do not call him "Mr. Senator." You may say "Mr. President," or "Mr. Secretary," or "Mr. Chief Justice," but not "Mr. Senator." Just why he should not be called "Mr. Senator," nobody knows. (2) A lady may properly tell a man she has met that she is glad to have met him. But she should not do so unless she tells the truth. Social lies may be necessary at times or at least permissible, but not always.



Every Woman Who Takes

care to secure the proper, natural help she needs, at times, will escape the undue suffering so many women endure without need.

The majority of the ailments of women are caused by imperfect nourishment and poor circulation. Headaches, backaches, fatigue, extreme nervousness and depressed feelings are signs that the system needs a toning up and

Beecham's Pills

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

will have this effect. When you suffer, try this safe and speedy remedy. Your system will readily show the excellent tonic effect. Beecham's Pills keep the body free from harmful poisons, strengthen the bodily organs and purify the blood.

Every woman will find that after taking Beecham's Pills, occasionally and when needed, that she

Is Stronger and Brighter

The circular with each box contains special directions for women

Sold everywhere in boxes, 10c and 25c. If your dealer should not have them, send price to Thomas Beecham, 417 Canal Street, N.Y.

Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

weights can be bought for a trifle and are made purposely for weighting seams, etc. They are inserted in the hem where there is one and sewed to place. It can be done this way at the points of your tunic. Light weight coats having weights at the bottom, both at seam ends and corners.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—Mrs. D. E. C., do not line your little girl's wool dress skirts. It will cause them to look "bunchy." If you want to add warmth, make drop skirts, fastening them at the waist line.

SKIRT.—Mrs. KEATING, No. 5852 is a particularly smart design for your brown homespun skirt. Cover buttons with brown velvet to match darkest shade. Make belt of either homespun or velvet, and stitch three times all around. The neatest way is to make belt complete before sewing to skirt.

REMODELING COAT.—Miss N. J. T., with your large coat sleeves cut down, your seal-fitted garment will resemble those made this season. We can furnish you with two styles of coat sleeves—No. 4707. Price 10 cents. In making sleeves, after putting gathering thread in, between notches, wet slightly, and o. the wrong side press with a hot iron, thus shrinking back the fullness.

CLEANSING VELVET COLLAR.—E. L. D., first rip off and thoroughly brush your velvet collar. Turn a hot iron face up and cover with a piece of wet white cloth that is old and free from starch. Lay the back side of collar onto steaming cloth, and as the steam works through it will raise the pile. Move the velvet quickly across iron so it will steam evenly.

HANDBAGS.—Miss GRACE CUMMINGS, there seems to be quite a fad for handbags made from same material as suit or dress; also the crocheted bags lined with silk are much used. The leather bags are always in good taste.

FITTING WAIST.—Mrs. SINCLAIR, if the thirty-six inch bust measure pattern gives you perfect fitting fronts, the loose back will be easily fitted by taking lengthwise folds in the pattern each side of center back. In this way you will not change the lines. If you are not quite certain of your correct measurement between shoulders by which to lay the folds in pattern, I would suggest cutting a back from some old material, busting it to fronts and trying on before cutting into new material. When you have thus perfected your pattern it will always serve as a guide.

VELVETINE DRESS.—Miss CARMICHAEL, for velvetene or corduroy, No. 5766 will give you a smart design. Heavy brown or deep ecru lace for neck and cuffs will harmonize with your brown velvetene.

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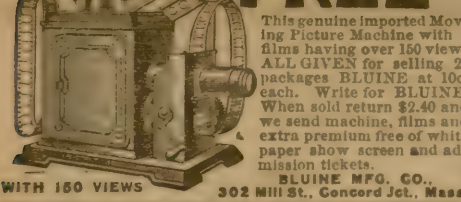
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, state full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WORMS.—I have a Shepherd dog and real smart, and do not want to lose him. We think he took the whooping cough from our baby who died. The dog has acted like him, but now the dog is so poor, and everything he eats comes right up, if he moves a bit quick or drinks cold water, milk or anything greasy. His hair is coarse and all broken off and comes out. And if he catches a bit of cold he has a cough real bad. He eats good, in fact he will eat all the time if he can get it to eat. I shall watch COMFORT faithfully for a reply. **Mrs. J. McC.**

A.—Dogs do not contract whooping cough. The trouble apparently is due to intestinal worms; but there may be an ulcer or growth present. On general principles treat for tapeworm by starving him for twenty-four hours; then give one dram of freshly powdered kamala and ten drops of turpentine mixed in cream or soup and poured well back into mouth. Repeat the treatment in a month, if that seems to be necessary. Bathe him once a week in a warm solution of coal tar dip which you can buy at the drug-store and to be used according to directions on the bottle. If there is a growth or ulcer we fear that home treatment will not avail and the dog will be likely to die at any time.

COLD.—I have a small maltese cat; she has contracted a cold and sneezes and coughs. Her eyes have also got a cold in them. I bathed them with boric acid and they are getting better. **Miss H. S.**

A.—The cat no doubt has distemper and may recover if you simply nurse and feed it well and do not allow it to become wet or to suffer from exposure. Continue using boric acid water to cleanse nose and eyes and once daily put a pinch of sulphur in the milk or drinking water.

STIFFNESS.—What is the matter and cure for my heifer? She eats all right. The skin is bound on the back about midway between the shoulder and hip and when you loosen it she will squat down on her hind legs which are stiff as if she had rheumatism. Also had a bull about a year old which died. I found him stiff and he had passed quite a little blood, but was not able to get up; when I tried to get him up he would stiffen again. I gave him about a quart of warm water and one quarter pound of salts; he foamed about the mouth and died a few minutes later. **J. H. Z.**

A.—Ox warble fly grubs may be found in the affected part of skin and it would be well to wash the part once or twice a week with a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip and to squeeze out any grubs that may have formed a boil. Better have your cattle tested with tuberculin as tuberculosis may be present and the cause of ill-health; but when blood issues from an animal anthrax generally is present and that disease is incurable and terribly contagious. It also is communicable and fatal to man; therefore never skin a beast that has died of this disease and the carcass should be burned.

WIND SUCKING.—I have a mare colt six months old. She will take hold of a plank or any kind of wood with her teeth and sit back and pull her best and will stop eating to do this. She will make a little noise. Sometimes she will take hold and turn loose and take hold again. She eats heartily and is in good pasture, eats hay and corn, is weaned and in good condition. **Mrs. O. L.**

A.—The filly (not mare colt, as a colt is a male) is learning to crib and suck wind. Keep her in a box stall from which everything has been removed on which she could catch or chew. Practice the habit and if she then persists buckle a strap fairly tight around her neck, just back of throat latch.

ECZEMA.—I have a large black cat in good condition, has a good appetite, appears well, and has free run outdoors as he pleases. There are little raw sores that come on his back; they seem to itch and be very sore. In a few days they will scab over. I have healed them up several times with sulphur and lard, but they break out again in a few days. Cannot use anything poison as he licks it off. The hair turns brown and is coarse. Will you please tell me what to use or give him? **Mrs. L. B. C.**

A.—Keep the cat free from fleas as the irritation they cause often induces this form of eczema. The sores may not recur if you paint them with tincture of iodine, very lightly and but one or two at a time, repeating the application in a week, if found necessary. At other times use sulphur ointment.

TETANUS.—I had a mare die about two weeks ago. Her symptoms were as follows from which I hope you can tell the cause of death: Found her in pasture field one morning very stiff, and over her eyes covering them about half way, and apparently coming up from the lower sides, a skin. For a few days her appetite continued normal, then began to grow less each succeeding day. Her flesh all over became almost as hard as a rock, her neck became very stiff, and if I would catch her by the nose and attempt to turn her around could easily throw her down. Was very nervous and became very thirsty. In a few days it seemed as though she had difficulty in opening her mouth. Continued for about ten days before dying. If lockjaw, did not come from a wound. Government authorities described trouble as sub-acute lockjaw, caused by eating something she should not. Was this a fact? **J. B.**

A.—She died of tetanus (lockjaw) and the attack therefore was acute. The disease always is due to invasion of a seen or unseen wound of some sort by the bacillus tetani. She showed all the characteristic symptoms of the disease, including protrusion of the jaw of the eye (membrana nictitans) over the eyeball.

CHOREA.—I have a dog about six months old that is sick. Something is the matter with his hind legs for he howls when he tries to walk. He can't walk but a few feet then he falls down. His eyes are a fiery red and he keeps jerking his head as though every time his heart beat it hurt him.

A CONFIDENT BELIEVER. **A.**—The dog has an acute form of chorea (St. Vitus' dance) and you might as well put him out of his misery as there is practically no hope of recovery. The disease usually follows a severe attack of distemper, or other debilitating sickness.

COUGH: NEW DISEASE.—I have a good mare which took distemper in May, and I soon cured her, as I thought, but she has a cough that I cannot cure. It seems to be a deep one. (2) When I bought her in March I noticed her eyes were watering and I asked the cause. The Alkali dust was the answer of a good man. The owner guaranteed her sound but he has gone to Nevada. Her eyes still water, in fact water is often in form of matter around the ball below the lid. (3) I have a colt—female—which when born in April showed a fullness just back of where navel should show. I supposed it a misplacement of navel, but I now see it is a rupture. Can it be cured, if so how? (4) I have a very fine milk cow nearly eight years old. When fresh she was giving twenty-eight quarts of milk per day. She was due to calve May 4. She lost the calf in February and we have been

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unable to get her to carry one since. She is in good pasture with other cows and a male. Is there any remedy, if so, what?

A.—Give half to one ounce of glyco-heroin two or three times a day and wet all feed. Keep stable clean and perfectly ventilated. (2) She probably has "moon blindness" (periodic ophthalmia) and it is incurable. Wash eyes with ten per cent boric acid solution night and morning, using clean absorbent cotton each time. (3) "Colt" means a male foal. "Filly" is the correct term to apply to a female foal. Small umbilical (navel) hernia (ruptures) tend to disappear without treatment as the animal grows. If this does not happen have clamps applied by a veterinarian. (4) When abortion occurs it is best not to have the cow bred sooner than six months from date of accident. Meanwhile twice a week syringe out the vagina with two gallons of warm water and when that has come away inject a gallon or so of lukewarm one per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant. Isolate the cow.

MILKLESS COW.—What is the matter with our cow? She is seven years old and her calf is six months old, and we feed her good. She gives about a half a gallon of milk each day.

A.—She probably is one of the "robber cows" so often spoken of in the farm department of this paper. A cow has to be of dairy breed to prove the most profitable and persistent milk producer; but sickness of any sort may also cause suppression of milk flow. It would be best not to bother with her a day, as she will not pay for her feed, and unless you have her tested with tuberculin it will be impossible to determine whether or not she is affected with tuberculosis. Without an examination we would not feel confident in prescribing treatment.

DANDREFF.—I have a valuable horse that has dandruff so bad that I do not know what to do. I have read COMFORT for one year but never have seen any remedy for it.

A.—The quickest way would be to clip the horse and wash him; then dry thoroughly and keep blanketed in stable. If you do not care to do this wash and dry without clipping and then groom him very thoroughly once or twice a day. Feed an abundance of whole oats, bran and mixed hay and add enough carrots to regulate bowels. See that the stable is kept clean and perfectly ventilated and have the horse work or exercise every day. If worms are seen in the manure treat as so often advised here.

FLEAS.—I have a valuable Shepherd dog that is about three years old. He has a spell about once a month when he staggers and falls down, and his nerves and muscles seem to jerk and quiver, drawing his legs up to his stomach. After he lies down a while he gets all right again.

A.—The dog has fits and worms are the likely cause. Starve him for twenty-four hours and then give him a dram of freshly powdered kamala and ten drops of turpentine in cream or soup. Tie him up until it is seen that the medicine has acted and destroy any worm or parts of a tapeworm that pass away. Repeat the dose in two or three weeks. If thought necessary. Make him take abundant exercise and do not feed heavily. Give one meal each night.

WORMS.—What was the matter with my cat? After he was weaned I fed him bread and milk, moist both raw and cooked. Every few days he would take a spell and run as fast as he could, just like he was scared, he would finally hide somewhere, then he would get over it in two or three hours. He quit acting that way when he was about six months old. He seemed healthy after this and grew to be a big cat. Last winter we let him stay in the house most of the time day and night and he still stands in most of the time this summer. He still seemed healthy until one morning I gave him some raw meat for breakfast. He ate it and laid down and slept for an hour. Then he began to vomit and vomited up one worm. We gave him a dose of Castor oil, but he kept on vomiting about every two hours until the next morning when he died. He was about sixteen months old. He had a few fleas. What will kill fleas on cats?

A.—The kitten had fits due to worms and the adult cat may have been similarly affected, but a post mortem examination should have been made to determine this. We would advise that in future you should not deprive a cat from daily exercise in the open air. Fleas may be killed by putting some Dalmatian insect powder in a sack, inserting the cat, holding the mouth of the sack tightly around the cat's neck and then shaking well.

FLEAS.—I have a collie dog about two years old. In the early part of September she had a litter of seven young ones, and now for the past month has been losing her hair something terrible. Lately it has been coming out in small handfuls and when I bathe her the water gets full of it. She is also bothered with fleas, and I thought her scratching may be the cause of it but I bathed her in water with kerosene oil in it and that seemed to get rid of the fleas a great deal, but her hair comes out as much as ever.

A.—Dip the dog in a warm 1-100 solution of coal tar disinfectant which you can buy at the drug-store and repeat as often as found necessary to keep her free from fleas. Give her a clean, dry bed. Let her take plenty of outdoor exercise every day, and do not feed heavily. The hair should stay in place as soon as the skin is freed from irritation.

POLL EVIL.—We have a horse with a poll evil. The veterinarian opened it on both sides and has doctored it for several months but it does not seem to get any better. The pus still runs from the sores all the time. Could you please give us a remedy for it?

A.—It will be necessary for a graduate veterinarian to open the abscess more freely and remove all dead tissue; then wash out the wound with tincture of iodine and once daily pack cavity full of oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Iodine may be injected twice a week, after the first treatment. The veterinarian also should give hypodermic injections of polyvalent bacterin.

DISEASE OF RABBITS.—We have a hutch of tame rabbits. They will appear all right and are lively and eat

well; say on Monday and Tuesday their eyes look swelled and some have little matter in them and the lids slightly inflamed. Can find nothing in them. Still eat good. Wednesday the eyes are closed. Thursday they are dead with head puffed up nearly twice the normal size. Our rations in the winter after the clover is frozen are apples, cabbage, alfalfa hay, peach tree leaves, milk and good spring water, we have the tea grounds and give them. **Miss E. B. D.**

A.—It may be that distemper is the cause of death; but it is quite common for rabbits to succumb to tuberculosis which is a terribly contagious disease with them and Belgian hares. You probably are keeping far too many rabbits in a small space. At once provide an entirely new, clean, roomy house and yard, so as to allow of abundant exercise and into it put the young well rabbits. Destroy and burn old rabbits that in any way show ill-health and always burn any rabbit that dies. Be sure that in-and-in breeding is not allowed. Treatment will do no good; it might be suggested that you should not feed so heavily.

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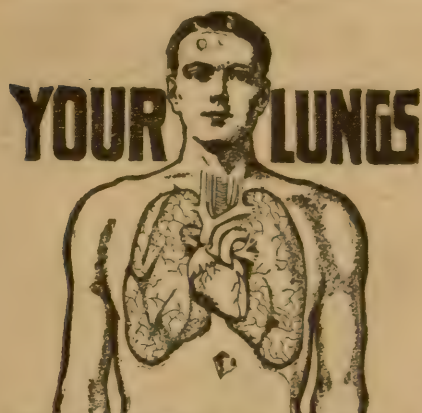
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The illustration is exact size of this Dainty New Novelty Purse. Made of German Silver with Engraved Sides, opening with pocket for Change, Keys and Keepsakes. German Silver Chain, 50 inches long with each purse, an ideal gift for a young person. Very durable and satisfactory, you will be delighted with it.

CLUB OFFER. For only three subscribers to COMFORT, we will send you one of these German Silver Purse. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all, cousins dear, and I hope you will find it a happy new year until it has grown as old as the one we told good by to last month. Only it won't be as old as that by one day because this is not a leap year and your cousins who forgot to ask some nice young man for his heart and hand will now have to wait four years for another opportunity. Still, if you have nothing worse than that to worry about, I guess, you will have a very happy new year. Make as many good resolutions as you please, but be sure to keep one and that one is that you are resolved to keep every good resolution you make. Now with that excellent advice, I'll quit talking and get to work.

The first cousin in trouble is Tormented Kid of Almyra, Ark., and she wants to know what she shall do to have beans. To judge from her letter she is so lively that the beans can't catch her and so jolly like that they probably think she will make the world better by being a roly poly old maid. Some girls are born to that destiny. I rather think I was, and the Kid has my sympathy.

Worried, Marquette, Mich.—True love should be worth more than anything else to two young people wanting to marry, and as everything is all right except your difference of religious belief, I would not let that stand in the way of marriage. You can reconcile it some way I am sure if you are true lovers.

Vera and Rosalie, Danbury, Conn.—It certainly is not very nice for two working-girls to jolly and flirt with a young married man in the same room with you unless his wife knows all that is going on. Ask her and see what she has to say. And don't accept automobile rides from guys you are not personally acquainted with. That sort of thing has been the ruin of more than one working-girl.

Discouraged, Hutchinson, Kans.—I don't suppose any two girl chums on earth ever shared for very long one young man between them. He is simply bound to go to one or the other. As your chum happens to be the one and not you, there is nothing left for you, my dear, but some other young man. That's all.

Troubled, Walla Walla, Wash.—I think if a young man is seriously intending he will mention love to a girl that he has been going two years with. He is to fine a prize to lose and maybe you had better find out what he really thinks of you before you send him off. Show him this answer to begin with.

Emmy Lou, Salem, Mo.—I am not the Marion of the book you love, but another less worthy, I fear. Yet, my dear, I do not hesitate to tell you to keep no secret from the man you love. Love means perfect confidence, and if he loves you as you think he does, his love will stand the test. If he does not, it is better that you should know, though you suffer all things.

Rosebud, Plymouth, Ind.—At eighteen a girl can well afford to ask the young man to wait until cruel parents see the light of young love and give you their blessing. A girl's heart that will break because she has to wait till she is old enough to marry ought to break. Brace up, my dear, and be happy for three years, for you may not be so after you are married.

Happy Girl, Nettleton, Miss.—As you are engaged and will be married just as soon as he can properly provide for you, I don't think it would be at all improper to kiss him whenever he deserves it. I'm glad you both are wise enough not to marry until you have a little something substantial to marry on. Other girls would save themselves much trouble if they were as wise.

Lilly Fair, Rudyard, Mich.—I think as you do that Providence is watching over you two and if you will keep on loving each other and trusting in Providence all will be well. Before you are twenty-one your parents will consent. Just wait and see if they don't.

Puzzled, Salmon, Ida.—As you are in love with three young men anyone of whom you can have, I advise you to take the one who can best provide for you. Your love is so material it can only be satisfied with creature comforts. You have my best wishes.

Brunette, Burlington, Ia.—Your good sense may make you rather less popular than some of the silly girls the young men like, but my dear, don't try to be popular that way. Go on as you are and some day a man worth all the fly young chaps will come along and grab you up as heaven's best gift and that is just what you will be. So don't worry.

One Lover, Calvert, Texas.—As you and the man have been in love with each other for five years, and you would not marry him when you could, I think that you should wait for him now till you can marry. The man was foolish as some men are, and you were not wise as some women would have been. You are paying the price and ought to, and I don't sympathize with you a little bit.

Unhappy, Rose Creek, Mich.—I hardly think it is sufficient cause for your mother's objection that the young man is the son of parents who were first cousins, since you and he are not. I think you can marry. Don't marry till you are twenty-one and I think by that time your mother will think he is all right.

Brown Eyes, Henrietta, Texas.—As the one with whom you have broken the engagement has nothing to recommend him except his love for you, and the other is thrifty and of good character, I think you had better take him, though if he asked me if I thought he should marry you, I'd tell him not to. You are too wabby.

Dad's Girl, Little Rock, Ark.—My dear, I know no better advice to give a girl who is in doubt whether she should accept a man or not, than simply this: Wait. Many men are foolish enough to persuade girls to marry them anyhow and the love will come all right afterwards. One time in ten thousand it does, the other times it does not, and though no open trouble may ever come there is always something lacking in the woman's heart. So, my dear, wait, even if your mind and heart never agree. Ten years from now you will not be too old to marry, even though you are thirty-two then.

B. T. M., Burleson, Texas.—When a girl of fourteen falls in love with a man of thirty-seven who has already fallen in love with her, as a little girl and tells her he will wait for her and does wait until she is twenty-four and still waits her, she loves him, she must be something extraordinarily foolish if she does not marry him. That is what I think, my dear.

Little One, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I am not much in favor of a girl marrying an enlisted man, at least during his service, but if he is all right and will quit the army when he marries and go to work for you, I think it would be quite proper for you to leave your disagreeable aunt and make a home of your own. You will have to wait though till you are twenty-one as your aunt is not likely to give her consent. At the same time New York has no law on the subject and you might marry when you pleased. Ask about that before marrying.

Broken Heart, Chicago, Ill.—As you did him a wrong which drove him away and he will not accept an apology and come back, I don't see anything for you to do but suffer and take it as a lesson. Some girls need just such lessons to make the right kind of women of them.

Brown Eyes, Grassy Meadows, W. Va.—Two broken promises and taking another girl auto riding I think is quite enough to warrant you in giving him up and completing your education. You need that more than you do the young man.

Sally, Ashland, Mont.—My dear, don't marry any man until he proposes to you. By and by, maybe some one of your admirers will pop the question.

Kind Heart, Levan, Utah.—When a young man tells a girl he loves her and writes it and puts his name to it, the girl should believe he is telling her the truth. If she is so suspicious as to doubt such testimony she should not marry such a man. You might ask him to sign an affidavit of his love, but that is not usual.

Troubled, Roscoe, Texas.—As you cannot marry for two years, I don't think it is necessary to have a formal engagement. Just have an understanding and it will be all the same, if your love is guaranteed to last two years, as I think it is in your case.

Broken Heart, Joliet, Ill.—Really, my dear, I can't tell whether he loves you or not, but I can tell that you are acting very silly about him. Let him alone and he'll come home if he wants to.

Walter's Girl, Hilbert, Wis.—As he is so nice and has such a good home ready for you, I think it is better to brave your mother's objection on account of your difference of religious beliefs and marry him than "to stay home and cry and feel sorry every day." You have my blessing.

Contented, Porter, Okla.—The girl who is contented and can make her living as a teacher with no particular wish to marry, certainly should not let herself be persuaded into marrying. Most of our happiness is in letting well enough alone.

Country Girl, Cross Timbers, Mo.—Of two, both eligible, choose the one that you love best and that will make up for all the rest.

Gray Eyes, St. Hilaire, Minn.—Flirt just a wee bit with the others and that will bring the bashful one to a realizing sense of losing you unless he claims you openly. When he does show signs of telling you what he thinks of you, don't stave him off, for goodness' sake, but lead him on. These bashful men are simply awful, to get, but they are often worth getting. Show him this answer.

Blue Eyes, Monroe, N. C.—Why do you wish to keep your promise with a man who does not keep his with you? Break the engagement and if he wants your sister let him have her. It is better to settle such difficulties now than when you are married. And marriage does not usually better men of his kind.

Broken-hearted, Stonington, Ky.—As you are now nearly twenty, my dear, and your father treats you like a slave, you will have only a year or so to wait until you will be free and can do as you please. I think you should wait that long.

Montana Kid, Bozeman, Mont.—You must have a very ignorant or careless mother if she permits you to learn from a young man friend of the family what she alone should tell you and to her belongs all the blame whatever harm may come to you. I didn't know that such a mother could be possible. Take my advice and don't listen to the young man any longer. (2) As you do not know the man well enough to know whether he is married or not, of course, you should not write to him. Haven't you got any common sense at all?

In a letter from Mrs. J. H. G., of Brigham City, Utah, telling me how glad she is that she had taken my advice and had not married until she had learned something about the man whose life and hers were to be one, says in conclusion: "If all girls would only be wise and do a little investigating and not listen to gossip I am sure they would be spared much sorrow. I wish every girl could be as happy and contented as I am." This cousin has been married four years, has two little girls and her home life is simply ideal. Now, girls, can't you see that my advice is worth listening to?

There, my dears, all your letters that were for me to answer, have been answered, and this last paragraph makes me glad I sold sometimes and want to drive you in the right way when you are stubborn. May the good Lord help me to help you all. Happy New Year! **COUSIN MARION.**

A THING WORTH KNOWING.

No need of cutting off a man's nose or cheek or a woman's breast in a vain attempt to cure cancer—no need of submitting to the knife or burning plaster. Frequently one infection, in selected cases, of our Liquid Laboratory Product directly into the cancer instantly kills it. Write for free treatise and booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind. **Advertisement.**

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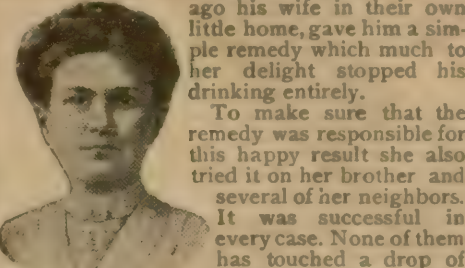
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to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sticks and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten-days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address **MRS. M. SUMMERS BOX 315**

This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.



To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

THIS Gold Filled Wedding Ring FREE, warranted 3 years. To introduce our bargain sheet of FINE GOLD FILLED RINGS, we will send this ring, any size, upon receipt of 10c to help pay advertising. The Auction Co., Dept. E. Attleboro, Mass.

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Recently discovered processes make it possible to produce the most beautiful Cloisonne Enamel Jewelry at a less cost. Cloisonne means the introduction of colored enamels with gold and silver producing most charming effects. The three beautiful designs we show have been selected as the most desirable for our friends, each is on a chain nineteen inches long and suspended from the center, an entirely new idea. No. 1 Pendant has a white ground with tracings of gold forming a vine with leaves of tinted green and brown. No. 2 Locket in which a small picture or souvenir may be kept, round design and the enamel colorings received excellent treatment in this Locket; delicate blue and green with gold tracing complete the design. No. 3 Pendant is smaller than the others, has a delicate blue and white ground with spray traced in gold with green leaves and a violet bud. Cloisonne Enamel on gold or silver is practically indestructible, wears satisfactorily and always delights with its fresh brilliancy. These chains and mountings are extra gold plate and will give satisfactory service, and the chain may be used without the enamel ornaments if preferred at any time. You make your own selections, and please order by number.

Club Offer For only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each we will give you one of the above, and you may have your choice of the Pendants or the Locket. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sticks and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten-days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address **MRS. M. SUMMERS BOX 315**

NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

In the Signal Corps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

thirty-two which I also had, while I went to the wire and endeavored to call the Cebu office. Call as much as I liked, I could not raise a single office anywhere along the line. There was a sufficiency of current, but being new in the place I did not know at the time that there was a main-line battery at that office. This there was, which rendered it possible to work with a good current should the wire become broken and drop on the moist ground at any point between Dalaguete and the next town toward Cebu City.

Falling in this, we again emerged from the building and hurried across to the plaza where we sheltered ourselves at the corner of the wall. From this point of vantage we could get a most commanding view of the party in the road. We felt more able to hold our own now that our ammunition was plentiful.

We continued to empty chamber after chamber into the dark mass in the roadway as often as the clouds revealed the moon, and just as often were we answered by rifle fire and frequently by the ripping noise of what sounded like a six-inch field-piece.

After some fifteen minutes firing from this place, we moved up inside the wall to a point about sixty yards distant and were reinforced by four infantrymen. We then fired seven or eight volleys simultaneously and dislodged the Filipinos. While we found but nine in that one location in the morning, we knew for a certainty that we killed at least eighteen or twenty, for the reason that we could distinguish two men making at least ten trips back toward the hills during the attack, each time carrying somebody.

After driving this party to the hills we crossed the plaza and discovered a group of five natives hovering in the vicinity of the entrance to the Chinese Company's warehouse. That they were looting it was very evident. We opened up on them and as quickly received an answering fire. At their first volley, Corporal William Giddens, who chanced to be with our squad, dropped without a cry. Upon examining him hastily he was found to be in a most serious condition, a huge 44 caliber having struck him on the side of the lower jaw, tearing it away completely.

Three of the infantrymen who were with us, carried Giddens back toward the hospital beyond the plaza, while Harry, the other infantryman and I crawled into a small bamboo leanto formerly used for fish-vending purposes. From this point we could shoot down anyone emerging from the warehouse. Johnson knew that there were several thousand dollars in specie in the building, he having received a telegram that morning stating that the auditor of the company would call and take it to Cebu for deposit.

The natives, now thoroughly alarmed, commenced to emerge, several with heavy sacks on their shoulders, which, we knew by the ring, contained Mexican dollars, the standard currency of the islands.

As we opened fire upon them, the four remaining natives who were guarding the door for their confederates, returned it with two rapid volleys, but on account of their inability to see us, failed in their mission.

The moon was now unobstructed and we managed to stop everyone emerging with a sack, until, after a hurried chatter among themselves they fled.

Daylight began to break before we had made our way around the beach and back to the hospital. I never remember being quite so tired as I was that morning. I was only too pleased to crawl into my cot again. All shots had ceased, the enemy having been completely routed.

Rising at eight o'clock again, I felt much better, being little the worse for the exposure, half clad, from eleven thirty until five in the morning, despite the fact that the night was very dewy.

I hastened to the point from which that horrible screeching had emanated, and found it was a true enough cannon, but not a type that the American Ordnance Department would pass favorably upon.

It was nothing more or less than a palm log some twelve feet in length that had been hollowed out, leaving an interior diameter, or bore of four or four and one-half inches, and outside diameter of some ten inches. From end to end it was closely wound with No. 9 telegraph wire that had been cut from the telegraph lines of the signal corps. Many is the time we have missed as much as thirty miles in a single haul, and while I have seen it put to the most ingenious uses, never have I considered the possibility of its being used as cannon-covering. The log had been hollowed to a point within a foot of one end, at which place a fuse-hole had been drilled through from the outside. The ammunition used, was probably the most unique, it being nothing more or less than the standard salmon tins the natives had collected from the mess . . . all garbage cans.

The bore of the coconut palm cannon was adapted for the salmon tin caliber, the natives realizing that salmon cans are obtainable by the thousands anywhere that soldiers are stationed. These salmon cans were then loaded in the brim with every conceivable missile possible, from broken up stove lifters to bad eggs.

An examination of the eight different places where headquarters building had been struck, showed distinctly that not only had they loaded the "shells" with broken stove-lifters, lifters, cut-up wire, stones, mud, etc., etc., but in almost every instance had there been introduced a bad egg or two. Just why they should insert ancient eggs has often been a source of wonderment to me, and I can but attribute it to an idea similar to that of the Chinese—that of using a "stinkpot" as a weapon against the enemy.

All in all it was a most wonderful piece of work—this cannon. It was wound so closely with wire that one strand came in contact with the next one, giving it the appearance of being a corrugated steel cannon. All they had to do in order to load, was to tip the cannon up to an angle of about forty-five degrees on the two old bumps which it was mounted, and dump in a small sack of powder, gently ramming it down to the point at the breach where the fuse-hole was located, following that by a "salmon-can shell" and probably a little moist sand or mud. It was then but a matter of placing a fuse in the hole and touch it off.

As adaptable as it seemed to their purpose, I cannot but say that it has often been a question with me as to whether I would prefer to stand in front or behind such an improvised weapon when it is being fired. The chances for one's life seemed about equal.

In the fray of the night before, but two Americans were killed while thirty-four natives were found killed or wounded, and many were carried off to the hills by their comrades. Corporal Giddens, though he did not succumb to his injury, was always horribly disfigured, he being compelled to take food through a glass tube, in the absence of his entire lower jaw.

At the door of the Tabacalera warehouse we found twelve sacks of silver pesos, aggregating something like nine thousand dollars. The local agent reported less than two hundred pesos missing, these evidently having been hastily pocketed by some of the invaders.

Upon riding out along the telegraph line leading to Cebu City that forenoon, we found the trouble but two miles from Dalaguete, the natives having crawled upon the small steel bridge built some years earlier during Spanish regime, and cut it. They showed unusual knowledge of the principle of electricity by winding the Dalaguete end of the wire tightly around one of the steel beams of the bridge, thereby effecting a perfect "ground," causing the instrument at the office to work as perfectly as though the wire was grounded at the Cebu office.

It was quite amusing to note the amount of mail deposited that evening in the little wooden mail-box hanging just inside headquarters door. Where the boys wrote probably a letter or two a month prior to this, they wrote something

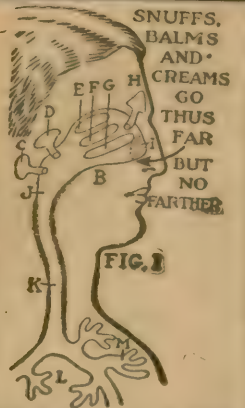


FIG. 1—Shows why SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc., must fail. See by the BLACK how little of the disease they reach.

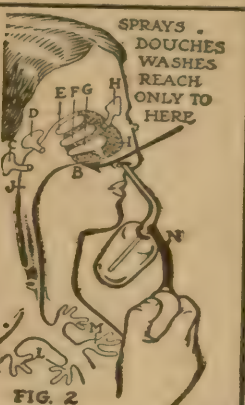


FIG. 2—Shows how little can possibly be done by ATOMIZER and NEBULIZER SPRAYS, and by DOUCHES, WASHES and ALL LIQUIDS. See by the black how far they all fall short of reaching THE SEAT of the disease.



FIG. 3—Shows how little good is done when a SPRAY or LIQUID is applied by way of the mouth. See by the BLACK how little of the diseased parts are reached.

you will be convinced. The regular package, containing enough to last from 25 to 35 days, sent by mail, postpaid for \$1. It is not on sale at the drug stores. Send for the free sample today.

SMOKE of Herbs for CATARRH

The illustrations herein tell the whole story about the treatment of Catarrh. The BLACK, where the arrows point in Figs. 1, 2 and 3, shows how little of the disease, Catarrh, can possibly be reached by the usual methods of treatment and in Fig. 4 the BLACK shows the complete sweep made by Dr. Blosser's Remedy.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) which, when placed in an ordinary clean pipe—made into medicated cigarettes or burned on a plate and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs, or by sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the accompanying illustration the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail a liberal trial treatment entirely free. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this remedy. This remedy has cured catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to every spot and gives immediate relief,

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
439 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Booklet on Catarrh.

Name _____
Town _____
Street or R.F.D. _____ State _____
Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

Current Events

SMALLER CURRENCY.—Secretary of the Treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, is it stated, will give the order for a new issue of bank notes. They will be but two thirds the size of those now in use. This order will not only save the government money, but will be better for the people.

COLLEGE FOR INKKEPERS.—France is at last awakening to the fact that she is in danger of losing her empire of the kitchen. At Thonon-Le-Bains, a college for the instruction of inkkeepers in all the intricacies of their half forgotten art has been established. Three years will be the duration of this course.

BAKED 2,250 PIES AN HOUR.—Governor Hay opened the National Apple Show recently at Spokane, Wash. A pie was provided for every visitor. Five hundred cooks made sauce for the pies in a kettle 18 feet across and holding 500 bushels of apples. The pies were baked on an endless belt in a 75-foot oven, which turned out 2,250 pies an hour.

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER" TO REMAIN.—President Taft will leave it to President Wilson to decide if the new National anthem proposed by Kurt P. Hirsekorn is better than the "Star Spangled Banner." "O! Glorious Land of Liberty" is the title of the new song. Along with the anthem the author sent instructions to have the President issue a proclamation making the song official.

U. S. THE BREAD PROVIDER.—The United States is still the bread provider of the world, according to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which issued a report showing that this country is furnishing food stuffs to other nations at a steadily rising ratio. While the exports of corn and meat fell off sharply, more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat were sent abroad in the past ten months, as against 83,000,000 bushels, the whole of last year.

Educational Notes

Twenty-one states in the Union have abolished the common drinking cup in schools.

A two years' course in forestry has been instituted at the University of Wisconsin to meet the demand for trained forest rangers.

More than a thousand school teachers in the Netherlands are banded together in an association for temperance work among their pupils.

The school farm movement in Wake County, North Carolina, which has attracted wide attention, is described by County Superintendent Judd in an illustrated bulletin just issued by the United States Bureau of Education.

At a conference of Swedish teachers recently it was emphasized that instruction in domestic science in the schools must deal principally with the substantial things, instead of the "caramel and tarr" kind.

The woman's law class at New York University is probably unique in that it is not intended to prepare women for the practice of law, but to give them sufficient legal knowledge to conduct the administration of trust estates and other forms of business.

In urging the need of vocational training, the Indiana commission on industrial and agricultural education estimates that there are fully 25,000 boys and girls in that state between the ages of 14 and 16 who have not secured adequate preparation for life work in the schools and are now working at jobs which hold no promise of future competence or advancement.

Soldiers at Fort McPherson, Georgia, will have a school of practical business, if the reported plans of General Evans, in command of the department of the Gulf, are carried into effect. Among the subjects of instruction will be: intelligent reading, simple arithmetic, single-entry bookkeeping, legible writing, stenography, automobile and explosive gas engineering, and telegraphy. The idea is to furnish the enlisted man with schooling that will enable him to earn a good living at the expiration of his enlistment. The school is part of a plan to make the army more attractive to young men.



FIG. 4—The BLACK in above cut, shows the parts reached by Dr. Blosser's Remedy. Viz: the whole disease. Not a spot, nook or corner escapes. It goes to C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, EVERYWHERE, and it wipes out the disease wherever it goes.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

HEIRS Wanted at once, 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet. Send stamp. International Claim Agency, "G", Pittsburgh, Pa.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. PIEDMONT TOBACCO CO., Box 20, Greenville, Pa.

Gold Filled Signet FREE Ring. Warranted 3 Years. To introduce our Bazaar Sheet of FREE GOLD FILLED RINGS we will send this ring any size, any initial, upon receipt of 10c to help pay advertising. The Auction, Attleboro, Mass. Dept. 123.

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blued gun metal. Given for selling 30 pieces of jewelry at 10 cents each. Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 337, East Boston, Mass.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS, also Method for giving secretly. Guaranteed. Successful often after all others fail. Gentle, pleasant, harmless for steady or periodical (sore) drinker. Genuine home treatment, medically endorsed, legions of testimonials. Valuable book, plain wrapper. Send, postpaid. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 834 Sixth Ave. 147 C, New York, N.Y.

WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN. We give LADIES' SMALL and gent's size, RUBY and diamond case watches to anyone, for selling our art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets now. When sold send \$2.00 and we will send you FREE a diamond ring, 677, guaranteed watch, highly engraved, proper case; also a net ring and handsome chain. PALACE MFG. CO., Dept. 11, CHICAGO

FITS (FALLING SICKNESS) STOPPED FREE. ST. VITUS DANCE. Victims of these distressing diseases, old or young, need Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Remedy. The first bottle usually affords relief. Hundreds of sufferers claim to have been entirely cured by this remarkable remedy during the past forty years. Its beneficial effects are immediate and lasting. A full size \$5 supply with valuable book for \$2.00 sent to any address on request. **KLINE LABORATORIES** 45 East 20th Street (Dept. 207) New York City. **TRIAL SUPPLY**

BIG POWERFUL AIR RIFLE This famous Sterling Air Rifle is not a toy, but a firmly constructed, strong, durable and compact shooting piece. Shoots accurately and with force 32 inches long. Working parts of high-grade steel. Stock of highly polished walnut. Just the thing for target practice or shooting small game. More fun than with any gun you ever owned. You can get it FREE without costing one cent. **SEND NO MONEY** Just your name, and we will send you 8 sets of our fast selling art pictures to distribute on a special 25c offer. Everybody will take a set to help you earn this fine big Air Rifle. Send us the \$2.00 you collect and for your trouble we will send you free this fine \$2.00 inch powerful Sterling Air Rifle, just as described, or your choice of other premiums from our big list. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.** as we take back pictures you cannot dispose of. Send us \$1 and Rifle will be sent at once. **M. O. SEITE, 145, CHICAGO.**

Bodi-Tone

You Can Try A Box Without A Penny

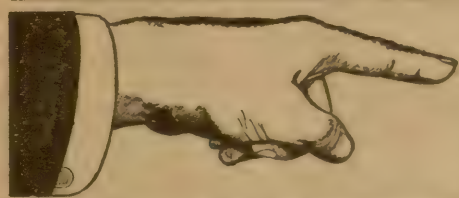
The Bodi-Tone Company wants you to try a full-sized box of Bodi-Tone at its own risk. We want you to see, feel, know and be sure of its powers before you pay for it or buy a penny's worth of Bodi-Tone. You must see what it does for you, must feel what it accomplishes in your own particular case, must know how its use benefits and corrects *your body*, before you pay. No matter what your ailment may be, we want you to try a box of Bodi-Tone in this way. No matter how old you are, no matter how long you have been sick, no matter what you have used without success, we are willing to send it to you, for you to try, without a penny from you. We don't care what doctors have told you, we don't care whether you have any confidence or belief in Bodi-Tone, we are glad to have you and every sick, weak or worn-out man or woman in America try it at our risk.

All you need do is send the Coupon, which tells us you want to try Bodi-Tone, with your name and address, and we will mail a dollar box of Bodi-Tone to you, without a penny.

If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*, and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which have been draining your vitality, to make your organs, nerves and muscles capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If you want to stop the use of medicine, if you want to quit the doctors, if you want to stop the strain and drain of continual dosing and drugging, send the coupon immediately for a dollar box on trial and *tone your body and make it healthy* with Bodi-Tone, for healthy bodies need no medicine. The decision is all left to you. *You judge for yourself*, in your own time, in your own home, and judge Bodi-Tone by what it does in your own body. Bodi-Tone wants you to take your own time, to see, feel and be sure, to know its work is making health, before you pay. *Your word decides it. We leave it all to you.*

Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

It cures disease by toning all the body, and we want to show you what it will do for *your body*. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.



Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. *A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for the body's health.* Each one of its ingredients adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether a *natural remedy*. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well-deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have selected, proportioned and combined these great

natural curatives, and for the health-making work Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The *exact combination used in Bodi-Tone* is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

No One Is Too Old To Use Bodi-Tone

This trial offer is open to all, freely, generously, without any age limit, for we are glad to prove at our own risk how Bodi-Tone acts in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. Thousands of old men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles and new vitality in every vital function. If there is anything wrong in your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along, straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctored with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humors, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about? It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by trying Bodi-Tone on this liberal offer. Thousands of strong, virile, rich-blooded men and women in all parts of the country are living, breathing, walking and talking examples of the power of Bodi-Tone in the diseased, debilitated and run-down body. When you read how it acts, when you see what it does for others, when you see how it destroys the roots of disease, how it builds up, repairs, renews, cures and restores for persons like these whose likenesses are seen on this page, it tells you what to do to get the health you seek.

Not a Secret

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its curative merit and restorative power in the body.

Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we offer you in the coupon.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Bodi-Tone makes the body right, with its maximum strength, vigor and vitality, which it may not have possessed for years previous, even when in fair health. Bodi-Tone works what seems a miracle by *putting tone where tone was needed*. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the *right thing* for you. All we ask of the sick, all we ask of you, is to test it, to use it for twenty-five days, to give it a chance to prove what it can do, for a trial proves it.

She Was Almost a Skeleton

COPLEY, OHIO.—I had Heart trouble for many years, also attacks of Liver trouble. A year ago, when I learned about Bodi-Tone, I had run down until I was almost a skeleton. I had such a distress in my chest and was so very nervous that I could not sleep. My tongue was so bitter and furry at night that I had to arise two or three times in the night to rinse my mouth. I had difficulty in breathing and would smother. I was then seventy-one years old, and had gone so far in my weakness that I had almost given up in despair and thought my time had come. I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and sent for a box. I had not taken all the first box before I found that I was getting so much better that I sent for more. This spring I feel and look ten years younger and weigh twenty-five pounds more than I did last year. I do all of my housework and washing, mow my lawn, tend my chicks, flowers and garden. MRS. R. W. CAIN.



Had Bad Liver and Kidneys

KIRKWOOD, MO.—My troubles were of long standing. I have suffered with my Stomach for the greater part of my life, and ever since I can recollect my Secretions have been imperfect. I had Liver and Kidney trouble for more than twenty-five years, and Bronchitis and a soreness in the region of the Heart for several years. Bodi-Tone is the first medicine I have ever used that did not lose its good effects in a short time, making it necessary to turn to some other remedy. It has built me up more than any other remedy I have ever used, and I am greatly improved in every respect. I have not felt the pains about my Heart for a long time, and the Bronchitis does not bother me as it did. It is almost two years since I began its use. REV. A. T. TIDWELL.



All Gave Her Up To Die

WHITE PATH, GA.—For three years I had been suffering with Kidney Trouble and Sick Headache. I had such a pain in my left side that it would almost kill me. Finally I got down in bed and had three of the best doctors in this county, and they gave me up to die, and all my friends and people thought I was surely going to die. One of my cousins who had been taking Bodi-Tone then urged that I should use it, for the doctors were doing me no good and she had great faith in it. I began to take the tablets and it was just two weeks from the day I started to use them that I got up and walked, and it was Bodi-Tone that saved my life. I sent for more and it surely cured me. Now I do all of my housework, care for my children, milk three cows and do other chores. I often walk three miles to town and back, and I feel as well as I ever did in my life. MRS. CORA BOATNER.



Used It Three Years Ago

CAMP CREEK, W. VA.—I am thankful to say that Bodi-Tone has the right name, for it surely toned up my entire body. I sent for a trial box about three years ago, when I was afflicted with Constipation, Liver Trouble and Rheumatism. I had become so poorly that I could not do even half a day's work without being entirely broken down. I used four boxes of Bodi-Tone and it did me more good than all the other medicines I had used for ten years before. I had not used half of the four boxes when I felt a great change in my health. I have been stouter ever since I used Bodi-Tone than I had been for a number of years before. I am sixty-eight years of age now, and can do as much work as I could twenty years ago. My good health ever since I used Bodi-Tone proves this medicine does genuinely permanent work, for I give Bodi-Tone all the credit. J. G. JEWELL.



Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort

**Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoynes & North Aves., Chicago**

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name

Town

State

Street or R. F. D.

Husband and Wife Trial Offer When this trial offer is read in a home where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial, with the understanding that each will use a box, and pay us \$1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this Coupon should be signed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife." Write name in this way and we will know two boxes are wanted for husband and wife, the only way we ever send two boxes on trial.

Your Opinion Decides It!

When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies, by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Five Wheel Chairs in December

172 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Five wheel chairs is the Wheel-Chair Club's Christmas present to the shut-ins. They have to be shipped a long distance, but I hope that some of them will reach their destination by Christmas. However, the shut-ins to whom they have been awarded will have received notice that the chairs have been shipped, which will brighten their Christmas even if their chairs have not arrived.

Following are the names and addresses of the recipients of the five December chairs:

Lee Whittenberg, Lincoln, Ark.; Mrs. J. Parkhurst, Maloy, Iowa; Myrtle Bittinger, R. 1, Biglerville, Pa.; Mrs. Wyatt, Hawley, Texas; Maud Carpenter, Laland, New Mexico.

The friends of each of these shut-ins helped in getting subscriptions for their chairs and the Club did the rest.

Lee Whittenberg and his friends began in September and have sent a total of 138 subscriptions.

Beginning on November 22, the friends of Mrs. Parkhurst have sent 110 subscriptions toward her chair.

November 15, Mrs. E. Bittinger sent a club of 101 subscriptions to credit of Myrtle Bittinger.

Miss Maude Hawthorne, of Anson, Texas, sent in 100 subscriptions on November 30 toward a wheel chair for Mrs. Wyatt of Hawley, Texas, and promised to send more soon. Miss Hawthorne did not give us Mrs. Wyatt's first name. In her interesting letter Miss Hawthorne says that she is getting this wheel chair as a surprise to Mrs. Wyatt, and she asks to have it shipped to herself or to Mrs. Overstreet, who is helping her, so that they may have the pleasure of delivering it in person to Mrs. Wyatt on Christmas day. On December 2, I ordered the chair shipped direct to Miss Hawthorne and hope she will receive it before Christmas. What a fine idea—this getting a wheel chair as a Christmas surprise for a needy shut-in, and also having the pleasure of presenting it and seeing the recipient's manifestation of joy.

There are crippled shut-ins suffering for a wheel chair in most every community and it would be a glorious thing for others to follow Miss Hawthorne's example and get them a COMFORT wheel chair as a surprise for Christmas or at any other season of the year. With the true Christian the Christmas spirit should be equally operative in good works throughout the year.

The friends of Maude Carpenter sent in 85 subscriptions between November 30 and December 10.

You see this was quick work and brought quick results to these five applicants.

Now let us all lift together for the Wheel-Chair Club this month and make a good start for the new year. The interesting letters of thanks and of the Roll of Honor follow:

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the gratuity to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALUABLE WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Seemed so Good to Get Out in COMFORT Wheel Chair after being a Shut-In for 22 Years

GAINESBORO, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived yesterday, and I could never begin to tell you how delighted I am with it. I went for a ride in it directly I got it, all around the yard, and around the house, and it did seem so good to be able to get out again after being a shut-in for twenty-two years. I want to thank you Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and all who helped me get this chair. It certainly is a comfort to me. God bless you all.

Your grateful friend,

MRS. SARAH HOWELL.

None but a Suffering Shut-In can Understand her Gratitude for her Wheel Chair

WAYLAND, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The COMFORT wheel chair came last night, and I wish to express my thanks and gratitude to you and Mr. Gannett and everyone who so kindly helped me to get it.

I can wheel myself around easily, and no one but a suffering shut-in can understand how grateful I am to be able to leave my room and get out in the bright sunshine. Again thanking you for this beautiful chair, I remain, Your grateful friend,

MRS. EMILY DOOLITTLE.

Little Boy Shut-In is Delighted with his COMFORT Wheel Chair

VANCEBURG, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my chair yesterday, and I am delighted with it, and don't know how to thank you for it. I have been in bed nine months, and it will be such a comfort to me. I am thirteen years old. Again thanking you for your kindness, and with love to you, Your grateful little friend,

MCKINLEY HIXE.

Thinks her COMFORT Wheel Chair just Fine

CURTISVILLE, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my chair last night and I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all those who helped me get it. It is just fine and will be lots of comfort to me. May God bless you all for your kindness.

Your grateful friend,

MRS. ELINA FLENNER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Miss Maude Hawthorne, Tex., for Mrs. Wyatt 100; Mrs. Ernest Bittinger, Pa., for Myrtle Bittinger, 98; Mrs. S. J. Carpenter, Mo., for Maude Carpenter, 78; Mrs. L. Rice, Iowa, for Mrs. Parkhurst, 68; Margaret M. Whittenberg, Ark., for Lee Whittenberg, 57; Mrs. E. R. Rice, Iowa, for Mrs. Parkhurst, 43; Mrs. Robert V. Stephenson, Ark., for own wheel chair, 38; Mrs. Myrtle Hill, Va., for own wheel chair, 26; Junior League Ark., for Mrs. Stephenson, 25; Mrs. May Brown, Colo., for Mrs. Earl, 20; Alston G. Shaffer, W. Va., for own wheel chair, 20; Miss Lizzie Hiett, Ind., 18; Mrs. Adell Etledge and Mrs. Ed. Moore, Ore., for Myrtle Hill, 16; Emma Biddle, Tenn., for Mrs. Wimberly, 15; Kela McDonald, Hawaii, 14; Fannie Bowers, Texas, 13; Mrs. Della Mills, Ohio, for Lee Whittenberg, 12; Maggie Hanks, Mo., for own wheel chair, 12; Mrs. Florence Moody, Minn., 12; Mrs. W. A. Owens, N. C., for own wheel chair, 12; Mrs. Laura Wiens, Ga., 10; Mrs. Emma Goyle, Mo., 10; Mrs. Chas. Hines, Kans., for own most needy, 9; Miss Ella Womack, Ga., for own wheel chair, 9; A. C. Shaffer, Ill., 8; Mrs. A. G. McMillan, Ore., 7; Mrs. Annie Hodge, Va., for her little girl, 7; Mrs. Belle Howe, Wis., 7; Mrs. S. P. Marshall, Mo., for Maude Carpenter, 6; Georgia L. Myers, Mo., for Lee Whittenberg, 6; Annie L. Vinson, 6; Gardner, Pa., for Sarah Howell, 5; Margaret Aiken, Kans., 5; Carolyn L. Prather, Ill., 5; Mrs. Fred Koez, Colo., 5; Mrs. M. G. Brake, Okla., 5; Mrs. Hesse Jordan, Idaho, 5; Ollie Hart, Tenn., for Granville Chapman, 5; Mrs. E. V. Cobb, Wash., 5.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. T. S., Shady Grove, Fla.—Correspondence courses in automobile are profitable or not according to the ability of the student to become a first-class chauffeur. Some people can learn and some cannot, and the profit is to those only who can learn. There are thousands of young men running automobiles now who don't know how and are daily putting machines into repair shops and human beings into hospitals and graveyards. The business has grown so rapidly that incompetents must be employed until the time comes when there will be plenty of competent men to take their places.

N. A. W., Winslow, Ind.—A minor cannot get a marriage license in any state without the consent of parents or guardian. The age in Tennessee is sixteen years. All states require a license except South Carolina, though in some states publication of the banns will be accepted instead of license.

Macbeth, Leipold, Minn.—No lad of sixteen with an eighth grade education and fairly good health has a right to say: "I have no chance to make my way." The demand is constant and the supply short of honest, industrious, capable lads who have the spirit that will not be downed no matter what discouragements arise. Get a place, no matter what the pay is, with some business or office. You like and believe you can be successful in and stick right to it until you make yourself so efficient and necessary that you will become part of it. The trouble with most lads is that they are lazy, careless, inefficient and ready at any time to give up one place for another on the promise of a dollar or two extra. They have no thought except for the present and have no interest in anything except what they can get out of it for themselves. The best part of a boy's life is in the future and he should take care of that and make himself able to meet it. There is plenty of work for you to do and if you are not able to find it, you would not be able to do anything at it if you did find it. There are thousands of boys who can and will work if the job is found for them, but the boy who means something is the boy who can find his own job and make a success of it. Now go ahead and let us see if you have the stuff in you or not.

Ruth, Dubuque, Iowa.—The duties of a librarian are to arrange and break up books in a library and to be able to select proper books for circulation and attend to people who visit the library and use it. The duties include many details and a wide knowledge of books if the librarian is to be at all efficient. Salaries differ with every locality and librarian and range along from thirty dollars a month up.

U. F., Earlville, Iowa.—The novel by Edward Eggleston, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is not put into a synopsis. Novels are written to afford readers something to read for pleasure and to make a synopsis of one is simply taking its vitality out and killing it. You can get the whole story for a dollar or so. The synopsis of a serial in a periodical of preceding chapters gives the points of the story in brief so that readers may begin at any chapter, and a synopsis of twenty lines may contain the main facts of as many chapters.

W. D. L., Asher, Okla.—A formula for any medicine which is a tried and successful remedy may be sold legally, but if they are false or injurious, the seller is liable to be arrested and punished severely.

D. C., Seattle, Wash.—A deserter from the army is liable to punishment at any time, sooner or later, if he is found in this country and there is no statute of limitations. As there are mitigating circumstances in this case, we advise you to lay the matter before the Member of Congress from your district and have him present the case to the Secretary of War and see what can be done to make the foolish young fellow square so that he can come back to his own country. Deserters do not usually make good citizens, but we think this deserter is not of the deserter type. Anyway, your congressman is the man to handle the case for you.

W. H. G., Laurel Branch, W. Va.—Oscar Wilde was an English writer of prose and verse and died some years ago in disgrace. Richard Le Gallienne is a poet living at Cos Cob, Conn. Dan Smith is an illustrator living in New York city. George Meredith is an English novelist of the first class. We have not space to go into details of their lives and characters. You must go to a library or encyclopedia for these. You can probably get portraits from Breckenridge, New York City. In order to be considered well read you will have to read more books than we have space to list. Get the little book "What to Read," and study that for the books needed. There are several other books written as helps for those who wish to know what to read and how to read systematically. Write to Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, for list and prices.

M. L. K., Arnold, Nebr.—You must not believe everything you hear. Lincoln pennies of no kind that we know of are worth five dollars each.

S. A. N., Patton, Pa.—There is no state near Pennsylvania where you will not have pretty much the same climatic conditions you have where you are, unless possibly you might get some change in the Adirondack region of New York, where pulmonary troubles are improved. For asthma, catarrh and that sort, the best climate is the warm dry air of Arizona or New Mexico, and in that country are industries and thrifty men and family can make a living more easily than in Pennsylvania and a better one. Go out there alone and if you find conditions favorable send back for your family and save the expense of extra travel for yourself. But don't pack up and go there or anywhere else until you know what you are going to.

E. B., Dallas, Ga.—Charles Dickens was an English novelist and not a historian. "David Copperfield" is supposed to be autobiographical, though of course, not an actual story of the author's life. It is by many considered to be the best of his stories. Dickens is an author you should read and if Dallas has a library go there and get his novels, and if there is no library, borrow the books from some of your reading friends.

E. C., Barbour, W. Va.—To get rid of the growing ivy thoroughly wait the soil around its roots, but that will prevent your planting anything else in its place if you want anything else to grow there. Digging it up deep is about the only way to get rid of it and save the soil. Frequent cutting will in time kill it. You will find ivy is rather a persistent plant.

T. S. S., Ashland, Ohio.—The best way to put a medicine on the market, when you haven't the money to go into extensive advertising—and without advertising there can be nothing done successfully—is to make up enough of it to meet the local demand and begin by advertising in your local papers with half page advertisements. That will get the home people to buying it. Then take the counties around your own and advertise it liberally there. Spend all your spare change in advertising. With the local trade worked up you can begin to branch out and then the way is open. You can trade-mark your medicine against imitations and you will have to submit your formula to the Department of Agriculture to get it under the Pure Food and Drug laws.

ROMANS CAN REIN CANAL.—Matilde Moisant, the aviatrix, says that the Panama canal can be easily destroyed in a few minutes by bombs dropped into the lock chambers from airplanes flying from warships out of range of the forts.

MACHINE TO DO OUR BREATHING.—Experiments on a dog conducted by Dr. B. Merrill Ricketts of Cincinnati, in the University Building at Chicago, have proved conclusively, the surgeons announced, that normal respiration can be entirely supplanted by the use of a simple apparatus, that both pleural cavities can be exposed at the same time with perfect safety; that heart and lungs may be permitted to rest and the patient kept alive by this artificial breathing. The test took

place before the Chicago Medical Society. For several hours, a dog was kept alive by means of this artificial breathing machine.

SHOES A CENTURY OLD.—One of the curios displayed with pride by "Aunt Betsey" Slocum of Lawrence, Conn., who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday, is a pair of leather shoes, the first ever made for her, about ninety-nine years old.

IF YOU ARE SICK

Let Me Send You My Generous Proof Treatment and Illustrated Medical Book

FREE

A liberal offer from Dr. F. W. Jiroch, the great Specialist, whose remarkable success has been heralded throughout the country.

I want you to allow me, dear friend, to send you a Proof Treatment free—absolutely free.

This is no ordinary proposition and I will give you my reasons. I believe I can do what others have not done. I have done it over and over again, but I am still willing to prove it to you. I have perhaps the most positive method yet devised for the permanent eradication of such afflictions as Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel disorders, Kidney and Bladder ailments, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh, and other diseases arising from Uric Acid conditions, Impure Blood, etc. If you need treatment, I want you to try my medicine at my expense. That is real proof of what I can do. Your own personal experience is the best test.



F. W. JIROCH, M. D.

You may say I have a selfish motive somewhere in offering something free—I have. I want to increase my practice but of course, I must reserve the right to limit the number of Free Sample Treatments I can afford to send. I am trying to reach one influential person in new localities, who has never tried my treatment, so I have addressed this offer to you. I realize that I must help you if I expect you to recommend me to others. If I do I will earn your good will and in this way I will secure other patients.

Send No Money

I ask for no deposit. You will not be asked to sign anything—no obligation on your part to buy anything. There will be no express charges to pay for, I pay the postage myself, and deliver the package to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Again I say—send no money.

You Only Risk a Two Cent Stamp

I do not have one remedy that cures everything. I do not believe that a medicine that will cure a young woman of female complaint, will also cure an old man of rheumatism. Such mislabeled medicines are piled up on the shelves of the stores throughout the country. Such "curealls" almost always disappoint. My method is different. My treatments are made of my own private prescriptions, perfected after years of successful practice in my chosen field, and are especially selected to suit each individual. I use no patent medicine. No "dope." I am not offering you experiments, or remedies of doubtful value or dangerous opiates, or habit-forming drugs, such as you may have tried before. All I want to know is—what do you want to be cured of? And you must believe that my remedies are genuine and that they do cure; otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

Try At My Expense

Now it may seem to you that I cannot do this. It is true others ask for money in advance, but I will never at any time ask you to pay for the proof treatment I now offer you

free. I believe that no matter how bad your case may seem to be, or how long you have suffered, even if others pronounced your case incurable, my treatment may surprise you. You may feel discouraged on account of past failures. Your home doctor may have exhausted himself. Patent medicines proved worthless. It seems nothing but expense and no results, but I ask you to set aside your prejudice and try once more. Try at my expense, not yours. You may argue and try to find flaws in my proposition, but there is nothing to argue about. When I have so much confidence in the success of my method of cure as to go to all this expense, you can afford to at least let me try to cure you. This is all I ask. You only risk a two-cent stamp on your letter to ask for it. As to cured patients, I count mine by the hundreds, where an ordinary doctor counts but one. I have real testimonials that prove. I have no relationship with humbug and guarantee to treat you honestly and honorably at all times.

Honest Treatment GUARANTEED

If you are feeling weak and run down, troubled with your Kidneys and Bladder, suffering from Rheumatism, Catarrh, or Catarrhal Deafness, any Blood Disorder, Pimples, Nervous Weakness; if you want your Liver and Bowels regulated, appetite improved, Dyspepsia cured—if you feel the need of a genuine medicine to brace you up and restore your lost strength and ambition—if you want my advice on any private matter then take a minute's time and send your Application at once. And I want to emphasize this fact again—that my treatments, whether for internal or external use, are absolutely safe, painless, curative. Fill out the coupon below and describe your case fully, so I may know what you want to be cured of. This will also enable me to offer valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., according to the peculiarities of your own case. There will be no charge whatever for the test treatment, for my professional advice or opinion, or diagnosis, or for answering your questions. I will also send you my illustrated MEDICAL BOOK explaining the cause and effect of your diseases. It would give me pleasure to send you all this Free, so accept the offer today. Don't wait.

Dr. F. W. Jiroch,

Dept. 1421, 533 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Dear Doctor: I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment, and XX before my worst troubles.

Name.....
(In full, Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Town.....State.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box.....

Mark
Symptoms Have you written to me before?....
Here

Age.....

—If you have rheumatism.
—If you have sick headache.
—If you have pain in your back.
—If you are nervous or irritable.
—If you are subject to biliousness.
—If you feel weak and all run down.
—If you have palpitation of your heart.
—If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
—If your hands and feet get cold easily.
—If you belch up wind from your stomach.
—If you have dribbling or painful urination.
—If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
—If you have too frequent desire to pass water.
—If you have itching or burning of your skin.
—If you have dizziness or swimming of your head.
—If you have boils or pimples on your face or neck.
—If you have pains in back, through loins, hips and joints.
—If you are hard of hearing.
—If your nose stops up easily.
—If you spit up mucus or slime.
—If your ears discharge matter or pus.
—If your ears hurt when you blow your nose.
—If you have ringing, buzzing, cracking noises in your ears.

FOR WOMEN

—If you are TOO FAT.
—If you are TOO THIN.
—If your sickness is too scanty.
—If you have pain in your side.
—If your sickness is too profuse.
—If your bust lacks development.
—If you have hot and cold flashes.
—If you have Leucorrhoea (whites).
—If you have painful Menstruation.
—If you have itching or inflammation.
—If you have bearing down feelings.
—If you have distress due to change of life.

Fill Out This Application and Send It Today
Dr. F. W. Jiroch, Dept. 1421, 533 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



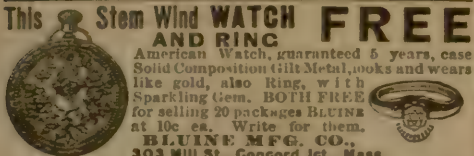
This Beautiful China Dinner Set for a Little Easy Work

These dishes comprise one of the most beautiful gold decorated sets ever manufactured. Over 20,000 given away. Merely send postal with name and address. We will immediately send you by mail just paid dishes. Also a dozen beautiful art pictures on two plates 12 x 18 inches. Simply fill in the coupon below and send it to us. (Reverse Side at 25c each, and give one of these beautiful art pictures free with each set. Send us the \$2.00 and we will immediately send you this exquisite full size 20-piece china set FREE.

You Need No Money

You need no experience. We send Salve and pictures and show you how. Largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of White China Dinner Sets. Also a dozen beautiful art pictures on two plates 12 x 18 inches. Simply fill in the coupon below and send it to us. (Reverse Side at 25c each, and give one of these beautiful art pictures free with each set. Send us the \$2.00 and we will immediately send you this exquisite full size 20-piece china set FREE.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 130 Tyroee, Pa.



This Stem Wind WATCH FREE AND RING

American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition (Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for selling 20 packages RUINS at 10c. Write for them. BLUNE MFG. CO., 303 Mill St., Concord, Mass.

SILK WONDERS! BARGAINS IN POUND BOXES of beautiful Large Silk Remnants for fancy work quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. Send 10c for a big package of lovely pieces, your money back if not delighted. If you are not earning \$20.00 weekly, sell our Remnant bargain bundles, also Silks, Velvets, and Dress Goods cut any length. Address UNION S. WORKS, 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N.Y.



LADIES, send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you postpaid, on credit, 12 boxes Thompson's Toilet and Complexion Cream to dispose of among friends at 35 cents a box. When sold remit us the three dollars and we will promptly send you for your trouble Six (three pair) Nottingham Lace Curtains, neatly three yards long. Ladies, write us at once for the 12 boxes Cream. CHAS. B. THOMPSON, Lace Curtains Dept. 207 BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

WHITE ANGORA BONNET

Would cost several dollars and be no more suitable for winter weather than this pretty Bonnet made of heavy material and plucked to look like fur. Trimmed with a little white fox head and silk ribbon bow, it is difficult to make you understand how attractive this Bonnet is, and it becomes the little wearer and is so warm and comfortable in cold weather. There are long bows also, made of silk poplin, and the Bonnet is carefully lined throughout. May be had in white only and all sizes. Giveage of child when ordering.

Club Offer. A club of subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures one Bonnet post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet. Three Year Guarantee.



THIS ROUND BRACELET with artistic engraving and unique SPRING FASTENING is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like solid gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your initial or initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1912 style so you will want one while they are fashionable and as we guarantee it and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner Remedies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

constipation is to keep the bowels open without the use of physic, the latter aggravates the trouble. Mrs. E. L. Gordon, Littleton, R. R. 1, N. H.

MEASLES.—To bring out the measles, give saffron tea, but no stimulating drinks or featherbeds, as the patient is more likely to take cold—a dangerous complication.

PERSPIRING FEET.—Use extract of tannin. What will rest on a five cent piece is sufficient for both feet.

NEURALGIA.—One ounce of oil of peppermint, one ounce ammonia and sweet oil, one ounce of beeswax. Warm the sweet oil to melt the beeswax. Remove from fire and add peppermint and last ammonia. Rub afflicted part and bind up.

CHRONIC CATARRH, and BENEFICIAL IN CONSUMPTION.—Make a cloth funnel four feet long with one end large enough to go over the head. The other end must be fitted over kettle in which water is boiling. Add to the water while boiling one teaspoon best quality of oil of spirits of turpentine. Inhale the hot vapor for ten or fifteen minutes each night before retiring. Persistent use of the remedy is a positive benefit. Keep it up two or three months. If turpentine is too strong use less and increase as you can bear it.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Put about four drops of laudanum and four drops of kerosene oil into a teaspoon; put onto a little cotton batting to just absorb mixture. Hold over a lamp, heat hissing hot on one side, turn the cotton over and warm again. Pinch out the cotton, put hot in ear, tie bandage over ear, and relief is immediate.

CUTS.—Kerosene will stop the bleeding and relieve pain.

NAIL WOUNDS.—Use salt water where rusty nails have penetrated the flesh.

BURNS or SCALDS.—Saturate absorbent cotton or soft cloth with extract of peppermint and bind on. Keep wet with peppermint.

POISON IVY.—Make frequent applications of Castor oil.

POISONOUS STINGS.—Hartshorn or oil of sassafras will relieve pain and swelling. Strong baking soda water is also excellent.

EAR SORE.—Apply peroxide of hydrogen with a small ear syringe, then dry with absorbent cotton. Following this treatment, make a small quill of clean stiff paper, and with one end dip up a little boric acid and blow into ear.

ULCERATED TOOTH.—Put soda into the cavity several times a day.

Seven Old Songs We All Love

Beautifully Illustrated in Many Bright Colors and Gold

COMFORT has just obtained a series of good old Songs and besides furnishing you with the words and music complete on separate sheets there is an appropriate and highly colored picture with each Song. Not only do these pictures portray the sentiment of the Song but each one being the highest work of the Illustrator's art and embellished in gold it is suitable for framing and hanging on the wall of any room. The first lines of each song are printed in an attractive panel underneath the title of the picture. The first picture shows an ideal cottage, with Mother at the door, hammock on the porch, child and dog running over the bridge out in the golden twilight, with a church seen amid the foliage in the distance.

Home Sweet Home
"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Then the full score of words and music is printed on reverse sheet on each of the following subjects, making seven very appropriate and pretty pictures in all, and seven complete songs as well, on sheets 10 1/4 by 14.

Lead Kindly Light
"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on."

Cottage by the Sea
"Childhood's days now pass before me, Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me, Calm and bright as evening's glow."

Rock of Ages
"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,"

Sweet and Low
"Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the Western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the Western sea."

Old Oaken Bucket
"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view!"

In the Gloaming
"In the gloaming, oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low;
And the quiet shadows falling, softly come and softly go."

You Can Secure the Entire Lot of Above Songs Free

COMFORT readers can but appreciate the fact that these are all familiar old songs and we know many will want the entire assortment, and after you once get them and see how beautiful the illustrations really are you will advise your friends to send for a Set also.

Special Offer: We will send the entire lot of Songs "SEVEN SHEETS OF ILLUSTRATED MUSIC" if you will secure only one new fifteen months' subscription to COMFORT at 25c. Your own renewal will not count. IT MUST BE A NEW SUBSCRIBER, or send 35c, and your own renewal for 15 months, and we mail a complete set. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Vanished Year

BY C. F. DODGE.
Once again a year has vanished,
To the realm of bygone banished,
Where the past years sleep in glory—
Not forgotten—gone before—
And the New Year comes to greet us,
On the wings of Time to meet us,
And to tell the old, old story
Of the years that are no more.

On the wings of Time, swift flying,
Lies the Old Year, sighing, dying,
Borne to join the host that slumbers
On that distant unknown shore—
Borne to join the countless legion
That have crossed that mystic region,
And are counted with the numbers
In that land of Nevermore.

Once again the bells are ringing,
Tidings of the New Year bringing,
With the blithe and gladsome clangor
Of the bells that rang of yore,
And their glad and tuneful pealing,
Brighter, fairer skies revealing,
Ride us banish sorrow, anger
Think of gladness yet in store.

Let us greet the New Year gladly—
Though we miss the old one sadly—
Let us hope for bright skies o'er us,
Let our dreams be ever fair—
Let us banish care and sorrow,
Hope for gladness on the morrow—
Let us build for days before us
Brighter castles in the air.

Requests
Mrs. Wm. Hill, East Branch, Box 17, Ont. Co., Mich.; song, "When the Sunset Turns The Ocean Blue to Gold."
Mrs. Ruthie Williams, Sundry, Oregon; fifteen-inch square crazy quilt blocks of wool. (This sister has been ill a long time and has three little ones to care for.—Ed.)
Mrs. Frances E. Odens, 177 North Main St., Waterbury, Conn.; shut-in; letters.
Miss Josie Bratton, Dallas, Miss.; where the double white and purple violet can be obtained.
Mrs. Walter Long, Crawfordsville, R. R. 1, Ind.; letters from sisters near Jackson or Toulacoe, Miss.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months' 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Martha Pippenger, Nappanee, R. R. 1, Box 15, Ind.
Mrs. Ethel Ober, 37 Crescent Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
Miss Stella Hawkins, Forum, Okla.
Miss Bernice B. Carlton, Woodford, R. R. 3, Box 14, Maine.
Casto Deane, Dumas, Okla.
William Goldsmith, Alexander, N. Dak.
Gerald McIntosh, Bromide, Okla.
A. Miller, Everson, Wash.
Miss Pearl Campbell, Farmer City, Ill.
No comic cards.
Miss Virginia Campbell, Farmer City, Ill.
No comic cards.
Miss Iona Fairbanks, 608 Grape St., Vineland, N. J.
Colored views.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making two lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Martha and Fred Stone born in Chicago and when little children passed through Kewanee where their brother Carl was adopted. Write their brother, Carl Rohle, Superior, Wis.

Wanted, to know whereabouts of Calvin Kitchens, age twenty-five years, was last heard from at Gulon, Ark. about one year ago. Went West from Gulon. Address J. H. Kitchens, Lake City, Ark.

How to Use the Parcel Post

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

pected that the Parcel Post law would lower all rates on fourth-class matter. But by this jump-trick packages of certain weights actually bear a higher rate of postage now in all zones, except the first, than they did under the old law.

The old law gave a rate of one cent an ounce up to four pounds for any distance, so that a five ounce package would pay only five cents. But by Parcel Post a five ounce package, or one that weighs ever so small a fraction over four ounces will cost in the second zone 6 cents, 3rd zone 7 cents, 4th zone 8 cents, 5th zone 9 cents, 6th zone 10 cents, 7th zone 11 cents, 8th zone 12 cents.

Was this injustice a blunder on the part of Congress, or a joker worked in by the express interests?

It should be corrected at once by permitting the use of the ounce rate in each zone up to where it equals the present pound rate.

Almost as great a hardship results from the jumping of the pound rates from pound to pound, especially in the larger zones.

To illustrate: In the eighth zone the rate is 12 cents a pound, and a package that weighs ever so little over one pound costs 24 cents, the full rate for two pounds.

The rates in the larger zones are too high, but worse still in practical operation they will be nearly doubled on many small packages by fractional excess of weight.

This certainly requires immediate adjustment by Congress.

The highest Parcel Post rate for any distance in the United States should not exceed the rate of one cent for each two ounces.

Twelve cents a pound, the rate in the eighth zone is the same as the foreign Parcel Post rate, and it is absurd as well as unjust for our government to charge its citizens as much for carrying a parcel any distance wholly within this country as it does for carrying the same parcel from San Francisco to New York and thence to Italy.

The limits of weight and size should be much enlarged as they are in the Parcel Post of European countries, and probably will be here after we get our system well established and in good working order.

In the local and rural delivery service the rates should be lower, especially the rate for the first pound, and the weight limit should be raised to 25 pounds and the size limit to that of a barrel.

This is even now the cheapest and quickest service and will be most helpful to the farmers and local stores. It is estimated that it will save the farmers throughout the country a total of one hundred million dollars a year in wear of equipment and time heretofore lost in going to market. Not only can he thus market much of his produce, but the farmer can telephone or mail his order to the local store and have his purchases delivered by Parcel Post the same or the next day.

Helps the Local Dealer

In the light that the express companies have put up against the Parcel Post they have sought to enlist the support of the local dealers by throwing a great scare at them as to the ruinous effect it would have on their business. It will not hurt, but will help such local dealers as are enterprising enough to take advantage of the facilities of the Parcel Post for broadening their market and increasing their business. With the differential of the local rate so largely in his favor a local dealer is not much good if he can't compete with distant houses in any line of goods that he ought to carry.

Nothing promotes the general prosperity of a people and especially of the business interests, so much as improved transportation facilities and low rates. Everybody saves by it and consequently everybody has more money to spend. Gooder, less and larger profits can be realized for producer and distributor.

The local trader has his legitimate field and the big mail-order houses have theirs, and all will be benefited by the Parcel Post so far as they avail themselves of its facilities.

The crying need of this country is better and cheaper transportation facilities.

W. H. GANNETT.

ELECTRIC Home Lighting Plants, Telephones, Dynamos, Lamps, Engines, Railways, Batteries, Bells, Books, Big Cat. 3c. Ohio Electric Works, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MONEY (\$3) Unik \$ Secrets, etc. Key Free. E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. C.

Song Poems Wanted. See Plan. Big Money. Free Book tells all. Hayworth Music Pub. Co., 673 S. Washington, D. C.

25 Comic Post Cards & Book of Filtration 10c. A. H. Kraus, 400 F. CHESTNUT ST., Milwaukee, Wis.

EARN \$8 ADVERTISING OUR WANTED FLUID to your town with 100 copies. SEND \$5.00 and receive back. A. W. SCOTT, COHES, N. Y.

LADIES make supporters: \$12 per hundred: no canvassing: material furnished: Stamped envelope for particulars. MADISON SUPPLY CO., Dept. A25, Milwaukee, Wis.

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$500 paid for 1854. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean "your fortune." ROCKWELL & CO., 3265 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

MONEY

Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Prospector's Electric Metal Detector's and books. Circular 2c. Add. D. W. JEWELL, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WANTED-AGENTS-QUICK- For "God and Land". Big \$1.50 Book. Agents coin money. Best seller in 10 years. Send 15 cents postpaid on Free Outfit. Address A. B. KUHLMAN, Publisher, Chicago.

20 Valentine & Easter Post Cards 10c
FINE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Our mammoth Surprise Package of 20 loveliest Valentine and Easter Art Post Cards, in beautiful colors and exquisite gold, embossed designs, all different and large illustrated magazine, sent you three months for only 10 cents. EVERY DAY LIFE, Dept. V, CHICAGO

\$\$\$-Old Coins Wanted-\$\$\$
\$7.75 paid for Quarters and Half-dollars dated 1853 without arrows. We pay CASH premiums on hundreds of other coins. Keep all money dated before 1895 and send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean YOUR fortune. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LE ROY, N. Y.

CANCER—Dangerous to Neglect

It is curable if promptly treated with Dr. Johnson's Combination Medical Treatment. Cases cured ten years ago show no signs of return. New Book explains all. It's FREE. G. A. JOHNSON, M. D. 342 Raymond Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

Our fully guaranteed, stem wind and set, richly engraved watch, proper size; and brilliant 3-stone ring, 20c. and a chain FREE to anyone for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry now, when sold send \$2.00 and we will send you watch, ring and handsome chain FREE. HOMER WATCH CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO

BIG GAME & FUN PACKAGE --- 10c

68 SPLENDID GAMES, Checkers and Chess with Men, Dominoes, Fox & Geese, 3 Men Morris, Authors—48 cards, 22 Songs, 19 Fun Cards, 48 Magic Tricks, 70 Great Puzzles, 324 Jolly Jokes & Riddles, 58 Money Making Secrets, 12 Love Letters, 175 Ways to Flirt, How to Charm Others, to Tell Fortunes and 500 other things to entertain the entire family all winter long. Package sent for 10 cents. STAR NOVELTY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Magnolia Blossom

Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 41, South Bend, Indiana

Box 41 South Bend, Indiana

LET ME CURE YOU FREE OF RHEUMATISM.

I took my own medicine. It permanently cured my rheumatism after I had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. I spent \$20,000 before I discovered the remedy that cured me, but I'll give you the benefit of my experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of my remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how I suffered. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I've got the remedy that will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day. S. T. Delano, 3594, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I'll send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

Box 41 South Bend, Indiana

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CINE CO., Inc., 201 Cass St., DETROIT, MICH.

CRUEL PILES

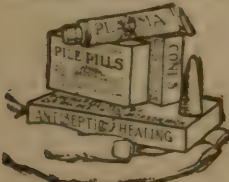
True Cases Never Self-Cured—
Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine
Relief which is Healing
Thousands.

SENDS \$1 PACKAGE TO TRY FREE

If you have Piles, or the itching, burning irritation which is their sure warning, let us send you Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for all rectal troubles at once. It is a dreadful mistake to allow this malignant disease to make unhindered progress, for it may lead to the deadly torture of fistula and cancer. No matter at what stage your case, send this coupon today. The Remedy will be sent you by return post. Then, after using, if you are satisfied with the prompt relief and comfort it brings you, as it has done for many thousands of others, send us One Dollar. If not it costs you nothing. We take your word.



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"There's Relief in Every Package."

Stalest Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send us no money—just the coupon.

FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for \$1 package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on approval, as explained above, to

Name _____
Address _____

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

\$10,000,000 A Year Wasted On Trusses

Wrong to Buy Anything For Rupture Without Getting Sixty Days Trial

A conservative estimate shows that nearly ten million dollars a year—in this country alone—is practically wasted on worthless rupture appliances—all because people trust to a mere try-on instead of making a thorough test.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluette Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbug—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 68—Cluette Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 5th Ave., New York.



Send for a FREE BOX of OXIEIN (One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send of once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 30 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

R. A. C., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every person of twenty-one years and upward who possesses a sound mind and is not under undue influence can make a valid disposition of all his or her property, except that a married man cannot bar his widow from dower in his real estate, and a married woman cannot bar her husband from an estate by curtesy in her real estate. But there is no objection to the giving of a larger amount of property by either one than the other, children born after the making of the will and not provided for in the will receive the same share as in the case of intestacy, all the other devisees and legatees refunding their proportional part; every will must be in writing and signed by the testator, except in case he is too feeble or cannot write, in which case special provisions are made as to its execution; the execution by the testator must be attested by two or more competent witnesses who must see the testator sign and who should sign their names as witnesses in his presence and in the presence of each other. We think the kind of will you mention, if properly executed, would comply with the above requirements.

Mrs. M. H., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the separate property of a married woman, if married within the state, remains her separate property and is not subject to the disposal of her husband, and she has the management thereof; debts contracted for necessities furnished the family can be enforced against such property in case of failure to enforce payment from the husband; she can dispose of such property as she may see fit, except that in case the husband survives her, she cannot bar him, by her will or otherwise, from receiving a share from her estate equal to the amount he would receive in case of intestacy; this amount would vary dependent upon the number of children and whether some or all are children by a former marriage. If married out of the state, we think she may enjoy all the rights there acquired; in some states we think such rights would be substantially less than the rights of married women in your state.

Montana Kid, Montana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married man can give all his property to his wife to the exclusion of his children; we do not think he could, however, turn over his property to his wife in order to defraud his creditors; we think the earnings of a minor child belong to the parents, provided the parents enforce their rights to the same. We do not think a lien for an unpaid board bill could be enforced against the body of a child.

C. S., Indiana.—We think that the proper action to bring to compel the division of real estate owned by two or more persons or tenants in common would be a partition action; in such an action if the court finds the property cannot be partitioned in kind it will order the property sold at public auction and the proceeds of the sale divided among the persons entitled; we think a partnership which has expired can be terminated by an action brought for that purpose and for an accounting; we think either party to the partnership can bring such action; we think that in a case where an adjustment of either of such matters can be effected it is more economical than to go to the expense of litigation.

M. B. P., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we think that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and minor children, his widow would be entitled to be appointed administratrix of his estate provided she were a fit person to act, we do not think her remarriage would be a ground for her removal; we think the minor children could compel a distribution of their shares upon their becoming of age provided the period allowed for administration has expired. Under the laws of your state we think a woman is relieved from the disability of minority upon contracting marriage within the state after attaining the age of eighteen years or by attaining the age of eighteen years after marriage.

Mrs. D. A. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death

GOOD ADVICE TO RHEUMATISM.

If you want a permanent cure of Rheumatism, you must correct the cause in the body which creates Rheumatism. Powerful drugs relieve for a time, but the bodily irregularities keep on working unless checked by proper correctives. Thus repeated attacks finally result in Chronic Rheumatism. Bodily-Tone permanently cures such disorders by correcting the bodily conditions which cause them. You can try a dollar box without a penny. See offer on page 29. Advertisement.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIEIN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Pile Remedy and sample Box of Oxien Tablets together with a FREE HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send of once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 30 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants the widow is entitled to the real or personal estate, or both to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, in addition to the widow's exemption. If the value of the estate exceeds five thousand dollars, the widow is entitled to such sum of five thousand dollars absolutely and in addition one half of the remaining personal estate for life and one half of the remaining personal estate absolutely. If he leaves no known heirs, she takes all in fee. In default of parents, brothers or sisters of the whole blood, and in default of children or descendants, a brother or sister the half blood would inherit, subject, of course, to the above provisions for the widow. We do not think the children, who were brought up by the decedent, but never legally adopted by him, would have any rights of inheritance from his estate, unless some provision was made for them in his will, or unless they were entitled to inherit through some blood relationship to him.

Reader, Colorado.—We think that food and drug preparations should be guaranteed to the Department of Agriculture under the pure food and drug act before they are placed upon the market; we think many states require persons doing business under assumed or fictitious names, to meet certain requirements before engaging in business in this way; we think a license is necessary to engage in the sale of a preparation which contains alcohol or dangerous or noxious drugs.

Mrs. A. K., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that the judgment in a breach of promise action would only be a sum of money as damages for the defendant of a sum to marry, and not a judgment compelling such defendant to carry out the contract to marry; and either party to the action could contract marriage with someone else during the pendency of the action, without any more serious effect than the possible money effect such act might reflect when the case comes up for trial.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL
Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.
ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sores. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Barley Co., 183 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

GOITRE

\$2.50 Treatment Free

To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a \$2.50 Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bel. We think it is one of hundreds I continually receive.

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Write now while you think of it.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist, 715 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Michigan.

November Cash Prizes Paid

135 WINNERS of November Monthly Prizes in COMFORT'S FIFTH GRAND PRIZE CONTEST have been paid the following sums, and any December prizes that they win will be paid DOUBLE to them.

Macon A. Green, Tenn., (1st prize)	\$50.00
Hannah Bonfield, Canada, (2nd prize)	25.00
Rena Dillon, Ohio, (3rd prize)	10.00
Mrs. G. E. Pepper, Oregon, (4th prize)	5.00
O. J. Goldschmidt, Mo., (5th prize)	3.00
Rudolph Fischer, Pa., (6th prize)	2.00

The following 130 persons won \$1.00 each:

Laura Lindsay, Va. Mrs. W. C. Fite, Pa. Martha Harper, Pa. John C. Jones, Mo. Mrs. Emma Davis, Wash. L. F. Catbert, Iowa. Josephine M. Fris, Ill. Mrs. Minnie Walker, Ohio. Mrs. C. Nyman, Mont. Mrs. M. A. Shi, Mass. Mrs. Enola Smith, Ala. Mrs. H. Craighead, Cal. Mrs. S. C. Perry, Cal. Anna Jordan, Pa. Mrs. H. L. Hallman, N. C. Mrs. Marie Babcock, Wis. Miss Hulda Bartels, Wis. Fairlane Riley, Ky. Mrs. Sadie Mullen, Ind. Mame Phillips, Pa. Marcia A. Johnson, Wis. Mrs. Geo. W. Masters, Mo. Mrs. One Osborn, Kans. Miss Mildred Williams, Ala. Mrs. Josie Hamilton, Ind. Mrs. Hugh Myers, Neb. Mrs. A. F. Spring, N. Y. Mrs. M. H. Slattery, Mo. Almada Suley, Neb. Mrs. J. H. Riggs, Ill. Edna E. Snead, La. Mrs. Mary Appel, Mich. Mrs. E. W. Smith, Mich. Mina Bridgeman, Idaho. Mrs. Ida E. Pinter, Ind. Mrs. G. W. Burch, W. Va. Clarence E. Hall, Mich. Mrs. Jas. Schuessler, Pa. Mrs. Irene Lepore, Pa. Mrs. Emma Fosburgh, Ohio. Mrs. M. M. McClure, Ohio. Miss Helen Wiggins, S. C. J. W. Kennett, S. C. Mrs. Mattie J. Vaden, Tenn. Alice Williams, Ga. Mrs. S. A. Boss, Ill. Mrs. Dell Williams, Conn. Y. Mrs. Jennie Owens, Virginia Chunn, Miss M. G. Christenson, Minn. Virginia Chunn, Miss M. G. Christenson, Minn. Mrs. Chas. Oregon. Mrs. John Carnell, Pa. Sophia Schweier, N. Y. David Mason, N. Y. Miss Esther Austin, N. C. Edrieda Bruhke, Ohio. Miss Chloe Andrews, Ohio. Mrs. W. F. Duncan, Okla. Mrs. A. McMillin, Oregon. Mrs. Rosalie Whipple, Pa. Emil Lemkhuhl, Minn. Mrs. Van Powell, Mo. Mrs. M. M. Street, Mo. Mrs. T. B. Nave, Ky. Miss Boxy

Saunders, Ky. Mrs. Loretta Botkins, Ky. Mrs. Mary Bolvers, Mass. Georgia Lambert, Mass. Mrs. Lulu Miller, Mich. Caroline Splinter, Wis. Elsie Rantun, Wis. Mrs. W. G. Staley, Wis. Etta Legg, Wash. Ollie Willis, Texas. Mrs. J. B. Hitchcock, Texas. Anna Mae Orr, Texas. Mrs. Henry Dixon, Tenn. Mrs. Jacob Schafer, S. Dak. Lizzie Sapoch, S. C. Roscoe O. Beaver, Ind. Mrs. Sallie Brogdon, Ala. Addie Chapman, Ark. E. D. Gager, Ark. Miss Alta Winner, Pa. Miss Essie Mota, Pa. Mrs. Mary Small, Kans. Mary Jones, Ark. Gladys Gilman, Mont. Mrs. C. Negala, Md. Miss Lula Wade, Ky. Mrs. Mary Hendricks, Md. Mrs. May Morris, Mo. J. W. Wilson, Mo. Maude M. Miller, Mich. Bertie M. Childers, W. Va. Winnie Peterson, Wis. Mrs. A. M. Pritchard, Tenn. Mrs. Ruby Keith, Tenn. Mrs. G. W. King, Va. Mrs. R. M. Nix, Texas. Mrs. E. Clark, Cal. Mrs. R. A. Parker, Cal. Mrs. Clara Siebert, Ill. Mrs. Daisy Wells, Ill. Velma Palmer, Ill. Mrs. Frank Vosyka, Ill. Almyra Erickson, Iowa. Mrs. J. Emert, Pa. Mrs. George Harper, Pa. Mary Belle Shaw, Pa. Maude M. Tredway, Pa. Mrs. Kate Lee, Pa. Erna Larsen, Neb. Mrs. John Duff, N. Y. Eva Clair Moon, N. Y. Ida Waters, N. C. Mrs. Meda Smith, Ohio. Mrs. Martin Seipel, Ohio. Mrs. C. V. Mitchell, Ohio. Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla. E. N. Gardo, Ga. Miss Willie M. Robinson, Tenn. Miss Mabel Ross, Knab, Mrs. H. C. Barker, Oregon. Mrs. S. M. Reid, Pa. Mrs. N. J. Hudlow, Ga. Mrs. Sadie B. Johnson, Ga. Mrs. Sylvia Chase, Mich. Mrs. Matilda E. Bense, Kans. Mrs. Annie Barrett, Kans. Mrs. Josephine Sweeting, Md.

We are about to award and pay the December prizes and shall print the names of the winners in the February COMFORT.

THIS IS A SIX-MONTHS PRIZE CONTEST, and began in November, with a separate list of Cash Prizes for each month payable each month, and a list of Grand Prizes to be paid AT THE END of six months.

ONLY TWO MONTHS OF THE CONTEST HAVE PASSED.

There are FOUR MONTHS LEFT YET of this PRIZE CONTEST, both for monthly prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES, so if you are not already entered, enter now for January prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES.

For Particulars See Our Grand Prize Offer on Another Page

REMEMBER that if you win a monthly cash prize it helps you to win one of the Grand Prizes also. REMEMBER that these monthly Cash Prizes and GRAND CASH PRIZES are not substituted for the regular club premiums. YOU ARE SURE of your REGULAR club PREMIUMS ANYWAY, and all the CASH PRIZES THAT YOU WIN are that much extra, free. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. So make a try this month. Send postal for our new Premium Catalogue, mailed you free on application to COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.

The Following 75 Women Received a Consolation or Special Prize of One Dollar Each for November

Hattie Schotte, Mich. Erika Nelson, Minn. Mrs. Dora Powell, Mo. Beesie V. Bishop, S. C. Mrs. John A. Auld, Iowa. Mrs. Fannie Vandegriff, Kans. Mrs. D. A. Ier, Ohio. Hattie Kuecht, Oregon. Mrs. Edna Hampton, N. C. Miss Sandra Wilen, N. Dak. Mrs. F. A. George, Conn. Y. Mrs. Geo. Japhet, N. Y. Sadie Watson, N. C. Mrs. Jennie Owens, Virginia Chunn, Miss M. G. Christenson, Minn. Mrs. Chas. Oregon. Mrs. John Carnell, Pa. Sophia Schweier, N. Y. David Mason, N. Y. Miss Esther Austin, N. C. Edrieda Bruhke, Ohio. Miss Chloe Andrews, Ohio. Mrs. W. F. Duncan, Okla. Mrs. A. McMillin, Oregon. Mrs. Rosalie Whipple, Pa. Emil Lemkhuhl, Minn. Mrs. Van Powell, Mo. Mrs. M. M. Street, Mo. Mrs. T. B. Nave, Ky. Miss Boxy

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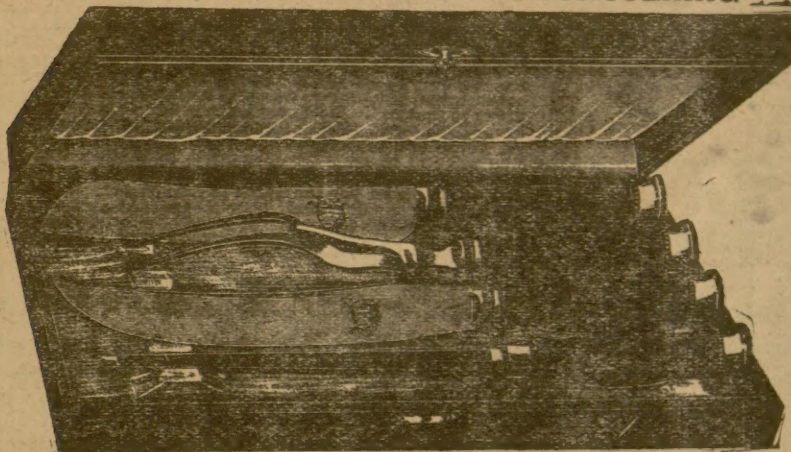


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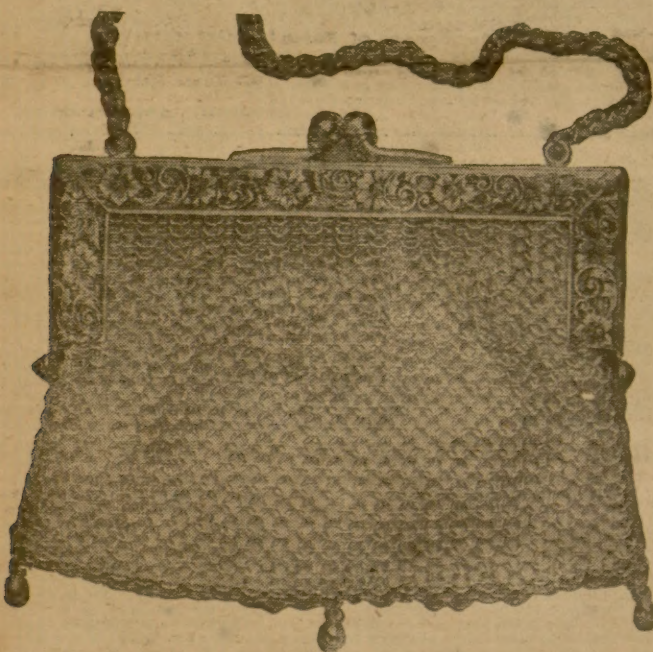
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Sews Everything Well

THE original and only perfect device of its kind ever invented.

It is simply makes it a practical tool for sewing all kinds of heavy material, even in the hands of the most unskilled. Makes lock stitch like sewing machine. Myers Famous Lock Stitch Sewing Awl is designed particularly for farmers' use, but it will be found a time saver and money saver in nearly every household. It is not a novelty, but a practical hand sewing machine for repairing shoes, harness, belts, carpets, rugs, tents, awnings, sails, canvases of all kinds, gloves, mittens, saddles, etc. You can tie comforters or sew up wire cuts on horses or cattle. Veterinarians will find it indispensable for sewing up wounds. The needle is diamond point and will cut through the thickest leather. It has a groove to contain the thread, the reel carrying the waxed thread is exposed in a most convenient position under the fingers' ends so that the tension can be controlled at will by a simple movement of the fingers on the reel and the thread can be taken up or let out as desired. This feature is very essential in a device of this kind. Diamond point grooved needles, straight and curved, come with the outfit. These are exclusive features. Convenient to carry. Always ready to mend a rip or tear in any emergency. You can use any kind of thread—we send a good supply with each Awl, and can furnish more at reasonable prices. There is never a household but what there is repairing of some kind or another, which this Awl will do neatly, durable, and quickly, too.

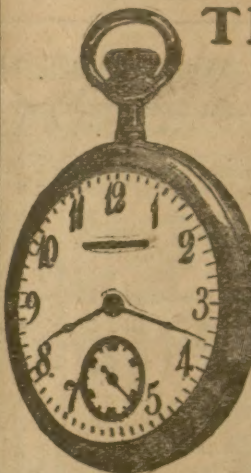
Club Offer. For a club of only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send post-paid a Lock Stitch Sewing Awl just as described above.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE CHOICEST GIFT

The Season's Best Offer

HIGH GRADE GENTLEMEN'S WATCH FREE.



A most attractive, thin model, Nickel Silver case, full bassine model. Antique bow and crown. Stem wind and set. American made, jeweled lever escapement, tool steel pinions, highly polished pivots, Damascened plates. White enamel dial with new style slant Arabic figures.

So much for the technical description as supplied by the maker. In addition to this you have the assurance of the Publisher of COMFORT that you are offered a strictly high-grade, modern timepiece, as good as can be made by expert American Mechanics, there are higher grade and higher cost watches, but no similar watch has ever been offered that presents the value, quality and splendid appearance of this watch. Not a silver watch nor a gold watch, but a substantial NICKEL-SILVER case, that will wear for years and always present the appearance of a watch costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00 and as a timekeeper they are unequalled.

Best all-round gift for a Gentleman is a good timepiece, and the best opportunity to secure one without cost is presented to you now, in the liberal

CLUB OFFER: Only nine subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months obtain one of these Watches. Usually we should require twice this number.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lace Scarfs and Centerpieces, 18x50 inches



THESE goods are imported Cluny lace. The scarf and centerpiece design with white center of absolutely plain material of good quality, and lace border and lace edge, as illustrated, is very attractive, and popular. The lace is in choice patterns selected from the best of the expensive hand-made laces of the same character, rather heavy in weight and made with a strong thread. Eighteen inches wide, fifty inches long.

Club Offer. For only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send One Scarf free, post-paid. Order No. 1166. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WORK BOX ASSORTMENT.



Our readers who are interested in needlework will welcome this privilege of obtaining a complete assortment of useful materials and utensils to work with. We have arranged this work-box assortment to meet all the wants of the busy sewer. The box itself is a little gem, is prettily gotten up to imitate a leather-bound case, as it is covered with pebbled paper that closely resembles real leather. There are eight separate compartments in each case, one, the larger, in the center, has a cover and is for "Odds and Ends," such as needles, thimble, etc. Then there are places for the thread, tambo and silk, so that each will have its place, and not become tangled, which annoys one.

The following assortment is found in each box: Two Spools White Thread, One Spool Black Thread, One Ball Red Tambo, One Ball White Tambo, One Dozen Sewing Silk, One Silver-plated Thimble, One Crochet Set of two bone and one metal hook, One Illustrated book on Cross-stitch, Two Blunt-pointed needles, for Cross-stitch Work, Three packages of Needles, Assorted Sizes, Two Skeins Mercerized Embroidery Thread, 16 yards each. The contents differ in each box but there will be found as much variety as mentioned above.

Club Offer. We pack carefully and send at our expense one of these complete Work Box Assortment, as above described, for a club of only four subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT. 80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.

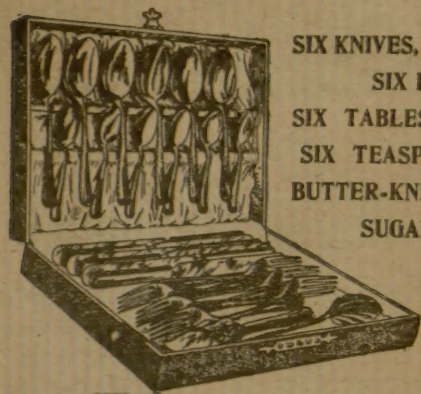


Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT. Ladies' collars: 1 Round pincushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece (18x18 inches); 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violets for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch Collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen, etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1-2 in. high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 skirt panel design; 1 Butterfly design; 1 Bird design, size 2-2x5 1-2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT. It represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch embroidery hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parquet invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Twenty - Six Piece Table silver Set



SIX KNIVES,
SIX FORKS,
SIX TABLESPOONS,
SIX TEASPOONS,
BUTTER-KNIFE,
SUGAR

SHELL,

own and

now make.

Attractively arranged in a lined case, as shown in our illustration. You need no longer wish for a SILVER SET. Here we offer it, in a very substantial HINGED COVER CASE, covered with EMBOSSED PLUSH, a metal clasp, intended to be displayed in your DINING-ROOM where it serves both as an ornament and a receptacle for the Silver when not in use. Chests and Cases of Solid Silver look no better and serve their purpose no more satisfactorily than these sets we offer for a few subscribers.

The combination of pieces is just right, splendid patterns in the right quantities, substantially made on hard metal base highly plated, are durable, wearable, useful and satisfying all through.

COMBINATION SILVER SETS are a new style and are in great demand, all the jewelers show and sell them, so you should have one of your own and have it now at the liberal subscription offer we can now make.

Club Offer. Send us only 15 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months for a complete 26 piece set in lined, leatherette-covered hinged case. To be sent to your own (or nearest) express office free of charge. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A White Bedspread For a Club of Eight

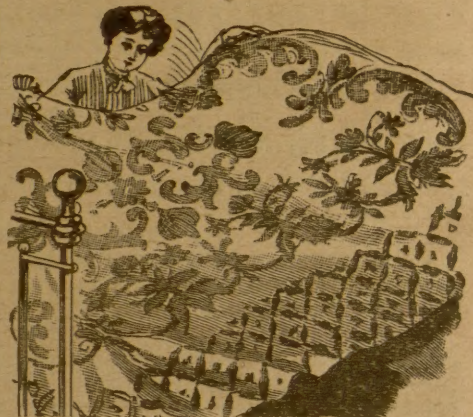
Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

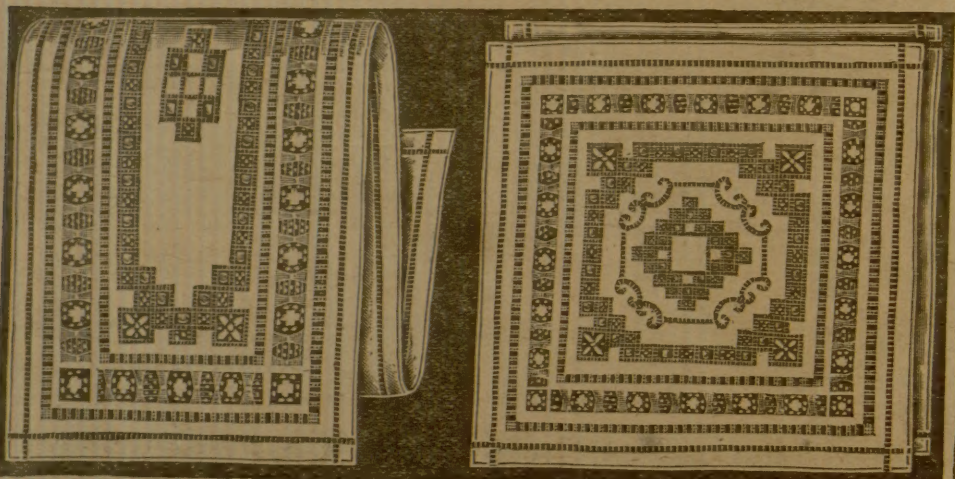
The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight 15-month subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Mexican Drawnwork Scarf and Shams



SCARF No. 9169

SHAMS No. 9193

A beautiful all lace pillow sham patterned in the style of Mexican Drawnwork, having a cloth weave ground of compact texture, block design, medallion center and appropriate border pattern with one row of openwork in hemstitched style.

Each sham or scarf has a permanent tape binding. This is especially valuable in preserving the life of the goods, while they are in use or being laundered. This Mexican Drawnwork effect is now extremely popular, and these particular designs we have chosen, while simple are yet effective, and will satisfy the most fastidious taste. Any chamber will be made very attractive and inviting with the addition of a pair of these shams and the scarf on the dresser or center table, and we are fortunate in being able to offer them at very reasonable rates.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you a pair of pillow shams 35 x 30 inches for only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secure a scarf 19 x 62 inches. A club of five subscriptions secures a pair of pillow shams and a scarf. We deliver these to you express or postage paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.



ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILTS" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the last season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 90 to 125 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MARK MUSTER doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these

pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies tell stories, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription list now for only 35c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. **Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE list we will sell mass in your locality, to make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush.

BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and **Full-Page Illustrations** for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES over one hundred and and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching.

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, five assorted stamped satin pieces, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-month subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, \$5c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.

The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette. 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by any wrap or made up at home. The flannelette is finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small Blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

COMFORT Has Distributed Thousands of These Sets of Dishes to as Many Satisfied Customers



FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces.

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold in a Gold Wreath. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time, For a Few Subscribers to COMFORT.

This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, Full Size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of very finest Domestic china, guaranteed to please the most fastidious taste. Is of pure delicate white and decorated with a continuous spray of dainty pink roses encircling the rim of each piece embellished with a trace of gold. It is in all a set of dishes you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in gold, in the center of an attractive wreath of gold on every piece of the entire set. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, one large vegetable dish, one cake plate, one large platter, one creamer and one covered sugar bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer. For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42 piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed in wood and shipped by freight upon receipt of order, and we agree to replace any broken piece free, so you are assured a complete set, and we further agree to return your money if unsatisfactory in any way. Remember that only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each secures this Gold Decorated 42 piece Initial Dinner Set. State initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Write Your Name
in Here. Cut Out
and Mail Today.



We Want to Send You Our **BIG NEW CATALOG** AND PREMIUM BOOK IT WILL SAVE YOU A LOT OF MONEY

On Your Groceries, Clothing, Shoes, Furniture and Other Household Supplies

**SIGN
YOUR
NAME—
MAIL
TO-DAY**

WOULDN'T you like to know how
to cut down your living

expenses—how to get your groceries at about half usual store prices? Just imagine what a saving that would be in these days of high prices. Then just write your name and address in the space above—cut it out and mail it today. Or, if you prefer, a post card will do. You can then see for yourself what a big difference there is in our Factory-to-Home prices and what you are paying for the same goods now. We want you to see how you can cut down your living expenses and also get valuable premiums—hundreds of nice things for your home and family without a penny of extra cost.



Music Cabinet No. 608

Art Dome No. 25050



Handsome Gas or Electric Dome. Eight bent Amber green glass panels, brush brass finish frame 22 in. in diameter. 4 1/2 in. Amber fringe. Given with orders for C. & R. Products.



Full oak front, golden oak finish, smooth white-wood top and boards. Has sliding, cutting and kneading boards. Metal bottom bins, one of them knotted. 2 large drawers. Bright copper knobs. Top measures 22x48 in. Given with a \$10 order.



Unusually well made and strong chair. Frame is of solid quartered oak in polished golden finish. Back and seat are upholstered in finest genuine black leather. 6 springs in seat. Arms 3 1/2 in. wide. Seat measures 21x30. Back measures 22 1/2 in. from the seat. Given with an order for only \$10 worth of C. & R. Products.

Just to Illustrate We Quote a Few Prices When Premium Is Not Taken:

Laundry Soap, 2 1/2 c a bar
Toilet Soap (3 cakes in a box), 12 1/2 c
Baking Powder, 15 c a can
Tea, 1 lb. 30 c. Starch, box 5 c
Pork and Beans, 7 1/2 c a can
Family Breakfast Oats, 1 1/2 lb. pkg., 7 1/2 c
Corn Flakes, 7 1/2 c. Rice, 2 lbs., 12 1/2 c.
Macaroni, 7 1/2 c. lb. pkg.
Pancake Flour 10 c. a pkg.
Lemon Extract, 2 oz., 10 c, etc., etc.

This saving is obtainable on our entire list of over 500 different products. There is scarcely a single article which you use in your home that is not in our list of Guaranteed Food Products and on which you cannot save big money. We can only quote a few here as samples, but our catalog gives all.

30 Days' Trial—No Money Asked in Advance

We guarantee our goods as no storekeeper can. We make most of them, know their excellent quality—and gladly ship them on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory, we ask no pay and remove what is left at our expense. We ship them, giving you 30 days to pay. That gives you a whole month to test their quality.

We Have Nearly a Mil- lion Customers

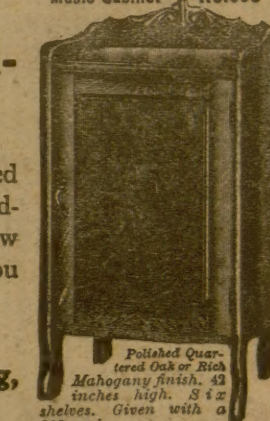
buying from us regularly all over the United States. Hundreds of them no doubt readers of this magazine. The publishers know us—know our goods and will tell you our plan is a money-saver.

How to Get Furniture, Clothing, Carpets, Bedding and 1,500 Nice Things for the Home Free with Your Orders

for our Grocery and Food Products. We haven't space to explain this attractive feature of our Factory-to-Home plan, but our big catalog tells you how you can get anything in the way of Furniture, Dishes, Carpets, Rugs, Silverware, Lace Curtains, Clothing, Shoes, in fact anything for the home without paying a cent extra.

Send for Your Copy of Our Big New Catalog

It shows over 1,500 beautiful and useful articles similar to those shown here. Certainly it is worth a two-cent stamp or a penny post-card to learn of this great money-saving plan. Send for this big valuable book now and be convinced.



Made of solid Oak with a fine Golden Oak finish. Has three large drawers 12 x 15 x 5 in. and a large small drawer 12 x 15 x 3 in. Size of top 19x33 in. Extra height 55 in. Given with a \$10 order of C. & R. Products.

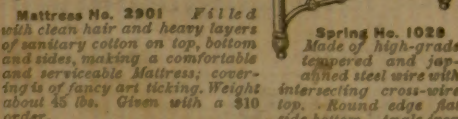


CROFTS & REED CO. CHICAGO.

Dept. D-216



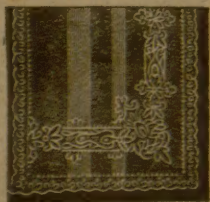
A very handsome bed of the latest design in the popular Vernis Martin satin gold finish. Has a continuous pillar 11-18 in. in diameter with 3/4 in. and 5-16 fittings. Does not tarnish. Height of head, 6 ft., foot, 3 ft. 4 in. Size, 4 ft. 6 in. only. Castered. Given with a \$10 order.



Filled with clean hair and heavy layers of sanitary cotton on top, bottom and sides, making a comfortable and serviceable mattress, covering it of fancy art ticking. Weight about 45 lbs. Given with a \$10 order.



Richly covered polished golden base feet, steel spring construction, chaise leather covering, tufted. 120 in. long. Given with orders for C. & R. Products.



CURTAIN No. 81011

Beautiful reproduction of peasant-made lace design, 52 in. wide, 3 1/2 yds. long. 2 pairs given with \$10 worth of Products.



Library Table No. 3072

Made of highly polished golden oak. Top 14x30 in. One drawer. French legs. Given with \$10 worth of products.

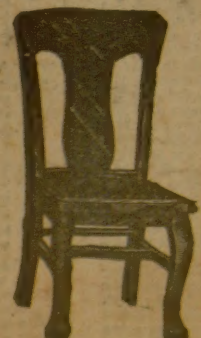


Handsome Petticoats

Stylish waists, shoes, hosiery and wearing apparel of all kinds for Women, Men, and Children, given with orders for our products. Send for free catalog.



French beveled glass, beautifully framed. Size of glass, 18x40. Given with \$10 worth of Products.



Polished golden quarter-oaked oak, genuine leather box seat. Given with a \$4 order.



Dining Table No. 3083

Solid oak polished golden finish. 42 inch top, curved claw feet, extends to 6 ft. Given with orders for C. & R. Products.



100 piece set of handsome white semi-porcelain ware, each piece neatly edged with small gold tracing. Given with orders for C. & R. Products.